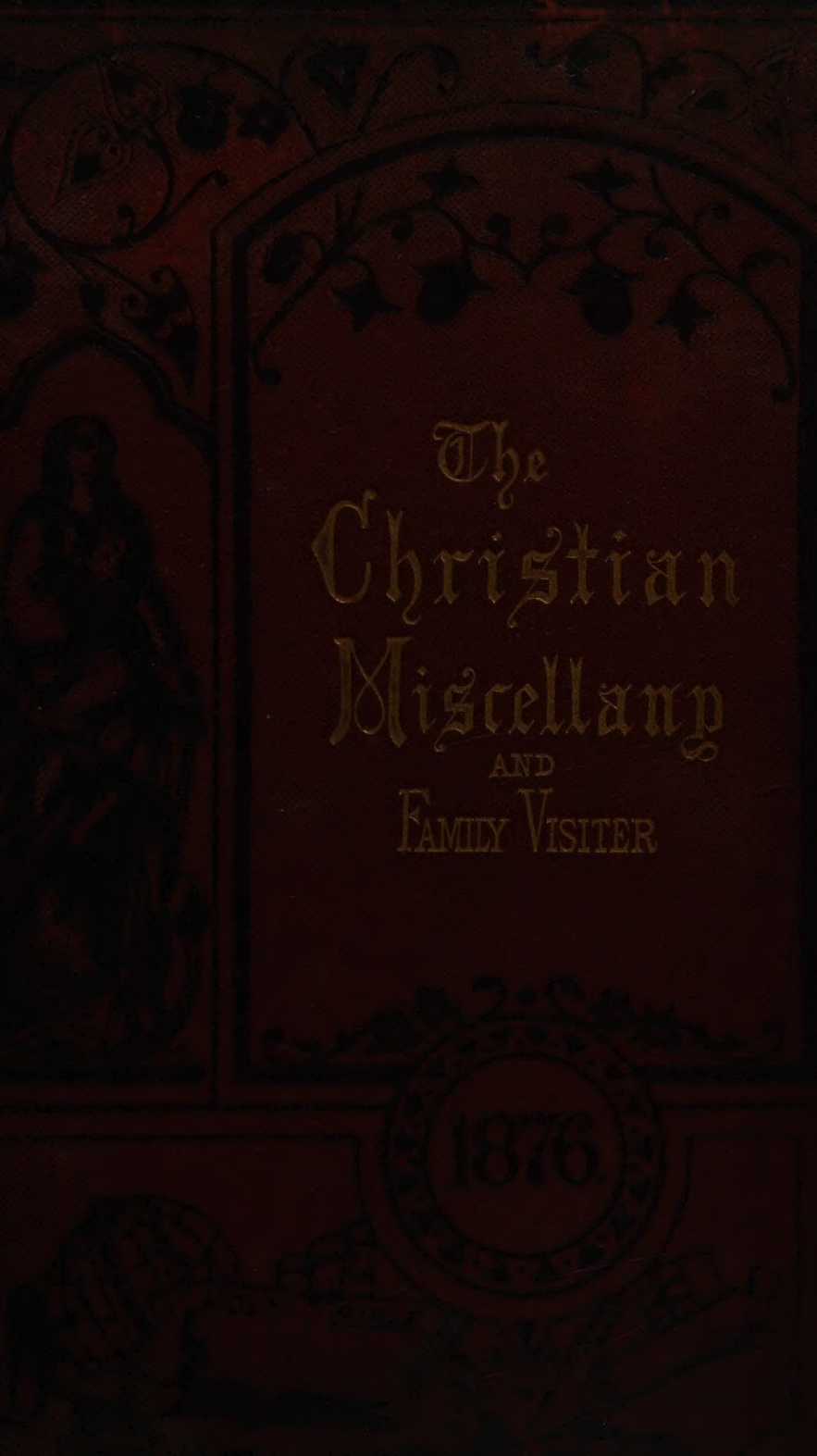
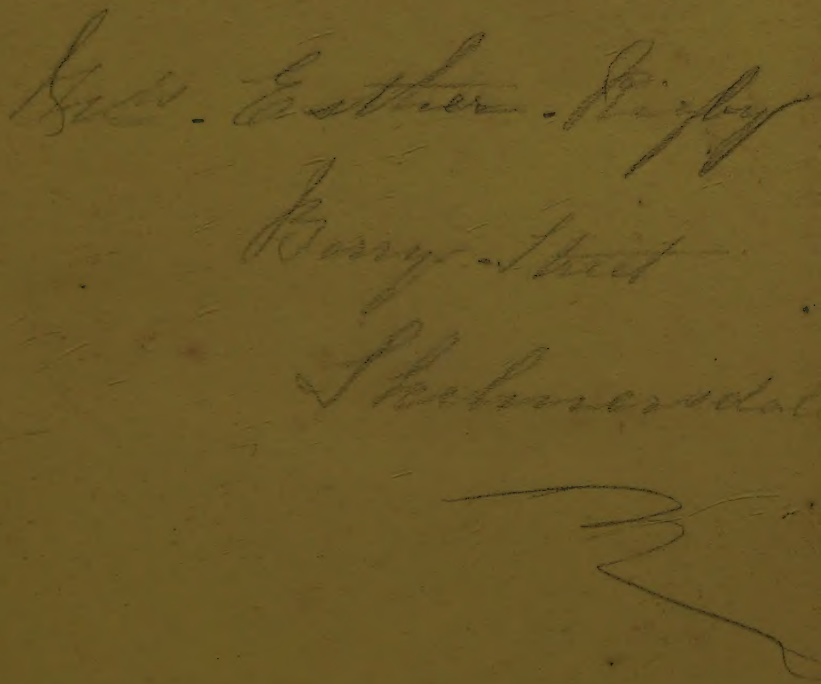

The
Christian
Miscellany
AND
Family Visiter
1876



BAY of BAIÆ.

From a sketch on the spot by Df Jobson.

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY,

AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1876.

SECOND SERIES.—VOL. XXII.

LONDON:
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OFFICE,
2, CASTLE-STREET, CITY-ROAD;
SOLD AT 66, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

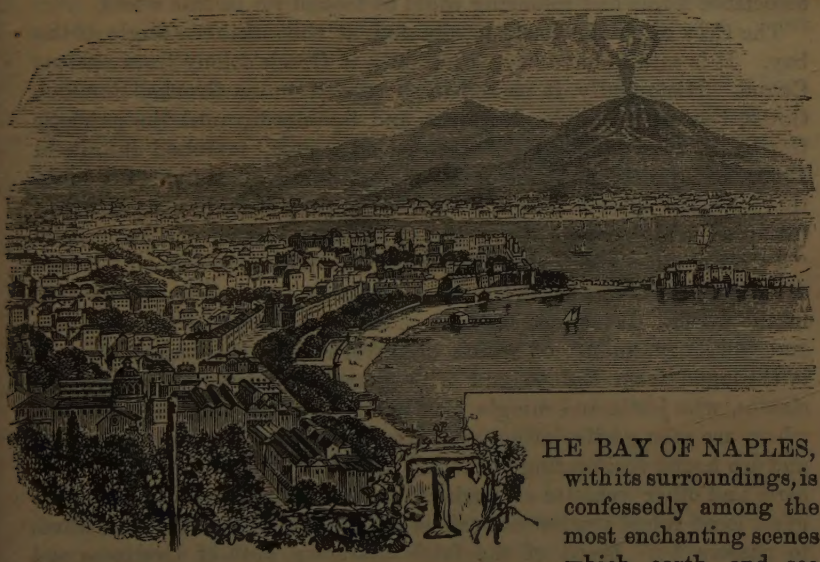
1876

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE.

THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

THE BAY OF NAPLES.



THE BAY OF NAPLES, with its surroundings, is confessedly among the most enchanting scenes which earth and sea afford to human sight. On the one hand, the burning mountain of Vesuvius towering upwards, whose eruptions eighteen centuries ago turned cities of living inhabitants into cemeteries of the dead; the gracefully-curved coasts of Castellamare and Sorrento beyond, fading gradually away into hazy distance; while gem-like islands of porcelain purity appear as if floating afar off on the right: On the other hand, the sloping range of lofty hills, clothed with terraced gardens and blooming vineyards, studded over with white and cream-coloured villas, gleaming domes and picturesque grottos, surmounted by the guardian castle of St. Elmo: Immediately in front the extending Mole and its embattled structures; and the sweeping bay, of intense blue waters, some fifty miles in circumference, upon which vessels of varied sizes and forms rest as with outspread wings of gay plumage:—All this combined richness and sublimity of land and water, bathed in golden sunshine, and associated as it is with the greatest names of historians, poets, philosophers, sovereigns and heroes of renown, produces upon a spectator the impression of a romantic dream rather

than of material reality, and when once beheld will ever afterwards haunt the brightest visions of his soul. For such a panorama of surpassing grandeur and loveliness attempts at detailed description must prove futile, and would be justly deemed to be unbearable intrusions. The Italian proverb is, "See Naples and die;" and certainly, if life were only for the enjoyment of terrestrial scenery, the proverb might be literally carried out; for nothing superior in associated forms and colouring could be looked for in this world.

The City of Naples itself is situated at the northern angle of the bay. It is said to have been originally a Greek colony from ancient Cumæ. Historically, it passed in succession under Greeks, Romans, Goths, Eastern monarchs, Normans and Spaniards, until the patriotic Garibaldi, with his band of devoted adherents, marched into it, in 1860, and proclaimed Victor Emmanuel king of Italy. Its main thoroughfare extends more than a mile from the bay northwards towards the higher part of the city. This street was formerly called the "Toledo," but since the revolution it has borne the name of *Strada di Roma;* and is one of the busiest and noisiest streets of any city in the world. It is lined on both sides with shops of merchandise and jewellery, many of which are overhung with balconies. It is thronged from end to end with persons of different ranks and classes, who jostle and mingle closely on the side pavements, some of whom are seen gesticulating violently with both features and limbs, and are heard vociferating at the full height of their voices. Carriages, carts and other vehicles of various forms crowd the road; and dark-eyed, loose-robed venders of various articles call out loudly their wares to passers by. Much of the Irish character, both of liveliness and raggedness, appears in the lowest orders; whilst scarcely in any representatives of its numerous nobility are there signs of substantial wealth, though they are not indisposed as a people to parade and show.

On both sides of the principal thoroughfare, numerous narrow streets run from it at right angles. Those on the western side ascending steeply by broad stairs to the English portion of the city, and those on the eastern side descending to squares and market-places. At the southern extremity is the Royal palace, with its gardens and adjuncts, next the sea. The city contains a cathedral, notorious by its pretended miracle of the liquefied blood of Januarius, its patron saint; and numerous churches, most of which are remarkable for their monumental possessions rather than for their own distinctive architectural features. It has also many charitable institutions. Its prisons were formerly a disgrace to it, as exposed by Mr. Gladstone in his famous pamphlet issued some years ago, and at the present time they are still filthy and discreditable. The favourite promenade is by the shore at the head of the bay, on a broad strip of ground extending for a mile on the western side of the city, planted with trees and

shrubbery, and ornamented in different parts with marble statuary. North of this are the larger houses and principal hotels; while onwards to the west may be seen the "Lazaroni," in their shirts, loose trousers, and with their bare legs, lounging on the pavement or standing by their boats in the water. The Museum is at the upper end of the Toledo, on the higher portion of the city, and contains many interesting relics of statuary, vessels and ornaments from Herculaneum, Pompeii and other ancient cities and towns which once flourished in the vicinity, highly instructive as to the state of art and luxury which abounded in them.

Since the revolution, through Garibaldi, priestly domination has been much weakened in Naples, and religious as well as civil liberty has advanced therein. Most of the larger Protestant communities have their churches and ministers within the city. Wesleyan-Methodists have recently erected, in a street rising westward from the southern end of the Toledo, a large and handsome Chapel, which has connected with it Ministers' residences, Schools and Class-rooms. The Rev. Thomas W. S. Jones has laboured indefatigably and successfully in the city since his appointment to it in 1862, and has made it the head of a comprehensive Circuit of Societies and preaching-places, extending through the country along the capacious bay, and including within it Puzzuoli, the landing-place of the Apostle Paul when, on his appeal to Cæsar, he went a prisoner to Rome.

Mr. Jones has, by the blessing of God upon his efforts, succeeded in obtaining from native converts, Leaders, Local-preachers, Prayer-leaders, Sunday-school teachers, and in some instances, remarkably eloquent men, formerly in the Romish priesthood, to be preachers and pastors for the congregations and Societies. Methodism, by its services within the city, as also in its missions elsewhere,—extending down into Sicily,—with its Circuits, Societies and congregations, is promising and encouraging. The Wood-cut illustration at the side shows in miniature what the new chapel at Naples is. It is somewhat lofty and cathedral-like in form, and is one of the best modern erections in the city. It was designed by Mr. Elijah Hoole, architect, son of the late Secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, bearing the same name.

Most of the walks and drives in the vicinity of Naples are profoundly interesting. Not far from the western angle of the bay, at

the entrance to the city by the old road from Rome, is one of those huge tunnels made through the mountains of the volcanic region, which, after all that may have been seen of railway tunnelling elsewhere, astonish visitors; and over the entrance of it nearest to the city is what is declared to be the *tomb of Virgil.* The sight of the solemn subterranean passage, as viewed from one end of it, is like looking through an inverted telescope miles in length, which, in the long-drawn-out receding perspective terminates in a speck of grey light, while the diminutive figures of human beings moving within it are as mere insects. The Tomb is upon the rocky eminence above the western entrance to the tunnel. It is in a sweet, sequestered spot—a sort of hanging garden, enclosing a chamber sepulchre, and if not the veritable resting-place of the great poet deserves to be such.

But the most deeply impressive drive, for classic antiquity, is on the ascending road by the terraced cliffs on the western side of the bay. Turning from the Margellina road to the right to Bagnoli, and there passing over ground which by its layers and their contents gives proofs of violent disturbance, and of risings and fallings of the sea, Puzzuoli, the ancient city of Puteoli, is soon reached. Formerly this was a city of considerable extent, the principal seaport of the region,

and the landing-place from that part of the Mediterranean for Italy. Now it is of diminished size, forlorn and rugged in appearance, and apart from its association with the name of the Apostle of the Gentiles, would have no special interest attached to it. The buildings of the Cathedral, Barracks and Custom-house are clustered together near the water, which gives them a formidable appearance as seen at a distance; and the remains of the Mole and of the arches of the gigantic bridge built by Caligula still exist, as shown in the accompanying illustration, notwithstanding their having been surged over by the sea during so many centuries past.

North of this part of the city are imposing remnants of a celebrated Temple of *Jupiter Serapis*, which, until a comparatively recent period, was buried in successive accumulations of soil, and overgrown with trees and brushwood. On being opened out, it was found to contain large upright columns of choicest marble, courts, chambers, stairs, and all the adjuncts for sacrificial offerings in a sumptuous pagan temple. Behind the town is *Solfatara*, a volcanic hill whose fires are not yet extinct, as is proved by its emission of sulphurous gases and heated steam; and from the hollow sound of the ground when struck, there can be no doubt that the crater forms a large vaulted chasm immediately below the present surface.

Near to this, about a mile from Puzzuoli, are the remains of an ancient AMPHITHEATRE, wherein Nero and others gave imposing entertainments of gladiatorial combats of men with wild beasts, and in which early Christians suffered martyrdom for their faith. It was in this barbarous arena that St. Januarius and his believing companions were publicly exposed to enraged lions and tigers, which, instead of devouring them, as expected, crouched softly towards them, it is said, and licked their feet. They were afterwards beheaded on a hill near to the Solfatara, and some portion of the blood of the martyred bishop is declared to have been treasured in a vial, and, as such, is exposed yearly in the Cathedral of Naples. The walls, ranges of seats, chambers, and dens for animals of the amphitheatre, are of strong, solid masonry, and are still in good preservation. The Vignette at the end of this article represents it as it is.

Continuing the route along the coast in a north-westerly direction by the ruins of Cicero's villa, and amidst remnants of baths, temples and tombs, a mountain of volcanic formation, more than a mile in circumference, and upwards of four hundred feet above the level of the sea, rises to view, apparently as a formidable barrier to further progress. This vast mass was upheaved in September, 1538, when the eruptions connected with it were terrific, and are said, by credible witnesses of the time, to have ejected stones of gigantic bulk a mile and a half above the orifice, to have emitted sulphuric gases destructive to men, beasts

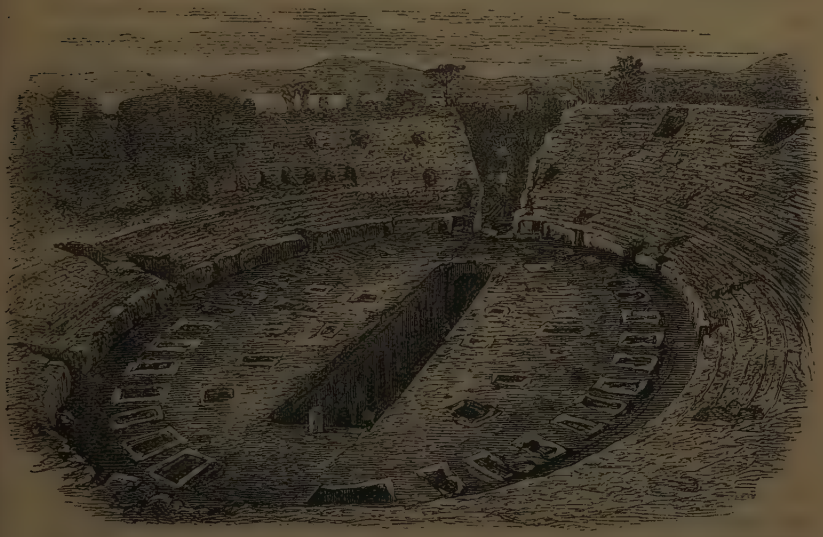
and birds, and to have uplifted the sea-coast of the region, as also to have overwhelmed towns and villages in the neighbourhood.

South-west of this are two celebrated Lakes: *Lucrinus*, once so celebrated for its oysters, and *Avernus*, which, with the "Elysian Fields" beyond, supplied images for Greek and Roman mythology. And certainly the awfully gloomy passages and caverns of the one, and the bright, lovely aspect of the other, are such as to invest the lake with the character of dread superstitious awe, and the fields, now vineyards, beyond, with the highest delight. The mount of the Acropolis of classic Cumæ still remains by the western coast, from whence the Elysian fields may be viewed; and by a huge tunnel on that side of the mountain, through which two or three carriages might be driven abreast, the lake of Avernus is reached, where Charon is said to have had his ferry; and by the side of which is shown the grotto wherein the Sibyl is reported to have pronounced her oracles. Out of this dark, solemn grotto runs a passage declared to be one of the entrances to the infernal regions. Of course, all this is fabled tradition, and the probability is that the tunnel in which the grotto and passage are found is the ancient subterranean communication between the shores of the lake Avernus and Cumæ.

Passing onwards north-east, towards the Cape of Miseno, the Bay of Baiæ is reached, which is strewn thickly over with the remains of villas, baths and temples, and fully answers to what might be looked for in the chosen locality of summer abode by voluptuous Roman emperors and their favourites. Though now a mere wreck of what it appeared when the nursling of luxurious pleasure and licentious indulgences, yet it possesses the same balmy climate, the same fertility of soil, the same beauty of situation, and the same general prospect of sea and mountain. Immediately on the left, across the bay, is Puzzuoli, with the block remnants of the bridge of Caligula, seen as dark spots in the water before it. Behind this rises the Solfatara, with its conic, gracefully moulded form. Over the horizontal stretch of the promontory in the centre, which is sprinkled here and there with white villas, rises Vesuvius, seeming larger and clearer in the translucent atmosphere than its real distance would denote. On the right is the massive Castle of Baiæ, the entrance channel and lighthouse to the left at its foot, and islands and mountains beyond, bathed in rosy sunshine; while nearer, below the surface of the water, extensive foundations and remnants of villas, baths and temples remain, showing how this delicious bay was crowded in every part with the residences of self-indulgent Romans. The octagonal structure in front is described as the Temple of Venus, and immediately on the right are the ruins of other celebrated buildings. This view, as far as printing in plain flat colours can depict it, is given in our Frontispiece.

On looking upon this scene, what names and associations crowd upon the memory! But what are they all in comparison with the name and associations of the persecuted prisoner for the faith of Jesus who eighteen hundred years ago stepped ashore in chains, on yonder Mole, out of the "Castor and Pollux" corn-ship, for Rome, the remembrance of whom shall be found fragrant beyond expression, not only in Italy, but throughout the world!

F. J. J.



HUGH M'KAIL,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT EDINBURGH, IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

HUGH M'KAIL finished his studies at Edinburgh, under the care of his uncle. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, 1661, being then twenty years of age. All his public performances met with universal acceptance. But on the 1st of September, 1662, he preached his last public sermon in the great church at Edinburgh, from Song of Solomon, i. 7, in which, speaking of the many and great persecutions that had befallen the Church, he said, among other things, that the Church and people of God had been persecuted by a Pharaoh upon the throne, a Haman in the State and a Judas in the Church. And though he made no application, yet the cases of Haman and Judas appeared to have such a resemblance to the condition of the rulers of the State and Church at that time, particularly Lauderdale and Sharp, that a few days after, a party of horse was sent to apprehend him, but he happily escaped, and retired to his father's house. Soon after, he went abroad, and continued his studies there for a few years.

When he came home again he was the more qualified to be the object of his enemies' malice. At last he joined the insurgents who rose in arms in Galloway, and continued among them a little time, till the 27th of November, when, not being able to endure the fatigues of constant marching, he left them, and was taken by some countrymen as he passed through Bread's Craigs. When brought to Edinburgh, he was carried first to the Council-house, and, after being searched for letters, none being found, was committed to the Tolbooth.

Next day, by order of Council, he was examined before the Earl of Dumfries, Lord Sinclair, Sir Robert Murray of Priestfield and others; but he waived the questions and refused to sign anything. On the 29th he gave in a declaration under his own hand, testifying that he had been with the Westland forces, with whom he occasionally met; and that he resolved to have withdrawn from them upon the first opportunity, which he was about to do when he was taken, without either offering to flee or resist. This he desired the Council the rather to believe, because he had told so much to William Lawrie of Blackwood; but though Lawrie owned this to be a truth, yet the Council, suspecting Mr. M'Kail to have been a contriver of the insurrection, and privy to all their designs, importuned him to be ingenuous, and to declare who were the ringleaders of the late rising, and what correspondence they had either at home or abroad. And in order to extort such a confession, the *boots* were laid before him on the Council-table, and they gave him to know that if he did not confess, he should be tortured with them to-morrow.

Accordingly he was again brought before the Council, and examined by the Earl of Rothes, the Marquis of Montrose and others; and being urged to confess, he solemnly declared that he knew no more than he had already confessed. Whereupon they ordered the executioner to put his leg into the boot and proceed to the torture. He received ten or eleven strokes with considerable intervals, to the compression of flesh, sinews and bones; all which he endured with most Christian patience. Before the last three strokes were inflicted, he protested solemnly in the sight of God, that he could say no more, though all the joints of his body were in as great torture as that poor leg.

On the 10th he and seven others received indictments of treason, and were summoned to appear before the justices on the 12th. But his torture and close imprisonment having thrown him into a fever, he was not in a condition to make his appearance, and therefore he gave in a petition to the Lords of the Council begging a respite, since he was neither able to walk nor stand.

The justices postponed their proceedings till the 18th, when he was arraigned before them. Being permitted to speak after the indictment was read, he declared among other things that he was not ashamed to avow that he was one of that afflicted and persecuted party called Presbyterian. Then he spoke of the ties and engagements to God that were upon the land, and commended the institution, dignity and blessing of the Presbyterian government. Whereupon the King's advocate interrupted him, and desired he would forbear that discourse, since he was not called in question for his persuasion, but for the crime of rebellion, in rising

in arms against his Majesty's authority. To this Mr. M'Kail replied, that as for rebellion, he said his accession was only simple presence, and that occasional. The advocate replied that not only presence, such as he was charged with, was treasonable, but all intercommuning or keeping company with rebels, though for half an hour only.

Though they could prove no more against him than what he had owned, yet the jury brought him in guilty, and he was condemned to be hanged at the market-cross of Edinburgh, December the 22nd, with several others. When he received his sentence he cheerfully said, "The Lord giveth life, and the Lord taketh, blessed be the name of the Lord." As he was carried back to the Tolbooth, he said to the lamenting people, "Though men cut us off, God will receive us; trust in God, trust in God."

Being returned to prison, he immediately spent some time in prayer for himself and those condemned with him with great fervency. After that he said to a friend, "O, how good news, to be within four days' journey to enjoy the sight of Jesus Christ!" and protested he was not "so cumbered how to die as he had been sometimes to preach a sermon." His father got liberty to see him, and their meeting was very affecting.

The last night of his life, December 21st, he proposed and answered some questions:—"How should he, going from the Tolbooth through a multitude of gazing people and guards of soldiers to a scaffold and gibbet, overcome the impression of all these?" To which he answered: 1. "By conceiving a deeper impression of a multitude of angels, who are also onlookers; according to that Scripture, We are a gazing stock to the world, angels and men. For the angels, rejoicing at our good confession, are present to convey and carry our souls, as the soul of Lazarus, into Abraham's bosom; not to receive them, for that is Jesus Christ's work alone, Who will welcome them to heaven Himself, with the songs of angels and blessed spirits. But the angels are ministering spirits, always ready to serve and strengthen all dying believers. 2. As Stephen saw the heavens opened, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God, then said, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' so do I believe that Jesus Christ is also ready to receive His dying sufferers." He inquired, "What is the way for us to conceive of heaven, who are hastening to it?" To this he answered, "The Scripture helps us these two ways:—1. By way of similitude, as Rev. xxi., where heaven is held forth by a representation of a glorious city there described; but in the same place, it is also termed the bride; but O how unlike are these two, a bride and a city! which shows the insufficiency and vast disproportion of all such similitudes;" and therefore he added, 2. "The Scripture furnisheth yet a 'more excellent way' to conceive of heaven by conceiving the love of Christ to us, even the breadth and length, the depth, height and immenseness of that love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, which is also the highest and sweetest motive of praise, 'Unto Him that loved us, etc.,' and by holding forth the love of the saints to Christ, and teaching us to love Him in sincerity, which is the very joy and exultation of heaven, Rev. v. 12: 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.'

And no other but the soul breathing forth love to Jesus Christ can rightly apprehend the joys of heaven."

He went to bed a little after eleven, and rising about five in the morning he called his companion John Wodrow, saying pleasantly, "Up, John, you are too long in bed; you and I look not like men going this day to be hanged, since we lie so long." He spent his time most comfortably in prayer and edifying discourse. His father coming to him that morning, his last words after prayer and a little talk were to the effect that his sufferings would be more edifying to God's people then if he were to continue in the ministry for twenty years. And then he desired his father to leave him, else he would trouble him; and said he, "I desire it of you as the best and last service, to go to your chamber and pray earnestly to the Lord to be with me on that scaffold, that I may be strengthened to endure to the end."

About two o'clock he and his five fellow-sufferers were carried to the scaffold; his countenance was most pleasant and serene. When at the foot of the ladder he directed his speech to the multitude, who heard him with great attention. Having done speaking he sung a part of Ps. xxxi., and then prayed with such power and fervency as drew tears from many. When taking hold of the ladder to ascend, he said with a loud voice, "I care no more to go up this ladder and over it than if I were going home to my father's house." Hearing a noise among the people as he was ascending, he called to his fellow-sufferers, saying, "Friends and fellow-sufferers, every step of this ladder is a degree nearer heaven." Then, having seated himself upon it, he said, "I do partly believe that the nobles, counsellors and rulers of the land would have used some mitigation of this punishment, had they not been instigated by the prelates. But this is my comfort now, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' And now I willingly lay down my life for the truth and cause of God and work of reformation, which were once counted the glory of this nation; and it was for endeavouring to defend these that I embrace this rope" (the executioner putting the rope about his neck). Then hearing the people weep, he said, "Your work is not to weep, but to pray that we may be honourably borne through, and blessed be the Lord that supports me; and that you may know the ground of my encouragement in this work and what my hope is, I will read the last chapter of the Bible," which having done, he said, "Here you see the glory that is to be revealed upon me; 'a pure river of water of life,' the throne of God and the Lamb on it, where His servants serve Him. 'Let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' And here you see also my welcome, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come.'" Then he said, "I have one word more to say to my friends, (looking down to the scaffold,) where are you? You need neither lament me, nor be ashamed of me in this condition; for I may make use of that expression of Christ's, I go to your Father and my Father, to your God and my God, to your King and my King; to the blessed Apostles and martyrs, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men

made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. And so I bid you all farewell; for God will be more comfortable to you than I could be, and He will also now be more refreshing to me than you can be; farewell, farewell in the Lord." Then the napkin being put over his face he prayed a little within himself; after which he put up the cloth, saying he had one word more to say, in order to show them the comfort he had in his death: "I hope you perceive no alteration or discouragement in my countenance and carriage; and as it may be your wonder, so I profess it is a wonder to myself; but I will tell you the reason of it. Besides the justness of my cause, this is my comfort which was said of Lazarus when he died, that the angels carried his soul into Abraham's bosom; so that as there is a great solemnity here of a confluence of people, a scaffold, a gallows, and people looking out at windows; so there is a greater and more solemn preparation in heaven, of angels to carry my soul to Christ's bosom." After speaking a little to the same purpose, he concluded thus: "And now I leave off to speak any more to creatures, and turn my speech to Thee, O Lord! And now I begin my intercourse with God which shall never be broken off. Farewell father and mother, friends and relations; farewell the world and all delights; farewell meat and drink; farewell sun, moon and stars: welcome God and Father; welcome sweet Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant; welcome blessed Spirit of grace and God of all consolation; welcome glory, welcome eternal life, welcome death!" Then he desired the executioner not to turn him over till he should put his own shoulders over first, which within a little he did, saying, "O Lord, into Thy hands I commit my spirit, for Thou has redeemed my soul, Lord God of truth!"

THE EVERLASTING LOVE.

I WANT to tell about a dear little child, but first I must tell you about a poor old woman that this little friend of mine had very much to do with. I could not tell the tale about the little child without saying much about the old woman; nor could I relate faithfully the history of the old woman without that of the little child.

Poor old Nancy! I am sure if you had seen her, you would have been sorry for her. "Old" I called her; well, every one called her old; not that she could number very many years, but she had grown old through pain, fretfulness and sorrow; old in heart, old enough to lose the "sweet knack of hoping." Yes, Nancy was old: how wearily she tossed from side to side on her hard bed of sickness, although the very sunbeams slanting their bright rays across the sick chamber spoke of happiness.

"Everything happy but me," she murmured, rubbing her thin, stiff, aching fingers, "even to a fly;" for one bolder than the rest ventured on her pillow and buzzed briskly in the sun. "I wish I was a fly, a cat, a dog, anything but what I am:" and the sad eyes shut, and the brow contracted, half in anger, half in pain.

The old clock ticked loudly in the corner, the cat purred on the hearth, and the sunbeams still threw their radiance on every object in the room, just as if the half-audible speech had never been uttered, or had been the pleasantest in the world.

There was no fire on the hearth, but puss liked the old spot for all

that, and neither empty grate nor cross word ever sent her away. She was one of the best-tempered cats that ever lived, I think, for she could sit winking and blinking in the sunshine, or out of it, from morning till night; I do not know what Nancy would have done without her, though she always spoke of poor Tabby as "an idle, useless creature."

Now, Nancy was quite an adept at grumbling, it was as natural to her as to breathe; and yet she was to be pitied, she longed for sympathy, for a kind look, a helpful word, a patient listener to all her complaints, a forbearing comforter; for life in a sick room, and that a poor and lonely one, is sad indeed.

Nancy dozed and grumbled by turns until not a solitary sunbeam was visible, and puss curled herself round into the cosiest little ball imaginable, for a long sleep, in place of a dish of new milk that undoubtedly she was longing for; Nancy, sensible as she that meal-times did not always mean meals, closed her weary eyelids and sought repose.

Thus the twilight found them, and the ring of merry voices was heard below. "They are in at last," sighed Nancy, disturbed from her fifth nap since dinner; and so they were: perhaps you would like to know who.

First, I must tell you that though Nancy was very poor, yet what little she had was safe, the roof that sheltered her was her own.

Here I will ask you to walk with me across the village green, past the shady elm-trees, right through into the quiet country grave-yard. Many of the tombstones are old, more are new; here we will rest and read,—

"Sacred to the memory of
JOHN WRIGHT,
Who died ———, aged 69.
This stone was erected by his only daughter."

Here was the climax of Nancy's good deeds, or rather, her one good deed, she had never done so liberal an act before or since. There might, with equal truth, have been written on the cottage that Nancy claimed as her own, "NANCY WRIGHT'S — ERECTED BY HER FATHER." He, like his child, had never done so liberal a thing before or since. He had not been a happy man, nor she a happy woman; they had not learned the secret that some of us know so well, the "Sesame" to happiness, the beautiful privilege of doing good.

Now that Nancy was confined to bed, and could no longer follow her occupation, she let the rooms in her once comfortable home; except the one into which we have just had a peep on that bright summer day when she and kitty were its sole occupants; as, indeed, was generally the case, for Nancy's complaining tongue had long ago robbed her of the visits of neighbouring friends. Alas! poor things, they had not learned by experience the blessedness of those who can be kind to the querulsome, comfort to the comfortless and strength to the weak.

Now it fell to the lot of Lucy Grant, an active, bustling, bright-eyed, energetic woman, to look after Nancy that week; for so the respective women-lodgers divided their care of the invalid. To poor Nancy, Lucy Grant's week was the most to be dreaded. Not that Lucy was unkind; O, no! she brushed, and swept, and tidied with skill and readiness; her cheerful gaiety was pleasant too, and the spotless cleanliness of her attire was itself wholesome to the sight of a weary invalid; but beneath so fair an exterior there beat so cold a heart that it showed its presence by the harsh

ring of an austere voice, by the impatient gesture and the hard, unsympathising look. The rich gift of health, that which from her babyhood had ever sent the flush to her cheek, the light to her eye and the elastic bound to her nimble foot, had served only to rob her woman's heart of the blessed sympathy she should have had for those in suffering, sorrow and care. Even *her* voice sounded strangely welcome that bright eventide to the poor lone creature, who was faint and weary for her evening meal; it told her at least that help was nigh.

You would not have thought that so near as fourteen miles from the beautiful village where Nancy lived, there lay, down in the damp of a large hollow, that years before had been but a noisome morass, a huge, busy, smoky town. In one of the smaller houses of a long, dingy row, in a long, dingy street, dwelt the little girl of whom I have something to say.

Hattie (that was her name) was a rare bonnie child, nine years old, and by no means short for her age. I don't think people called her pretty; I don't think I ever did, though she was all the world to me; but if she was not pretty, she had a beauty all her own, for there was a trustful lovingness in her soft grey eyes, and a truthful, earnest smile on her childish lips. She was mother's right hand too; if an errand was to be run, she could do it, and not look cross or shrug her shoulders or pout; if mother's needle wanted threading, Hattie could do it; if mother's head ached, it was Hattie who shaded the windows, and stepped by on tiptoe for fear of disturbing her. It was Hattie who toasted the bread and poured out the refreshing cup of hot tea. O! what would mother have done without Hattie?

But mother was going to do without her, for a time at least; for Hattie's bright cheeks were growing pale, and the grey eyes heavy, under the smoky cloud of the busy town. So Hattie's kind grandmother had written, "Send her here; fresh air, new milk, long rides in merry hay-time, and runs in the meadows; country life for a month, must set her right."

A visit to grandmother! the little feet scampered the whole day long, the little tongue rang continually on the never-failing topic, till the very day came, and the old tin box was brought down, dusted and packed, while Hattie stood by and watched, —linen and boots; a book for grandmother; neat print-frocks and summer-hat, best tucked dress and showy cape, beside other things. Then the lid was tried; what pulling, pushing! Smack it went, and all was done.

"My doll!" screamed Hattie; "my dear old doll, I must have *that* put in; its clothes are ironed and quilled, its gingham gown is clean, its scarlet hood and cloak are new; it must be packed."

But mother said, "no," and the trunk was taken down and Hattie watched it, holding her precious burden with a despairing look.

"You must carry it, child, it will take no harm;" and so it was settled, Dolly was to be carried in arms. That afternoon seemed a long time to the little girl, though it was one of summer's loveliest days; as long as to the lone, sick woman those fourteen miles away. But the longest period will have an end. At last the box was placed on the coach-top, the door opened, and father, Hattie and doll snugly seated. Rattle,

rattle went the coach to the station over the stony road. Hattie, doll and box safely down, with many injunctions to be careful, kissings and blessings, the journey was commenced alone. Hattie smiled to father till the train moved on, then the leghorn hat drooped, and a large round tear fell on Dolly's woollen hood, another on her face, and one more on her clean gingham gown. Then dear Dolly was hugged and straightened, pulled and squeezed, and in time the leghorn was raised, and a sad little face looked up and out and all about. The bright country scenery, lovely meadows, hedgerows topped with full-blown roses, gay, blooming, scarlet-poppies, ferns and flowers in wild and rich profusion, were new delights to the child whose young life, with few exceptions, had been spent in the crowded, stifling town.

Hattie couldn't sit still for very delight; first at one window, then at another; she wouldn't miss an inch of the beauty of country life on any account. Dolly all this time was sitting straight up, far back in the corner of the carriage, with her scarlet hood slightly disarranged, her ruby lips smiling complacently, and her blue eyes staring with a meaningless look, as dolls will stare morning, noon and night. The tears had dried up from the scarlet-hood, the wooden face and the gingham-gown, and every vestige of sadness had been cheered away from the bonny grey eyes now beaming so brightly under the shadow of the salmon-trimmed leghorn.

Kind grandmother! how she kissed and hugged her little pet; she must be tired and hungry too, grandmother persisted; till Hattie, to be polite, came out with a reluctant, "Yes." Now Hattie really wanted to cry, but grandmother wouldn't give her time: hadn't *she* been a little girl too, and felt a great lump in her throat sometimes, that wouldn't let the cake and nice hot tea go down? and so she knew the cure for throat-lumps and tears and great heart-aches too. In the garden there were three full grown ducks, and thirteen little golden, downy ducklings, that swam and paddled and splashed to their heart's content; and farther on a pretty guinea-pig, with a sharp squeaky voice and spotted black and orange skin: the ducklings were the favourites.

The cure was sure, for that time at any rate; the lump was gone, and all the scalding tears; but when bed-time came Hattie wanted mother, as many little home-sick girls have done before and since. However, grandmother was there again, and the refractory curls were combed and smoothed, troublesome knots untied, and the little weary head gently nestled on the lavender-scented pillow, where it soon forgot every trouble in the exceeding sweetness of innocent child-dreams.

LAETITIA.

(*To be continued*)

JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN.

THE following account is derived from an old number of the "Quarterly Review."—In the year 1766 JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN was appointed to a curacy in the Ban de la Roche or Steinthal (Stonedale), a mountainous canton in Alsace, forming part of the western ramification of the Haut Champ, or Champ de Feu, which is an isolated range, detached by a deep valley from the eastern boundary of the chain of the Vosges mountains. The whole district comprises about nine thousand acres, of which more than a third are covered with wood, two thousand are in natural pasture, fifteen hundred employed in

(*Oberlin's Residence and Church.*)

meadow or garden land, and as many more ploughed for rye, oats and potatoes. It consists of two parishes: Rothau is one; the other, which had now become vacant, comprised three churches, and the five hamlets of Foudai, Belmont, Waldbach, Bellefosse, and Zolbach, inhabited almost exclusively by Lutherans. One privilege the inhabitants possessed in common with the other Alsatians,—that entire liberty of conscience to which men are entitled by the law of nature and of right reason; and which, having been warranted to them when Alsace was incorporated with France, had not been violated, not even when the resolution was taken and acted upon of exterminating Protestantism from all other parts of the kingdom. The Lutherans owed this to their numerical strength, and to the neighbourhood of Germany, not to any other principles of policy in the French government, nor to the royal faith of Louis le Grand. Their turn would have come if Marlborough had not frustrated his projects, and thereby saved Europe from the yoke.

But the benefit of that privilege had long been, as it were, in abeyance among the Lutherans of the Ban de la Roche. Their unhappy district had suffered during the Thirty Years' War, and in subsequent wars had been almost laid waste, so as to be scarcely habitable,

there being no road from one place to another. From eighty to a hundred families gained a scanty subsistence there, but they were destitute of all the comforts of civilized life; indeed, the condition in which they existed at so short a distance from a city like Strasbourg, might be referred to as a proof of the low state of European civilization. The forms of religion had been kept up among them so far, that they knew they were Christians, and of the Lutheran Church; but wherefore, they seemed not to know.

When M. Stouber, the predecessor of Oberlin, took possession of this curacy in 1750, he commenced by inquiring into the state of education there; and asking for the principal school, he was conducted to a miserable hovel, where there were a number of children "crowded together without any occupation, and in so wild and noisy a state that it was with difficulty he could gain a reply to his inquiries for the master."

"There he is," said one of them, as soon as silence could be obtained, pointing to a withered old man, who lay on a little bed in one corner of the apartment. "Are you the schoolmaster, my good friend?" inquired Stouber. "Yes, Sir." "And what do you teach the children?" "Nothing, Sir." "Nothing! how is that?" "Because," replied the old man, with characteristic simplicity, "I know nothing myself." "Why then were you instituted schoolmaster?" "Why, Sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for a great number of years, and when I got too old and infirm for that employment, they sent me here to take care of the children."

Stouber's first business was to provide competent schoolmasters; and he had the satisfaction eventually of introducing the reading of the Scriptures, the copies of which he had bound in three parts, that they might be more widely distributed.

M. Stouber having lost a young and beloved wife, accepted the station of Pastor to St. Thomas's, in Strasbourg; but feeling himself bound in duty to provide a successor who would not neglect his flock, he thought at once of Oberlin, with whose character he was well acquainted. Accordingly he found out his lodging, a little room on the third story. Opening the door, he saw a small bed in one corner of the room, covered with brown-paper hangings. "That would just suit the Steinthal," said he to himself; and he rallied Oberlin, who was lying on the bed and suffering from violent toothache, upon the fashion of his curtains. "What," said he, "is the use of that little iron pan that hangs over your table?" "It is my kitchen," replied Oberlin; "I dine every day with my parents, and they give me a large piece of bread, which I bring back in my pocket. At eight o'clock I put it in that pan, sprinkle it with salt, pour a little water on it, and set it over my lamp; then I go on with my studies till ten or eleven, when I generally begin to feel hungry, and relish my supper." Stouber told him he was just the person whom he wished to find, and proposed to him the vacant living. To Oberlin this was a tempting offer.

Oberlin entered upon his cure, and took possession of the parsonage, which is described as a tolerably commodious building. It had a court-yard in front, and a good garden behind; and stood in a delightful situation, very near the church, surrounded by steep dells clothed with wood, and by rugged mountains, the tops and sides of which were partially covered with pines, and a few other straggling trees. About a year afterwards he was married to Madeleine Witter, a friend and relation of the family. She was the daughter of a Professor in the University of Strasbourg. Her understanding was good, and her mind highly cultivated; and she was deeply imbued with religious principles.

Confident that strength would be afforded, if rightly sought, Oberlin resolved, when he entered on his cure, to employ all the attainments in science, philosophy and religion which he had brought with him from Strasbourg, to the improvement of the parish and the benefit of his parishioners. His first attempt at reforming them was rewarded by the threat of a severe personal

castigation. Of this he happily received warning; and Sunday being fixed upon for its execution, when the day arrived he took for his text the words of our Saviour, in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew:—"But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also;" and proceeded from these words to speak of the Christian patience with which we should suffer injuries, and submit to false surmises and ill usage. After the service the malcontents met at the house of one of the party, to amuse themselves in conjecturing what their Pastor would do, when he should find himself compelled to put in practice the principles he had so readily explained. What then must have been their astonishment, when the door opened and Oberlin himself stood before them! "Here am I, my friends," said he, with that calm dignity of manner which inspires even the most violent with respect: "I am acquainted with your design. You have wished to chastise me, because you consider me culpable. If I have indeed violated the rules which I have laid down for you, punish me for it. It is better that I should deliver myself into your hands, than that you should be guilty of the meanness of an ambuscade." These simple words produced their intended effect. The peasants, ashamed of their scheme, sincerely begged his forgiveness, and promised never again to entertain a doubt of the sincerity of the motives by which he was actuated, and of his affectionate desires to promote their welfare.

Oberlin began his measures for civilizing the people, as one who rightly perceived that by bettering their social condition he should promote their moral, and thereby prepare a way for their spiritual, improvement. All the roads belonging to the Ban de la Roche were impassable during the greater part of the year; and the only mode of communication from many parts of the parish with the neighbouring towns was by stepping-stones over the Bruche, a stream which, having its sources in these mountains, falls into the Ill before it reaches Strasbourg. It was thirty feet wide at the crossing-place; but in winter the way was along its bed. Being thus insulated, as it were, in their own valley, the inhabitants could find no vent for their produce, had there been a surplus to dispose of; they had a bare and wretched subsistence, and not even the most necessary agricultural instruments to aid them in obtaining this, and were without any means of procuring them. This was their state when Oberlin assembled them, and proposed to open a communication with the high road to Strasbourg by blasting the rocks, constructing a solid wall to support a road about a mile and a half in length along the banks of the Bruche, and building a bridge across that river near Rothau.

The peasants were astonished at such a proposal: they looked upon it as utterly impracticable; and all began to excuse themselves on the score of having as much private business on their hands as they could get through. They talked of difficulties, and raised objections: to which Oberlin replied by reminding them that they were shut up in their own villages nine months out of the twelve; whereas if this road were made, and the river bridged, they would at all times have an open intercourse with the neighbouring district; they would always have a market for their produce; they might then supply themselves with many most useful things of which they now felt the want, and they would have the means of providing comforts for themselves and their children: and he concluded by saying, "Let those who see the importance of all this come and work with me;" and with that, shouldering a pickaxe, off he set with a faithful servant to begin the work. The effect of his speech and of his example was such, that the peasants are said not only to have desisted from their opposition, but with one accord to have hastened for their tools, and then followed him. He appointed to each his task, reserving for himself and his man the most difficult or dangerous places. Walls were erected

to support the earth wherever it was likely to give way; mountain-torrents, which had hitherto inundated the meadows, were diverted, or received into beds sufficient to contain them; a neat wooden bridge was thrown over the Bruche; and at the commencement of 1770, a year and a half after Oberlin's marriage, the whole task was completed, and a communication with Strasbourg opened.

The spirit of well directed industry that had thus been raised, made the Steinthal an animating scene. The Pastor, who on the Sabbath had directed their attention with that earnestness and warmth wherewith his own soul was filled, to the "rest" that remaineth for "the people of God," was seen on the Monday, with a pick-axe on his shoulder, marching at the head of his flock.

Oberlin's whole income did not exceed a thousand francs; but if ever man was "passing rich with forty pounds a year," he was. "Spend, and God will send," seems to have been his maxim,—not in the spendthrift, reckless and senseless use of the saying, but in the spirit of one who believed that "he who hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." He stocked a warehouse in Waldbach with implements of husbandry, and gave the purchasers credit; and he established a sort of lending-fund, under the strict regulation that those who did not punctually replace the loan on the prescribed day were to lose, for a certain time, the privilege of borrowing from it again. These things could not have been done without assistance from his friends in Strasbourg; but Christian friends will never be wanting to such men for such objects. His next measure was to select some of the handiest of the elder boys and send them to Strasbourg, there to learn the trades of carpenter, mason, glazier, cartwright, or blacksmith: these when they returned to the Steinthal, trained up others; and their earnings circulated in the parish, which was another advantage. Most of their habitations were wretched cabins, quarried in the rocks, or burrowed in the sides of the mountains: comfortable cottages were now erected under Oberlin's superintendence, and cellars constructed deep enough to preserve their potatoes from the frost.

Potatoes were then their staff of life. It seems indeed incredible, the account which old men assured Oberlin they had received from their fathers, that, till the year 1709, the people of this canton subsisted chiefly upon wild apples and pears. The sufferings which they endured that year from famine made them, it is said, perceive the necessity of providing for their subsistence, instead of trusting, like savages, to the spontaneous production of the soil; so they cleared part of the forest, and introduced potatoes. Oberlin procured seed from Lorraine, Switzerland and Holland, and instructed the people from "Parmentier's useful work," in the culture of this root. He had acquired a thorough knowledge of botany, and thus was able to make them acquainted with the properties of such of those indigenous plants as could be used for food, for physic or for any of the useful arts. The names of some of them will excite surprise, accustomed as we are to pass them by unnoticed: chickweed, dandelion, buttercup, dead nettles, pimpernel, plaintain and corn-cockle, are in the list. It might have been useful if it had distinguished which of these weeds were used for physic and which for food. He taught them also how to extract oil from beech-nuts.

Never was there a more practical utilitarian than Oberlin. One of his favourite maxims was, "Let nothing be lost." He taught his people not only how to manage their manure in the best manner, but to convert leaves, rushes, moss and cones from the pine-forest into a compost; and he paid children a certain price for tearing up old woollen rags and cutting old shoes into pieces, for the same purpose. To overcome the ignorant opposition of his people to his new plans, he prepared them a practical lesson. There were two gardens belonging to the parsonage, each crossed by a frequented footpath: one of these, which was noted for the poverty

of its soil, he converted into a nursery, where, having well prepared the ground, he planted slips of apple, pear, plum, cherry and walnut trees; in the other he dug trenches four or five feet deep, in which he planted young fruit-trees, and surrounded them with such soil as he considered best adapted to them. In this work his favourite and intelligent servant was his sole assistant. This being a work which, when well performed, is liable to no casual disappointment, the trees flourished in the course of their sure growth. The people, as he expected, could not help observing this, and wondering at the difference between the state of their Pastor's garden and of their own, at length questioned him how it was that such fine trees had been made to grow in such an unfavourable soil. Oberlin, according to his custom of connecting every incident with religious considerations, first directed their thoughts to Him Who causeth the earth to "bring forth and bud," and Who crowneth the year with His goodness. He then reminded them that the benefits of nature were not all gratuitously bestowed on man; and explained to them that this was one of those cases in which, according to their labour, would be their reward. Those who wished to follow his example—and it was soon generally followed—were supplied with young trees from his nursery: grafting became a favourite employment, when he had instructed them in it; gardening a favourite recreation. The very face of the country underwent a complete change; for the cottages, hitherto for the most part bare and desolate, were surrounded by neat little orchards and gardens; and in place of indigence and misery, the villages and their inhabitants gradually assumed an air of rural happiness.

(*To be continued.*)

IS IT REALLY TRUE?

A PAPER FOR PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL METHODISTS.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

DAVID, in his Lament for Jonathan, directs that certain painful facts were not to be proclaimed beyond the bounds of Israel. The question now to be examined demands the careful consideration of Methodists, whether merely members of the congregation, or happily members of the Society. But I am not sure that Episcopalians, Congregationalists and Baptists have anything to do with it; and I had rather their attention were not drawn to it until we are prepared to affirm and to prove that it is NOT true. The question is, Are Methodists *less punctual* at public worship than other people? What is your own private and honest opinion on this question?

One day a Wesleyan minister, a man of mark among us, went to hear Dr. Binney at his own chapel. Shortly after the service commenced a person entered the chapel, and was proceeding to a seat, when the preacher paused and said: "We will wait until our friend is seated: he is certainly late, but perhaps he is a Methodist." When the unfortunate individual, to whose entrance attention had been thus called, had taken his place, Mr. Binney proceeded. What could he mean by that expression, "Perhaps he is a Methodist"? May we suppose that the worthy doctor was ironical? Did he adopt this language in order to reprove his own people? Did he feel assured that the Methodists were so exemplary in this matter of method in all sacred duties, and that this excellence was so universally admitted, that the irony would be perceived at once, and the rebuke be received by those of the congregation who were faulty? I am afraid that we cannot adopt this explanation of Dr. Binney's language. It does seem as though the popular view concerning Methodists was, that in attendance on worship they were unmethodical.

But we need not be very anxious what the doctor and his congregation believed concerning us. The more important inquiry is, What really is our conduct? Perhaps we cannot deny that some people do think and affirm that the Methodists are in this respect worse than

ther Christian worshippers. But can such charge be proved? Is it really true?

Are Methodists *less spiritual* than others? Of that which we really prize we always desire to have our fair proportion. A farmer is not content with reaping just a little of the ripened wheat in the middle of his field. When a school has its annual excursion into the country, the children desire a long day, because they really enjoy it. Those who are passionately fond of music will not delay going to the concert until it is half over. Now it is evident that King David, amid his many engagements, and with far less of light and power in the sanctuary than we have, found real delight in public worship. He exclaims, "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!" When he could go, he went with joyful alacrity; and when he could not go, he felt like a bird driven from the nest, yet hovering as near to it as possible. It is the privilege of Christian worshippers to have intercourse with God far more intimate and cheering than that allowed to saints in ancient days. As certainly as we are athirst for the Water of Life we shall, whenever practicable, be seen drawing nigh, in suitable time, to the "wells of salvation." When Jacob left his father's tent and journeyed to the land of the East, he reached a well, and there found three flocks of sheep waiting for the rolling away of the stone from the well's mouth. The sheep were thirsty, and those in charge of them knew it; so they came in time to get as near as possible to the water. When we have seen a few persons standing at the chapel door before it was open, or more frequently a few sitting ten minutes in the chapel before the service commenced, we have thought, These people must be athirst; they mean to be near the well's mouth; it will not be wonderful if they drink to-day abundantly of the Water of Life. There are congregations where almost every person is in his place when the worship begins. Do Methodists really care less than other people for the Water of Life?

Have Methodists *less reverence* for God than others? If the Queen of England open our Town Hall in person, there will be a great effort to get tickets. We do not expect that she will come laden with gifts for us. She will not distribute gold and silver coins as an inducement for people to be present. What would you think of the conduct of any ill-mannered man who, because he had a ticket to a registered seat, chose to stay away until he supposed our Town Clerk would be ready with his speech? He knows there will be the National Anthem to begin with. Loyal people will endeavour to honour the Queen, and she will be there to hear the Anthem. Then the speech from the throne will be read by one of her Majesty's servants, the Queen still being present, and be regarded as speaking, but the self-opinionated fellow has no wish for anything of that sort. He would not come at all but for fear of disgrace, and because there will be something in the Town Clerk's speech which can either be admired or censured. So when the solemnity is half over the man comes in, using the rights of a registered ticket-holder, and pushes his way to his place. What cares he for the National Anthem and the Queen? Has the *orator* begun? Now in such a case would you not feel a strong temptation to assist in a subsequent ceremony,—some sharp attempt to inculcate if not loyalty, yet good manners into the man?

We bear in mind that our gracious God never comes into the assemblies of His saints empty handed. He meets His people that He may bless them. But, losing sight of our personal advantage, is it seemly that we should regard the first hymn, the chant, or, alas! even the second hymn, as a sort of musical arrangement by which we may, without special difficulty, reach our pew "to hear the sermon"? When such late arrival is wilful or heedless, must it not be displeasing to Almighty God, as it assuredly is an evidence of want of reverence for Him? It is to be regretted that such evil abounds: but are

Methodists more guilty in this matter than other worshippers?

Are Methodists *less courteous* than others? We must neither despise nor neglect the minor moralities of life. Legislators, magistrates and policemen undertake to guard many of our rights. Transgressors will most likely be punished if they steal our money or maim our bodies or burn our houses. But there are many ways in which we may be annoyed and pained against which these worthy functionaries cannot protect us. There is therefore an unwritten code, by which all persons regarding themselves as decent are expected to govern themselves. These laws of courtesy have sometimes become absurd and selfish by over-minuteness. Courtesy, instead of being a careful attention in little things to other people's feelings, has become a method of enabling persons possessing more vanity than common sense or charity, to distinguish themselves from those whom they chose to regard as the vulgar crowd. In these cases the code of etiquette is spurious. Let us, however, never neglect the true. I am bound to respect the tastes and welfare of others, even when there is no fear whatever of a policeman enforcing such respect. Vulgarity is a disregard of these minor moralities. A ploughman would be vulgar who went into a carpeted room without endeavouring to free his boots from clay and mud. He would not display vulgarity by warmly shaking the hand of one introduced to him, though it was their first meeting, unless the ploughman had been previously informed that such mode of welcome would be offensive. We are required to consult the desires of others, though no statute of the realm demands it: to neglect to do this is vulgarity. Now there are, happily, many Christian disciples who earnestly desire to derive the greatest possible advantage from every opportunity of public worship. They find that on every occasion they have great need of Divine blessing. One day they are specially wanting guidance in perplexity; on another, comfort in sorrow; on a third, strength to resist temptation; and on other days are other boons. The hour of public worship presents some special aids in audience with the Giver of all good. Some around may not feel as this disciple feels; but he longs to gain large and abiding advantage during the hour which will soon be gone. Has he a right to do so? Will it not be vulgarity to trespass on his rights? It sometimes happens that when public opinion is being aroused to some lucrative wrong doing, the bad men deriving gain from the existing evil will employ coarse and ignorant men to disturb meetings and prevent the speakers being heard. The aim is, not to confute, but to disturb; the time will speedily be gone; the purpose of the selfish employers of these rude fellows will be answered if the hour is anyhow wasted.

We may be sure that the arch-enemy of souls desires to mar public worship to the utmost of his power. He used to send on this errand heathen mobs and Jewish bigots, and afterwards Romish spies and royal dragoons. That sort of disturbance he cannot now compass; but much may be done yet. To have to get up from our knees to let a late comer into his place; to feel a draught of cold air from a door kept ajar by those who have arrived during prayer; to hear indistinct whispers by people in the porch; and even the disturbing spectacle of one delinquent after another entering the sanctuary during singing, will accomplish much which the adversary desires. Some late comers do not greatly care about the feelings of the devout worshippers.

Offenders cannot be taken into custody. The preacher either is silent on the subject, or speaks very mildly, lest those who evidently value public worship so lightly should be so offended as to stay away altogether. But the prayerful suffer loss, and the culprits must or might know this. Does not punctuality in attendance on Divine worship become a debt of honour? The cause cannot be taken to the Guildhall. Is it not relegated to the tribunal of courtesy? Are

not habitual offenders, in this respect, vulgar? Our Founder was a gentleman as well as a Christian. Have Methodists so degenerated as to be more vulgar than others?

Are Methodists *less energetic* than others? We need not to be surprised that people who get up very late, and remain apparently, especially on Sunday morning, half asleep for a long time after they have left their beds, should be late for chapel. We cannot deny either that there is a tendency to such sluggishness in human nature. But can we admit that Methodists are lazier than other people? If we acquit them of earthliness, irreverence and vulgar selfishness, shall we be compelled to convict them of indolence and unworthy self-indulgence? Do they creep along more slowly than others? Are there more sluggards among the professed followers of John Wesley than among Episcopalians and Dissenters? Methodism was defined by one who was not himself a Methodist, "Christianity in earnest." Have the people so highly lauded become so far recreant to their first principles? Has it come to this, that we repeat the commendations of our sect, or applaud them when quoted by eloquent speakers, yet cannot so bestir ourselves as to be in chapel three minutes before the worship of God begins? We must bear in mind that the subject now considered is not the revival of four o'clock or even five o'clock services, nor even the seven o'clock Sunday morning prayer-meeting, but whether Christian people, calling themselves Methodists, can so arouse themselves as to be in God's house at half-past ten or eleven. Christianity in earnest! Will anybody believe that the delinquent who habitually walks into the chapel when the devotional services are chiefly over, is in earnest about religion? Does it look as though he was "seeking first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness"? "In earnest?" Does the man appear to care much about his own soul or the souls of others? What merchant or manufacturer acts so in reference to week-day time? If the offender is not intentionally injurious to his associates, or insulting to God, or reckless of his spiritual welfare; if his conduct results simply from the sluggishness of his nature in the things belonging to his peace, is not that an evil bad enough? Has it come to this?—Methodists more sluggish than others!

Is the charge really true? However explained, are we compelled to admit that Methodists are less punctual than others at their places of worship? We should like to be furnished with evidence by which we could prove to all around, and to ourselves, that the indictment is not sustained. Our very name forbids that we should so act as to render conviction possible. We are bound by our name to live by method, and that method in accordance with Holy Scripture. Our traditions are all in this direction.

We have read of a traveller calling at a roadside inn and asking for dinner, and that he might have a fowl for dinner. The reply was, "We have none." He answered, "I saw one roasting as I passed through the kitchen." "That is for Mr. X—'s dinner." "Has he been here lately?" "No, but he ordered his dinner for to-day, when he was here four months ago; and there he comes in his gig." That seems a marvellous orderly arrangement. But Methodists have their Circuit Plans. Some of these are for six months: it is known six months beforehand, to five minutes, when a preacher will begin the service. We are supposed to be models of careful organization and of orderly zeal. Is all this a sham? Is your part lacking? Is the much-praised mechanism, so mighty in olden time, a mere shell, divested of the power? Or is the part that you have the care of deficient? Let us hope that the charge cannot be sustained. Let us try to make this more manifest. Let us make sure that what appertains to us is complete and exact. Those who greatly desire to meet with the living God, will spare no effort to be in the sanctuary at the proper time.

That ardent desire for Divine fellowship is an indication that its possessor is gaining meetness for the nobler service of the heavenly city. Such a disciple is likely to be found ready for the summons from his Lord. Meanwhile, he will be privileged to receive much from God, and honoured by being allowed to do much for God. Henceforth, *as a matter of conscience*, as well as courtesy, be in time at public worship.

A LITTLE GIRL CARRIED OFF BY A BEAR.

THE following narrative appeared in the "Luddington (Michigan) Record:"—

"We have to record a very singular deliverance of a little girl about three years old, after being carried off by a black bear, and a search of about thirty-six hours through the forest by the excited parents.

"The facts, as near as we can gather them, are substantially as follows: Mr. Henry Flynn lives about forty miles east of this place, at or near the logging camps of Mr. Luddington, and has charge of one of the camps. He started one morning to take a horse to pasture, about two miles distant from the house, and as he was ready to start, his little daughter appeared, and seemed very anxious to go with him. In order to please the child he set her on the horse's back, and let her ride a short distance, perhaps forty rods from the house, but in plain view of it, where he put her down and told her to run home. He noticed that the child was standing where he left her, and on looking back, after going a little further, saw her playing in the sand. He soon passed out of sight, and was gone about an hour, expecting, of course, that the child would go back to the house after playing a few minutes.

"On returning home he made inquiry about the child of its mother, who said she had not seen her, and supposed he had taken her along with him. On going to the spot where he had left her he saw huge bear tracks in the sand, and at once came to the conclusion that the child had been carried off by the bears.

"The family immediately made search through the forest, which was grown up to almost a jungle, rendering the search very slow. All the day the anxious parents sought for some trace of their child, nor did they stop when darkness came on, but remained in the woods, calling the child by her name, and with aching hearts would listen with almost breathless fear to catch some sound by which they could discover their lost darling. Morning came and their search was fruitless.

"Two gentlemen, inspecting land, came to the house, and being informed of the circumstances, immediately set out to help to find the child. Small doubt existed as to the fate of the little one, and if they could only find out where the bear had dispatched his victim, they might then go home with the assurance that they were never to see the child again, but until some trace of her was found there was hope.

"The gentlemen alluded to had wandered about, and as they were passing a swampy spot, where the undergrowth was very thick, they either called the child or else were talking aloud, when one of them heard the child's voice. He then hailed the child by name and told her to come out of the bushes. She replied that the bear would not let her. The men then crept through the brush and went near the spot where the child and bear were, and they heard a splash in the water, which the child said was the bear. On going to her they found her standing upon a log, extending about half way across the river.

"The bear had undertaken to cross the river on the log, and being closely pursued, left the child and swam away. She had received some scratches about her face, arms and legs, and her clothes were almost torn from her body; but the bear had not bitten her to hurt her, only the marks of his teeth being found on her back, where, on taking hold of her clothes to carry her, he had slightly torn her flesh.

"The little one says the bear would put her down occasionally to rest, and would put his nose up to her face, when she would slap him, and then the bear would hang his head by her side and purr and rub against her like a cat. The men asked her if she was cold in the night, and she told them the old bear lay down by her and put his 'arms' around her and hugged her to him, and kept her warm, though she did not like his long hair. The men carried the little one back to her distressed parents, who were now almost frantic with joy on again beholding their darling, as one snatched from the jaws of death."

"The Lord delivered me out of the paw of the bear." (1 Sam. xvii. 37.)

SAVED BY A KITTEN.

THERE is a thrilling story told of a cabin boy and his kitten, which illustrates in a marked degree the providence of God, which often, by the most trifling incidents, saves the life of an individual. It was during his first voyage. When the vessel stood out from Boston, young Jack thought there was never anything finer than to be at sea in a noble ship.

For days and days the strong wind and heaving ocean bore them safely and swiftly toward their desired haven. But when off the coast of Africa, near the Azores, the ship encountered a heavy gale. Had she been in mid-ocean she would have been fearfully driven and tossed by the raging elements, yet no doubt would have been saved. As it was, however, it seemed impossible to avoid the land. It was impossible, also, to steer safely into any quiet harbour, for no harbour was at hand; and so, after all efforts proved unavailing, she struck upon the grim rocks that studded the "lee shore," as the sailors call it. "Cut away the boats," shouted the captain. Every man was glad to obey the order, for the furious waves were fast breaking up the vessel. Jack was only a small boy, but he worked away nimbly, doing what he could. The crew consisted of twenty-four men, and there were three boats on board—one of these, the largest, called the long-boat, the two others taking the name of "jolly boats." Though the last named were somewhat smaller, yet they were calculated to live in as heavy a sea as the long-boats. One of the "jolly boats" had been lowered, and Jack was about jumping in in haste, with many others, when, strange as it may seem, he happened to think of his little kitten, that had been his pet all the way out from home.

"Now," said Jack, "I must take Mollie with me; it would be very cruel to let her drown." So across the deck he hastened, and descended the hole into the cabin, where poor Mollie lay huddled up in a corner. He soon had her in his arms, and was on deck; but the boat in which he thought to have gone was separated from the vessel, while, at the same time, he observed that the second small boat was manned. Well, in less time than it takes to write this, all were off the ship; of course, Jack was among the last in the long-boat. The sea rose to a fearful height, and soon there was nothing to be seen of the ship but a few floating spars. It was found to be very difficult to keep the boats from swamping, yet in the hands of skilful seamen all went well. Darkness ere long enveloped the little craft. It was a fearful crisis; all that could be done was done. Once the captain, who was in the same boat with Jack, ordered them to try the oars, hoping that they might make land, but the effort was speedily abandoned. At length morning came, but Jack, with his keen eyes, could see nothing of the other boats. Where could they be? Through the whole of that succeeding day and the following night they were tossed about upon the heavy swell of the ocean, and did not make land until the morning of the third day. "Where were the other boats?" Alas! they capsized, and all within them perished. Little Jack knew that if he had not gone back after Kitty he would have shared their fate. At this time he was wayward and thoughtless, but now, through

the grace of God, he thanks the Lord Jesus for his deliverance.

A SUCCESSFUL BOOT-BLACK.

A few years ago the superintendent of the lodging-house now at No. 49, Park-Place, New York, Mr. O'Connor, who is so well known by the street boys, was having his boots blacked by a lad, when, as he was about to pay, a well-dressed young man, who had been watching the operation, put his hand forward and paid the boy. Mr. O'Connor remonstrated, when the young man said, "I suppose you don't know me, Sir?" The superintendent looked at him curiously, but could not make him out. "What! don't you remember Bob——, the Fulton-street boot-black?" He then recalled him—a most ragged, vagabond little urchin, who, and his brother, a certain "Tom," were inveterate "bummers," sleeping anywhere, in boxes or cellars, buying "policy-tickets," and gambling till their last pennies were gone; but bright, active, hard-working little fellows. Many a "season" with them had the superintendent had, trying to get them to become regular attendants at the lodging-house school; to give up their bad habits, and to become lodgers "in their own hotel." He had at last succeeded, and finally induced them to join one of the emigration parties of the Children's Aid Society to Illinois.

"But, Bob, how is this?" said the superintendent; "what are you doing in New York, and so well dressed?"

By this time a number of street boys had gathered around and listened eagerly.

"Why, you see, Sir, I lived with Mr. —— for two years, and then he gave me wages and some land, and I kept saving and making good hits in business, and now I am doing pretty well. I've come on, Sir," (in a whisper,) "to get my sisters out. You know one of 'em is in the Refuge, and the other is *all about*. My mother has been out there some time. I've got her a good home." And then turning to the knot of ragged boys, "Here, you bummers, don't none of you know me, Bob, as was boot-black on Fulton-street? What are you doing? Loafing and blacking boots for a few cents around the streets, here, and then pitching your pennies all away? Look at me; I was as ragged as any on ye once, and a regular bummer, afore I went to the lodge, and the kind gentleman in Clinton Hall sent me off to Illinois. Now I've got forty acres of first-rate land, and six cows and a horse, and a house of my own. And there's Tom, who used to be such a vagabond; his master gave him a heifer, and now he's got three thousand dollars' worth of good stock. Aint that better than bummin,' you lazy street rats, eh?"

Mr. O'Connor then took him to the lodging-house, and found that all this and much more had happened in five years. The young man felt very grateful for the kindness which had thus started the two homeless boys in life, and he had now come to the city to see if he could get one of his sisters from the House of Refuge, and rescue the other from beginning a street life in the city. The superintendent forwarded his application to the trustees of the House of Refuge, and it proved successful, and he had the satisfaction of taking both his sisters with him to his new home in the West.

THE LIVING LINK.

A Hebrew maiden was the living link between Naaman and the God of Israel. In almost every Sunday-school there are some children of godless parents who keep not the Sabbath, who never go to church. How may such children be the means of carrying the Gospel to their homes? One way is to give them some question to ask their parents. Little Mary asked her teacher, "Does God have eyes?" Her reply was, "Suppose you ask your mother that question, and if she cannot answer, then get your Bible and it will tell you."

"Mother, does God have eyes?" was soon asked in that godless home.

"How should I know?" was the rude reply. "I never saw God."

Mary thought of her lesson, and answered, "The Bible says God sees you."

"Where does it say so?" inquired the mother, quite startled.

Mary took her Bible and found the words, "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

That mother began to think. In a few days she was an inquirer for salvation. Mary was a golden link between her and God.

A heathen boy of about eight years was at a mission station in South Africa. His father came to take him away. The child objected, saying, "There is nothing good where father lives."

His father replied, "What can such a thing as you learn here?"

The lad said, "Father, I've learned something."

"Repeat it, then."

"Father, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Does father know Who Jesus is? He is the Son of God. Does father know who are sinners?" The boy was left at the mission; the father went home, but returned in a few weeks a changed man, saying that he "had met with the precious Word of God."

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

It stands where northern willows weep,
A temple fair and lone;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep,
From cypress branches thrown;
While, silently around it spread,
Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined?
A sculptured woman's form,
Lovely, in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm:
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness of those eyes.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought;
A kingly emblem—not unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought;
She whose high heart finds rest below
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above,
Of dying scent and hue;
She was a mother—in her love
How sorrowfully true!
O! hallowed long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief:

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
Of olden glory spoil'd,
The standard of their sires borne down,
The shield's bright blazon soil'd;
She met the tempest meekly brave,
Then turn'd o'erwearied to the grave.

She slumbered, but it came—it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout and signal flame
Sent on from tower to tower,
Fast through the realm a spirit moved,
'Twas hers, the lofty and the loved!

Then was her name a note that rung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep;
Her memory, as a banner flung
Forth by the Baltic deep;
Her grief, a bitter vial pour'd
To sanctify the avenger's sword.

And the crowned eagle spread again
Her pinion to the sun;
And the strong land shook off its chain,
So was the triumph won!
But woe for earth, where sorrow's tone
Still blends with Victory's—*She* was *gone*.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

A CORNISH MINER.

PETER ROBERTS was born at St. Erth, Cornwall, January 20th, 1816. His father dying while he was young, his mother married one who treated him as kindly as if he had been his own son. His pious mother influenced him for

good. To her he could unbosom his feelings without reserve. Thus his surroundings were well calculated to develop in him any germ of spiritual life had it existed. The following verse, however, which he composed, and often recited, avows his unbelief in any inherent goodness:—

"Full eighteen years I lived in sin,
And dwelt in nature's night,
And then I felt the load within,
And prayed with all my might."

His conversion, which was marked and clear, took place at Deveral, Cornwall, and was followed by immediate union with the Methodists. It was not long before he was deemed suitable to take charge of a Class, but having a very humble estimate of his own abilities he shunned the impending cross. Writing to a friend at Callington, he asked him to procure a situation for him, which he eventually obtained, intending only to remain in it until some other Leader had been procured for the Class. On a subsequent visit to Deveral, he told them in the Love-feast that he had suffered much in mind in consequence of quitting the path of duty, and urged the young people never to do as he had done. "When I shunned the cross," said he, "I seemed to have no intercourse with God, and I have covenanted with Him that whatever He appoints me by His Church, I will do with all my might."

Shortly after this he became a Local-preacher, and his pulpit labours were very acceptable. This was the more creditable, as he had only had three days' schooling in his life, and that at three several dame's schools. But from his youth he had known the Scriptures. When quite a lad, two men were debating where a certain text was to be found. One who knew his familiarity with Scripture remarked, "Peter will tell you." He was appealed to, and at once supplied chapter and verse. Possessed of an original and vigorous mind he was, before disease had worn him down, energetic and lively, and in the prayer-meeting, the pulpit and the Class, awakened and sustained the interested attention of all present. Though he had at first shrunk from the duties of a Class-leader, he afterwards became quite at home in them. The first Class he met, by its rapid augmentation clearly proved his aptitude for a work in which for thirty-five years he faithfully and successfully laboured. All who met with him have thankfully referred to his unassuming spirit, his consistent Christian walk, his appropriate counsels, and the spiritual profit they derived from intercourse with him. Cheerful, truthful, upright, he won the respect of all who knew him in earlier and later years.

In 1840—41 Samuel Pote and Peter Roberts worked together in Holmbush mine, the former at the sixty fathom, and the latter, with Josiah Symons, at the eighty fathom level. They were wont to meet with Thomas Opie at the seventy fathom level for prayer and praise. Having sung a hymn, they used to offer a short prayer or two, imploring the Divine protection for those at work. Though great numbers of men were then employed in the mine, the agents remarked that no fatal accident had happened while the praying men were there. But within twelve months after the praying men had left, six men were killed, three of them at one time. Not only did the men of prayer themselves receive blessing, others were blessed by their intercessions. The prayerless learned to bow the knee; oaths that if answered would have hurried those who uttered them into the presence of an offended God, were suppressed in their presence.

In 1842, Peter Roberts experienced an extraordinary preservation. Nine men, including himself, were sinking a shaft in South Caradon mine. On the 11th of August, Verran, Vial and Roberts were at work together about the middle of the day. Seven fathoms from the surface a hole for blasting had been prepared. Vial was at the top, his work being the preparation of the *tamping* and safety-fuse, which were to be sent

down when ready. Verran had to gather up and put the tools into a place of security, and then to ascend out of danger. It being a very hot day, however, he preferred remaining in the shade with Roberts. Roberts having applied the safety-fuse, found it to be longer than necessary, and endeavoured to cut it off by striking it with the sharp edge of a *boucier*. The instant before he had called to Vial for fire. Fire came more quickly than he had anticipated by the friction of the rough stones, which ignited the fuse. Though some may deem this perfectly natural, Roberts tried subsequently many a time to ignite a fuse in the same way, but never could succeed. Both Roberts and Verran seeing the imminent danger they were in, rushed instantly to the *kibble*, and Roberts cried, "Wind up! wind up!" Vial was both heavy and powerful, but not sufficiently so to start, much less to draw the two men up. Verran then ran to the corner of the shaft. Roberts, believing the place where he was standing to be the safer one, cried "Stop." Verran rejoined, "No; we are sure to be killed now. I shall soon see Jesus. Praise the Lord!" After saying this he turned his head round to tell Roberts to come there too, but seeing him ascending, Verran uttered not a word, thinking it just possible that Roberts might escape. Roberts in his ascent met the descending kibble, and catching hold of the rope, soon gained the top. The instant he put his foot on the brace, the charge exploded, and the stones flew in all directions. One about the size of a marble struck his forehead, and inflicted a slight wound.

A large piece of rock fell on Verran's leg, and produced a severe bruise. As soon as Roberts was up, Vial let go the windlass; the handle was flying round furiously when Roberts ran forward and caught it. Just then Verran called out, "Don't be frightened; wind up!" On coming to the surface it was found that, excepting the bruise on the leg, he had sustained no injury. As this story has on various occasions been incorrectly narrated, it is but just that the truth should be clearly stated. But surely Roberts and Verran each manifested equally the desire to save his own life, and showed it by rushing at the same instant to the kibble. Verran surrendered himself to die because he deemed escape impossible. Roberts displayed more presence of mind than Verran in making another effort to escape after Verran had abandoned all hope of it. Vial was more courageous than either, for though in the most imminent danger, he stuck to his post like a man, and endangered his own life in endeavouring to effect the rescue of his comrades. But more than all, we must admire the providence of God, which so ordered it that the strongest man should be at the windlass, and the lightest man in the kibble.

Healthy and vigorous in his earlier years, Mr. Roberts was "in labours more abundant." Oftentimes he travelled far, and preached thrice on the Sabbath. Even after such exertions he has been known on his return to point inquiring sinners to Christ, in the prolonged prayer-meeting or the sick room. One Sunday, having walked to and from Dobwalls, a village four miles west of Liskeard, and preached thrice, he called at St. Ive chapel on his return, and prayed; then, proceeding to Callington, took some refreshment, and hastened towards the chapel there, where a revival had just broken out. Two young men met him on the way, and said, "Quick, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Christophers called on you to pray a long time ago." Quickening his steps he soon arrived at the chapel, where penitents were crying for mercy on every hand; and then and there, after his arduous toil, he wrestled with God in prayer for their deliverance and pointed them to their waiting Saviour.

Mr. Roberts was especially conscientious in his regard for the Lord's-day. Persons in dishabille, fetching vegetables or water, pursuing needless work or seeking unhallowed pleasure on the Lord's-day, were faithfully reproved by

him, as were also profane swearers. Keeping God's commandments himself, as well as teaching them, never would he sanction the absence of any member of his family from the Lord's house on the Sabbath morning. From his youth he abstained from intoxicating drinks, and often lifted up his warning voice against the evils of intemperance. For visitation of the sick he was eminently qualified, and in it he specially excelled. Often after returning hungry and weary from the long business rounds which he latterly undertook, he has gone to minister to the afflicted. Hence he had access to families where others would have been excluded, and much was the respect and love he won without and within the circle of his own Church. He who had been earnest in saving his life, was as ready at God's bidding to lose it. When the cholera broke out at Callington, in 1849, and carried off about a hundred of its inhabitants, whilst stout and strong men dared not confront it, he, with George Dingle, was ready to visit the stricken ones at any hour of the day or night. Nine patients died within a few doors of each other. During this loud call to repentance, the people heard and feared and turned to the Lord, and a gracious revival of religion commenced.

Mr. Roberts' unremitting attention to those who were afflicted with cholera is supposed to have brought on the brain fever which left him in a feeble state of health to the end of his days. More than twenty years before he closed his earthly career, he remarked, "When I was first made happy, it seemed as if everything was happy around me;" and though in later years but a wreck of what he had been formerly, he maintained habitual cheerfulness and resignation to the Divine will. Laid aside by a complication of disorders that medical skill could not effectually grapple with, he possessed his soul in patience, and waited hopefully for the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle.

After the decease of a veteran Class-leader who had in the same town lived in sweet fellowship with him, he was one day found sitting up in bed in tears. It was asked, "Why weepest thou?" He replied, "I was thinking how happy Mr. Peter is, and what a blessed meeting it will be when I see him on the other shore!" Another day it was remarked, "God does not lay upon you more than you can bear." Though suffering severely at the time, he replied, "I think I could bear more pain, were it God's will to lay it on me." In health the sanctuary had been his delight; in affliction, portions of Scripture which had become familiar refreshed the suffering pilgrim, and gave him comfort in sleeping and in waking. To his Saviour he could say, "I am ever with Thee." All who visited him were affectionately urged to love and serve the Saviour Whom he had loved and served. Nearing the valley of the shadow of death, he feared no evil; its gloom was gone. Once he remarked, "I have no sympathy with that verse which says,—

> 'But timorous mortals start and shrink
> To cross this narrow sea;
> And linger, shivering on the brink,
> And fear to launch away.'

I have no such feeling. 'To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'" A friend having offered up a prayer at his bedside, he repeated with great emphasis, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." Shortly after this he expired, February 24th, 1873.

When I heard his spirit had departed, I felt sad, because a father in Israel had fallen, until I remembered that he was gone to be with the Saviour "Whom having not seen" he loved.

JOSEPH MOLE.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For January, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
Jan.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	8 6	4 2	4 5a	6 2a	10 18a	4 18m	7 46a
11	8 3	4 14	4 55	6 34	10 20	3 49	7 13
21	7 54	4 30	5 54	7 7	10 21	3 18	6 40
31	7 41	4 47	6 30	7 39	10 23	2 46	6 7

PHASES OF THE MOON.

4th, First Quarter.... 3h. 23m. after.
11th, Full Moon ..... 6h. 23m. morn.
18th, Last Quarter .. 8h. 49m. morn.
26th, New Moon ... 1h. 41m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 10th ..... 4h. morn, Perigee; distance 222,893 miles.
„ 22nd ..... 9h. morn., Apogee; „ 252,170 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 237,531 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

January 1st ..... 90,140,920 miles.
February 1st ..... 90,356,230 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 215,310 „

On January 3rd, at one o'clock in the morning, the Earth will be at that point of its orbit nearest to the Sun. The distance between the centres of the two bodies will then be 90,140,440 miles, assuming the mean distance to be 91,677,410 miles. The distance will be greatest on the 1st of July, at nine o'clock in the morning, when it will amount to 93,215,190 miles. The difference between the greatest and least distance, due to the eccentricity of the Earth's orbit, is 3,074,750 miles.

The Moon will be very near Mars at half-past seven on the evening of the 2nd, and at half-past four on the evening of the 31st. On the morning of the 29th, at half-past five she will be very near Venus. She attains her greatest northern declination on the 9th, between ten and eleven o'clock in the evening. At 10h. 47m., when on the meridian, her altitude will be sixty-seven degrees, which is five degrees more than the highest summer altitude of the Sun. As she is then not far from Perigee, and about thirteen days old, the light will be very strong.

Mercury is an evening star, and will be visible toward the end of the month to the naked eye after sunset. On the evening of the 28th it will be near Saturn. It is approaching the Earth.

Venus is unmistakably the evening star. It sets from two to three hours after the Sun, and is approaching the Earth, though still in the superior part of its orbit. The apparent diameter is twelve seconds, the form gibbous, nearly round.

Mars is travelling eastward among the fixed stars and rising in declination, so that it sets at nearly the same mean time each evening. On the evenings of the 2nd and 31st it will be occulted by the Moon at some parts of the Earth's surface, but not at Greenwich. Its distance from the Earth is increasing, and of course the apparent diameter diminishing.

Jupiter is the morning star. On the night of the 20th it will be in conjunction with the Moon, the planet being five degrees to the north.

Saturn is an evening star. On the 17th it will be quite close to Venus, the apparent distance at eight o'clock in the morning being only one-third of a degree. On the morning of the 28th it will be in conjunction with the Moon, one hour later than the Moon's conjunction with Mercury.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

(*Kilsyth Manse.*)

THE REV. WILLIAM C. BURNS, M.A.,

EVANGELIST AND MISSIONARY.

BY W. R. BURGESS.

William Chalmers Burns, the third son of the Rev. William Hamilton Burns, minister of the parish of Dun, in Angus, was born on the 1st of April, 1815. His birthplace is described as "a quiet spot, nestling, with the adjoining church and graveyard, within the bosom of a romantic dell, amid the shadows of ancient trees, with the hoarse chorus of rooks high overhead, which seems rather to deepen than to break the silence." Here the first half-dozen years of his life were spent. The removal of his father to the charge of the parish of Kilsyth introduced him to new scenes, amid which the rest of his youthful days were passed. His education was carried on first at the

parish school of Kilsyth, and afterwards at the Grammar School, Aberdeen. His training there is stated to have had "an important influence upon the whole course of his future life, forming in him once for all those habits of rigid accuracy, thorough work, and conscientious regard for rule and law which ever afterwards distinguished him; at the same time awakening and training that remarkable faculty for the study of language which stood him in such good stead in his missionary labours of after years." After spending two sessions at Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he obtained honourable distinction in all his classes, he returned home in the spring of 1831. His father earnestly desired his dedication to the Christian ministry, but the youth was bent on following the profession of the law. To this his father reluctantly consented, and a few months after we find him settled with his uncle, a writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh. But before all the arrangements could be completed, that great change occurred which gave his thoughts and purposes another direction.

One evening he suddenly walked into the dining-room at the old manse, with a more serious look than was his wont, and in answer to his mother's exclamation, "O! Willie, where have you come from?" he said gravely, "From Edinburgh." "How did you come?" "I walked" (a distance of thirty-six miles). There was then a silence, till, standing on the hearth-rug, with his back to the fire, he said, "What would you think, mamma, if I should be a minister after all?" His countenance showed that he was in earnest. He then told how the Lord had arrested him, and that he could have no rest in his spirit till he should come home and obtain his parents' consent to relinquish the law and give himself to the service of Christ in the ministry of the Gospel. Ten years afterwards he wrote the following account of his conversion:—

"The means by which my change of heart was brought about were these, I think,—Mr. Bruce's preaching, which engaged me very much, and the fear of sudden death from the approach of cholera, were preparatory. A letter from my sisters at home, in which they spoke in a single sentence of going as pilgrims to Zion, and leaving me behind, proved a word in season, and touched my natural feelings very deeply; for when sin had rendered me dead to every other feeling, I could not think of my Christian parents, and my godly home with all its sweet and solemn privileges, without an awful conflict of soul at the thought of parting with them for ever. I could think of parting with Christ, for I knew Him not,—alas! do I yet know Him?—but to part with them was too much for me to bear. In this way the way was prepared, but as yet I am fully conscious that my heart was spiritually dead. However..I sat down, with solemn impressions from the causes now mentioned, to read a part of Pike's 'Early Piety,' which my dear father had given me at leaving home (Ah! little did he know what use God was to make of it); and while gazing on a solemn passage in it, my inmost soul was in one instant pierced as with a dart. God had apprehended me. I felt the conviction of my lost estate rushing through me with resistless power; I left the room and retired to a bedroom, there to pour out my heart for the first time with many tears in a genuine

heartrending cry for mercy. From the first moment of this wonderful experience, I had the inspiring hope of being saved by a sovereign and infinitely gracious God; and in the same instant almost I felt that I *must* leave my present occupation, and devote myself to Jesus in the ministry of that glorious Gospel by which I had been saved."

This mighty change effected a complete revolution in his purposes. All thought of the law, as a profession, was now abandoned, much to the regret of his uncle, who had already formed a very high estimate of his business capacity. In November, 1832, he returned to Aberdeen to resume his studies, with a view to the ministry of the Church of Scotland. Into those studies he threw all the energy of his nature, prompted and guided by the holier motives and principles which now inspired him. The result was that he attained some of the highest distinctions which the University could then confer. In 1834 he took his degree of M.A. Leaving Aberdeen he proceeded to Glasgow, to carry on the theological studies which were to equip him for his future work. There—with some other young men who have since become known to fame, such as James Hamilton, James Halley, William Arnot, and Norman M'Leod—he continued his work with unabated activity and zeal, and was rewarded with deserved success. And as at Aberdeen, so now at Glasgow, he sought to "grow in grace," and embraced every opportunity of conversing with his companions regarding Christ. His longings after mental food were not permitted to postpone that hungering and thirsting after righteousness which he felt to be of infinitely more importance. It was whilst here that the fire of missionary heroism was kindled, as he, with other members of the Students' Missionary Society, read and talked of such shining examples as Martyn and Brainerd; and it was here "whilst listening to the earnest and weighty words of a missionary about to sail to China, that he first rose to the full idea of that entire consecration of his whole being and life to the service of Christ which in his subsequent ministry so remarkably distinguished him, and formed his first definite purpose of devoting himself to the missionary field."

But this purpose did not withdraw his sympathies from those around him. Thus we find him writing, "I have an interesting little charge here, and one which I think I have increasing cause to feel at once responsible and engaging. I have this season the privilege of joining with my pupils in the morning exercise of reading a portion of Scripture and prayer." And again, "This morning rose at twenty minutes to seven, and met my young men's class from eight to nine. The attendance is increasing, and the prospect interesting. Afternoon, I addressed Mr. Patrick's little flock at St. Enoch's School, from John iii. 14, 15; and may well learn several important lessons from my experience." By the culture of his own heart, and by diligent efforts to benefit those around him, he sought to "show himself approved

unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." His aim was that as a "man of God" he might "be perfect, throughly furnished unto all good works." As the time approached when he was to be set apart to the ministry, his sense of its importance became deeper and more solemn, and so overmastering that he appeared to have no thought for aught else. His mother had gone to Glasgow, unknown to him, on some domestic errand, and was passing through the narrow, covered street called the Argyle Arcade, when she saw him turn the corner in front, and advance slowly towards her from the opposite direction as in deep reverie. Though she went straight up to him, he was quite unconscious of her presence, and when addressed, started as from a dream. "O mother!" said he, with deep emotion, "I did not see you: for when walking along Argyle-street just now, I was so overcome with the sight of the countless crowds of immortal beings eagerly hasting hither and thither, but all posting onwards towards the eternal world, that I could bear it no longer, and turned in here to seek relief in quiet thought."

He was licensed to preach by the presbytery of Glasgow on March 27th, 1839. From the first he felt called to devote himself to preaching the Gospel to the heathen, and he at once placed his services at the disposal of the Church. Circumstances to which we will briefly refer prevented that purpose being carried out for some years; but though delayed it was never lost sight of. The Rev. R. M'Cheyne, of Dundee, being at this time about to set out for Palestine, wrote asking Mr. Burns to take his place during his absence. Being free from other engagements, he complied with that request, and at the beginning of April entered upon his duties at Dundee. It was no light task to supply the pulpit of one of the most holy and successful ministers of recent times, and he felt deeply how utterly insufficient he was for the work. But renouncing all trust in himself, and relying only upon Him Who had sent him, he "put his hand to the plough." An office-bearer of the church, who well remembered the scenes of those days, thus writes:—

"Scarcely had Mr. Burns entered on his work in St. Peter's here, when his power as a preacher began to be felt. Gifted with a solid and vigorous understanding, possessed of a voice of vast compass and power,—unsurpassed even by that of Mr. Spurgeon,—and withal fired with an ardour so intense, and an energy so exhaustless, that nothing could damp or resist it, Mr. Burns wielded an influence over the masses whom he addressed, which was almost without parallel since the days of Wesley and Whitefield. Crowds flocked to St. Peter's from all the country round; and the strength of the preacher seemed to grow with the incessant demands made upon it. Wherever Mr. Burns preached, a deep impression was produced on his audience, and it was felt impossible to remain unconcerned under the impassioned earnestness of his appeals. With him there was no effort at oratorical display, but there was true eloquence; and instances are on record of

persons, strong in their self-confidence and enmity to the truth, who fell before its power—who,

> 'Though they came to scoff
> Remain'd to pray.'"

For several months he laboured at Dundee, crowding the work of years into brief space. This would seem to have been the commencement of that course of revival services in which he was for many years so actively and successfully engaged. Though his preaching was without the usual charms of oratory which attract and sometimes impress large audiences, yet it was peculiarly "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," and was "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." Many fell under it, "the slain of the Lord;" many hearts were smitten and then bound up. Sinners were awakened and converted, believers were built up, mourners were comforted, inquirers directed, the weak strengthened, the strong received new impulse and direction. From week to week the church was thronged.

"Twenty, thirty, forty, would often come to him....in a single day, gathering in little groups in an outer chamber, and pouring out their hearts in united prayer, or in silent and solitary breathings, as they waited each their turn for a personal interview. Generally at the public assemblies a large part of the audience would remain after the regular services were concluded, for further and more special instruction; and even when all was over, often at a late hour, eager groups would still cling around the preacher as he retired to the vestry, in hope of hearing still some last words of parting counsel and prayer. Occasionally even then it was scarcely possible to shake off the importunate crowds who hung upon the lips of Christ's ambassador as for their lives."

"When we left the Session-house," he writes on Sept. 19th, "we met a great multitude still waiting to hear the Word, and some of them in tears. Many of these came along with Mr. W— and me to the west end of the town, and when we came to Roseangle, Mr. W—, at my suggestion, engaged with them in a parting prayer on the highway side, under the starlight faintly shining through the dark, windy clouds."

Before leaving Dundee, Mr. Burns had paid a short visit to Kilsyth. Here he threw himself with the same ardour into the Master's work with mighty results. Of one of these services he writes:—

"During the whole of the time that I was speaking, the people listened with the most solemn and riveted attention, and with many silent tears and inward groanings of the spirit; but at the last their feelings became too strong for all ordinary restraints, and broke forth simultaneously in weeping and wailing, tears and groans, intermingled with shouts of joy and praise from some of the people of God. The appearance of a great part of the people from the pulpit gave me an awfully vivid picture of the state of the ungodly in the day of Christ's coming to judgment. Some were screaming out in agony; others, and among these strong men, fell to the ground as if they had been dead; and such was the general commotion, that after repeating for some time the most free and urgent invitations

of the Lord to sinners (as Isai. lv.; Rev. xxii. 17), I was obliged to give out a Psalm, which was soon joined in by a considerable number, our voices being mingled with the mourning groans of many prisoners sighing for deliverance."

The work spread and deepened:—

"Meetings for prayer and preaching of the Gospel were held every successive night, generally in the church, and occasionally, when the weather favoured, in the market-place or in the churchyard. Crowds of inquirers flocked at every invitation to the vestry or the manse to seek spiritual counsel from the minister and his assistants. Prayer-meetings, both of the old and young, sprang up everywhere in the village and the surrounding hamlets. The whole tone and spirit of the place seemed for the moment changed, and an air almost Sabbatic brooded over it, which strangers recognised as, with instinctive reverence, they approached the spot. The waiting on of young or older people at the close of each meeting, and the anxious asking of so many, What to do; the lively singing of the praises of God, which every visitor remarks; the complete desuetude of swearing and of foolish talking in our streets; the order and solemnity at all hours prevailing; the voice of praise and prayer almost in every house; the cessation of the tumults of the people; the consignment to the flames of volumes of infidelity and impurity; the coming together for Divine worship of such a multitude of our population day after day; the large catalogue of new intending communicants giving in their names, and conversing in the most interesting manner on the most important subjects; not a few of the old, careless sinners and frozen formalists awakened and made alive to God; the conversion of several poor colliers, who have come to me and given the most satisfactory account of their change of heart and mind,—are truly wonderful proofs of a most surprising and delightful revival. The public-houses, the coal-pits, the harvest reaping fields, the weaving loomsteads, the recesses of our glens, and the sequestered haughs around, all may be called to witness that there is a mighty change in this place for the better."

(*To be continued.*)

THE EVERLASTING LOVE.

(*Continued from page* 16.)

In time Hattie's home-sickness passed away, and then how happily the days were spent at grandmother's! O, the glorious country life! how Hattie loved it! and well she might, is it not the Elysium of the young? Long walks in shady lanes, paddles in stony brooks, drives in merry hay-time, break-neck rides on frisky ponies, flower-gathering, fern-finding, butterfly-chasing, bird's-nest seeking. Life free and glad! What more could she wish? The colour came back to her sweet young face, and her bright eyes sparkled in merry glee; it was *life* to Hattie.

Tucked under her arm or wheeled in a gaily-painted barrow, Miss Dolly was always a sharer in her joy. Hattie learned for the first time to make daisy-chains—it was daisy-chains from morning till night. Dolly was ornamented with one, the spotted cow, the motherless calf, the curly watch-dog, in fact every living creature that would patiently submit its neck to the flowery yoke, was encircled therewith.

All the farm-yard occupants loved Hattie; they couldn't help it: the motherless calf could suck her fingers, the watch-dog's curly head could rest on her kindly lap and be

hugged and kissed and stroked to its satisfaction. But old friends were not forsaken for new ones. Dolly claimed first attention, though her gingham gown was beginning to look a little creased and soiled; and worse than that, one patent leather scarlet shoe had fallen off the fat shapeless foot and floated down the pebbly stream during one of Hattie's exploring rambles, floated far away, and for anything Hattie knew to the contrary was on its way to the broad, swift, gliding river, and still on to the boundless sea. But she was not the child to fret; she strolled musingly about, following with her imagination the fate of the tiny scarlet speck that had long since passed out of sight.

One sultry summer's evening, after a hard day's walking, riding and play, rather too tired to go out, but too restless to stay in, Hattie rose from a very early tea, reached grandmother her spectacles and a book, and then walked slowly down the daisy-dotted lawn, right through the farm-yard, into the shady lane, until she reached her "nook," as she called it, a rough old lightning-blasted tree, and there, perched up on a broken branch, with Dolly fast clasped in her arms and a lap full of daisies, she set to her favourite occupation; but to her great discomfiture she could not find a pin. She searched Dolly, she hunted in the folds of her own neat dress, but in vain. She tried with her nails to split the stalks, they split too far; she used her teeth, they bit too far; it wouldn't do; so she wearily leaned back, the daisies fell from the busy little hands; Dolly sat dangerously poised, but Hattie heeded not, she was fast asleep.

How long she might have rested there I cannot say, had not a loud peal of thunder startled her into consciousness. Above all things Hattie dreaded a thunderstorm; she clasped her doll in her arms and looked aghast; large heavy drops fell through the leaves, and vivid flashes of lightning lit up the gloomy scene. Hattie sprang to the ground and ran for very fear; a cottage door stood open, and on the threshold a woman was bending over a huge *pansion* of suds, washing out some clothes, apparently unconcerned at the sudden storm.

Without waiting for invitation of any kind, Hattie rushed in. "I'm so frightened," she sobbed, her little frame quivering with fear, "do let me in."

Assent was given in a cold and slightly surprised manner: "Yes, come in, child, rest yourself on the couch, and hide your face in the pillow, for you look scared enough."

No sooner said than done; the frightened child threw herself on the sofa in an agony of fear, though she bravely controlled herself so far that she uttered no sound; but a close and kind observer might have noticed that through the white, trembling little fingers, pressed so closely to her eyes that the terrible lightning might be shut out, hot tears were trickling.

Peal after peal resounded through the stifling air, each one seemingly louder and nearer than the last; flash after flash of gleaming fork lightning, one wild blaze lightened the dark scene for a second, and then relit it with redoubled glare. Lucy Grant (for she was the woman to whom Hattie went for shelter) continued washing almost the whole of the time, only just pausing to move her tub into the centre of the kitchen, and occasionally glance at the

strange little occupant of the clean chintz-covered sofa. Lucy couldn't understand the child's agony of fear; her dauntless spirit had never experienced a twinge of dread, her nerves had ever proved strong enough for the most trying hour in life; she had never been shocked into timidity by storms of *any* kind; affliction, trial, death, nothing had ever melted her stout unwomanly heart.

The tempest abated at last, as all tempests will, leaving the great cart-ruts in the narrow lane brimful of muddy, rushing water, the air cool and fresh, laden with the breath of sweetly-scented flowers. The clasped fingers moved slowly, uncovering two sorrowful grey eyes fringed by the dark wet eyelashes, not yet recovered from the hidden cry. The grey eyes looked a little astonished, much ashamed and more perplexed.

I do not know how "the ice" would have been "broken,"—if we may talk of ice on a sultry summer's evening,—had it not happened that just at the clearing up of the storm, a feeble, rather querulous voice diverted them both from the formality of an explanation:

"Lucy, for anysake a drop of tea; my head's just splitting, I say."

"The kettle's on," returned Lucy, still at her washing-tub, vigorously rubbing wristbands and neck-ties.

"You have an invalid mother, have you?" asked Hattie, coughing between the words, and repeating the last two, three times over.

"A what?"

"An invalid mother," continued the child, her face growing crimson at the thought of her boldness.

"An invalid *bother;* she's none of mine."

"Whose is she, then?" asked Hattie, summoning up special courage on this special occasion. Her heart brimful of compassion for the sick and suffering, she had moved from the sofa, and stood beside the bright fire, smoothing down her crumpled dress and adjusting her hat, all the while watching Lucy's movements about the room, as she prepared the tea.

"You must come and see for yourself, child," continued Lucy, perhaps thinking she had been a little short-tempered; "I'm a lodger, you know, and so is Jim, my husband, and a lot more; and she lets the rooms, and we wait on her; that's all I can tell you; it's all I know. She's mighty sick and cross too, as you will perceive."

"I will just see her, and then I will go," said the child, feeling that she was intruding now that the cups had appeared; and so they went upstairs together,—the unwomanly woman and the womanly child.

The first thing that attracted Hattie's attention was a pair of dark, sorrowful-looking eyes, and a mouth with the corners drawn down in painful sternness.

"And who are you, little girl?" asked the sick woman, "and what brings you here?"

"My name is Hattie, and I ran into this house to get safe from the thunderstorm, and when it was all over I heard you calling, and begged to see you, because you are sick. I am so sorry for you; do let me pass you your tea and toast." The little hand had compassionately grasped the crooked, shrunken fingers, but they were withdrawn as quickly as the stiffened joints would allow; a faint flush mounted to the fair forehead of the little comforter, but she soon regained courage enough to make another attempt.

"Perhaps your hands are painful;

yes, they must be; I am sorry; there; let me cut your toast into 'ladies' fingers.' I do that for mother; she is sick and ill sometimes, and I love to wait on her, but she is never so ill as you. It must be sad to be like this, I am grieved for you."

The dark eyes turned the least bit towards the speaker, and the smallest shade imaginable passed over the invalid's pale face, but for some time she was silent. I think she felt some comfort, for the tea and toast disappeared with more relish than usual.

"I must go now," said Hattie; "but shall I come and see you again?"

Nancy's better nature would have bidden her at once to say, Yes; she longed to do it; she loved to see one human being, though but a child, who cared to be "sorry" for *her;* but in Nancy's unsubdued heart there struggled a mighty enemy to good; a spirit of pride and misanthropy; she could not bear to let any one see she needed sympathy.

"You may do as you please," she said at last, in as indifferent a tone as she could command; "but what pleasure is it to a child to come and see a poor wretched cross-grained creature like me, a burden and care to every one?"

"O, no! don't say so," said Hattie; "indeed you are not, and it is very hard to lie here all day long while the sun is shining, the birds singing and everything outside so beautiful; but I will tell you what I can do, I can bring some flowers and put them close by you; it will be almost as good as being out. There, I must go, but I shall be sure to come back again; shall I?"

"Just as you please; I never beg of any one to visit me that doesn't like to, I'm thankful to say."

"But I do like, so I'll come," said Hattie, turning round for a last look as she neared the door.

Hattie had much to tell grandmother: all about the sound sleep in the tree, the thunderstorm and the poor bed-ridden woman. Grandmother did not mind the nap in the tree, although it was rather dangerous; but then Hattie didn't go to sleep on purpose, and she really couldn't help it; but the thunderstorm was quite another matter. Dear, loving grandmother talked very seriously to her grandchild: wasn't God taking care of her all the time, even when Hattie was trembling with fear? every thunderbolt HE directed, and the lightning could not harm in the least without His will. Then grandmother told her a tale to show her just how God was taking care of her at the very time, though she might not think it:

"There was once a little girl, a very little girl, and she being tired, came to her kind mother and climbed on to her knee, and there fell fast asleep, cuddled up in the loving arms. She had not been there long before she started, her eyes half opened, and she gave a little scream, 'O, they are coming, they will have me, they will!' The mother hushed the child, bade her wake, and see how safe she was, fast clasped in her arms. 'They'll come, they will,' she continued, refusing for some time to believe how safe she was. Now this little girl had been frightened by a naughty nurse-maid, and told that 'Jack Sweep' would surely come and take her some day; so, poor child, in the midst of her afternoon nap, she had dreamed not only of one, but of three Jack Sweeps." Hattie listened attentively to the story, as most children would.

Grandmother went on,—"You

know, Hattie, God had you safe in His arms all afternoon, just as safely as when the sun was shining, the birds singing and everything bright and beautiful; no need for bitter tears and heavy heart-ache, child; it must be grieving to His Spirit that you cannot trust His almighty, loving care."

So grandmother talked to Hattie, and she took courage, and promised to do better another time, and I think she kept her word.

One morning, to Hattie's great dismay, when she awoke early, and ran to the window, a very dismal sight met her eyes, dismal, at least, to a little girl who was longing for an early ramble in the wood. The rain fell in torrents, the beautiful fine weather seemed to have broken up, a bleak wind blew across the open meadow, and the clouds looked black and lowering. The curly house-dog had found a cosy retreat in his kennel, and with his nose resting on his paws, was sleepily watching the heavy storm; the fowls had taken refuge under the broken branch of an old tree, and with wet, ruffled feathers the shivering group was patiently waiting for better times. Not so the ducklings; in their delight they swam the agitated pond, and shook their fair feathers in expectation of another plunge. Hattie's window had a fine view of the farm-yard, the meadow and the narrow lane with cottages in the distance. She stayed for some moments, her face pressed close against the window-pane; then shivering a little with a sense of cold, hurried on her clothes, finished her toilet with more than usual speed and ran downstairs.

The breakfast was laid, and on the hearth there blazed a cheerful fire. Grandmother was not there; she seldom was; for, you know, she was an old lady, and had seen the frost of seventy winters and more. Hattie loved to wait on grandmother, to take up the tea and buttered toast.

Grandmother was not awake this morning, so Hattie began her breakfast alone, keeping the tea warm under a brilliant cosy, worked by her own industrious little fingers. That cosy, the very look of it was enough to comfort Hattie; she was proud of it; to her it was a monument of self denial and painstaking. The many play hours, the precious time before breakfast that was all her own, how they had been swallowed up in performing that gigantic task! No one knew so well as Hattie, or ever would. But wasn't she repaid? Every morning, every evening, the table was graced by *her* handiwork, and grandmother's eyes often rested on it with loving approbation; in fact, Hattie couldn't help thinking that grandmother was looking at it many a time when indeed she really wasn't.

Breakfast over, still grandmother did not wake, so Hattie turned aside one end of the cloth and reached down her writing-case: she would not be idle, although it was too wet to go out. She would write to mother and make spills for grandmother. So she folded the neat white paper into slips, and cut them all ready so that when grandmother came down she could twist them up and talk to her. Then she looked for a pen to write her letter, but a thought interrupted her: where was her text?

Now it was grandmother's custom, a good old-fashioned one too, that all the household should say a text of Scripture each morning just before reading and prayers. Grandmother generally chose one for

Hattie; but this morning she thought she would find one herself. A little text-book lay on the table. Hattie turned over the pages, looking for one easy to learn, easy to understand, and that would please grandmother also.

She read several of them, at last she shut the book and jumped to her feet.

"I have found one out at last!" she exclaimed, and if you had peeped over her shoulder you might have seen her writing the words carefully on the clean white slips of spill-papers again and again, repeating them slowly as she wrote: "I HAVE LOVED THEE WITH AN EVERLASTING LOVE." It was Hattie's way to write what she wished to remember, and not a bad way, either; but grandmother awoke, so Hattie ran up with her breakfast, and mother's letter was put off for an hour or two. Grandmother was pleased with Hattie's text, and entrusted her to find another the following day.

LAETITIA.

(*To be concluded.*)

HAPPY JOHN:

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MR. JOHN CATHCART, WITH AN ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

(*Abridged and revised from the "Irish Evangelist."*)

BY THE REV. ROBERT HUSTON.

IN the fragmentary autobiography referred to in the preface, Mr. Cathcart observes:—

"I was born in the city of Dublin. My father was a locksmith. When my father and mother forsook me (by death), then the Lord took me up. I was placed in an institution (at Santry), where I learned to read my precious Bible, under a converted schoolmaster, and a pious minister of Jesus Christ. His name was the Rev. Denis Browne, of Santry Church. While in the school I was greatly impressed about death, hell, and eternity. I remember the first sermon I heard from the Rev. Denis Browne. His text was 1 Cor. ix. 16: 'For though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of: for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!' I well remember how he told that congregation what a sinner he had been,—a horse-racer, a gambler, relating his conversion to God, and how He delivered his soul; though it was his first time to preach to them. Under that sermon I was convinced of my state as a great sinner in the sight of a holy God; but I was not converted. Still I never lost the convictions; and when I was at last converted, in sweet Gravel-walk, I did not forget to tell that minister of Jesus how the first work of grace begun in my soul was under his ministry. I well remember he visited the school twice every week, to give us a lecture on the Word of God. He also brought us religious tracts. I remember two verses in those tracts. One was,—

'Who laughs at sin laughs at his Maker's frowns,
Laughs at the sword of vengeance o'er his head,
Laughs at his great Redeemer's tears and wounds,
Who, but for sin, had never wept or bled.'

The other verse explained the object which 'Thomas Brown' had in going to 'the church on the hill,' as he said,—

'To thank God for His goodness to me,'—

a verse I never forgot. For thirty-four years I repeated it every morn-

ing in going early to God's house." For many years he attended the prayer-meeting in Gravel-walk at six o'clock on Sunday morning, even in mid-winter.

"And now," he continues, "a new scene in my life turns up. Out of the school, I was sent as an apprentice to an oil-cloth maker. After two years my master died." John's indentures were given him. He says, "I went into a grocery establishment as confidential porter to a Roman Catholic employer. Here I learned to take the intoxicating draught, and from a little at a time, got inured to a great deal, till, actually, I could not do without it, no matter how I got it. By any means I must have it early in the morning, get it where I could. And now I thought to shake off the convictions which I had received under the man of God; but all in vain. The more I drank the more my convictions were deepened. For ten years I had a hell upon earth. While I was in a drunken state, the teaching I had received, the Psalms I had learned, came up in my mind, and I only wished I had never had anything to do with them, as I knew the eternal hell to which I was going. These Psalms I was taught to sing in Santry Church, one mile from the school. The things I had been taught were a kind of stumbling-block to me in the way to hell, and often stopped me from doing some act that would have brought me to the gallows. Often in my misery I wished I had never had a being, or that I had been a dog or a horse or anything that had not a soul. Under these convictions I came to the conclusion that I would never go to church, never say a prayer, never read my Bible, which I had got at an examination, and that I would give the reins to my sin and folly. Fighting against the Spirit of God, when in a drunken fit, particularly on the Sabbath, I often strolled into the first church I came to, thinking to quiet my conscience. Often when I got sober again I made a promise to turn over a new leaf, but all in my own strength.

"I often went to church to take a fine long sleep, at the time of the long prayers; and many a time I went in drunk and came out sober after a long sleep. There was not one to waken me up, for I was very quiet in my drink, and never made any noise. This is not all. The Lord had a heavy handful of me. He scared me with dreams, like Job in the seventh chapter. The Judgment-day, the trumpet-blowing, the burning realities of eternity, all passed before me in the dead hours of the night. Looking on at the Saviour judging wicked sinners like myself, and waiting for the sentence to be passed on me, I felt quaking, trembling and horror over and over again. I am not a believer in dreams, but Job's dreams are in the Word of God, and my dreams correspond. Many of our most holy and useful men have had the like dreams. Nothing would do with me but the whip and the scourge. I thank the Lord for them. And now for my last Sabbath in the devil's service. I went to the Round Church drunk again, but it was the last time. I remember, while the minister was preaching to sinners, I said to myself, 'It is very easy for you to talk, but what is a poor fellow like me to do?' I was tempted by Satan that no one could be saved but a minister, and, wicked as I was, I prayed to God to make me a minister, that I might be saved. On that Sunday I

said to myself, 'I will be good,' but as soon as I got out of the place, the devil sent one of my old companions who took me away. At the wind of the word I went with him, and never came home till twelve o'clock at night. I lost my hat and prayer-book; and was turned out of the public-house when all our money was spent. That Sunday I told my wife I would be home to dinner after church; but how I got home God only knows. My hat and prayer-book gone, I lay in the street, my teeth chattering, and I perishing with cold and hunger. I remember making the promise that if the Lord spared me, it should be the last Sabbath thus spent; and so it was. The Lord brought me out of the situation I was in, and I got down into the neighbourhood of Gravel-walk. An old saint of God, a member there, who lived in the house where I was, invited me to the meetings again and again, but I would not go, having heard such a bad account of the Methodists. She persisted, and I gave way to her persuasions, calling her hard names, but she did not mind that. Her name was Mrs. M'Cudden, and she is now in heaven. She died in our Widow House, Grantham-street.

"At length I went to a Class-meeting, of which Brother William Haughton was the Leader. When I got into the Class, I wondered at what they were saying, telling what sinners they were. This was just what I wanted; and they took such an interest in my soul's welfare. I got my name down in the Class-book on the 23rd of June, 1833.

"I got my name written in 'The Lamb's book of Life' on a Sabbath evening that Methodistic year, under the ministry of the Rev. Robert Huston, who preached from Psalm xxxii. 1:—'Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.' He told me everything about my sins, and the very temptation I was passing through, of being too great a sinner to find mercy at the hand of God. Afterwards a prayer-meeting was held by him and Brother Haughton. When penitents were invited to come to the communion-rail, and while in the act of singing,—

> 'The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day;
> And there may I, though vile as he,
> Wash all my sins away,'

by faith I could say, 'O Lord, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me.'

"I was now only a new recruit in the army of Jesus. I had my exercise to learn through an ungodly world. It was on Sunday I was converted, and on Monday morning I had to show the fruits of the new change, by giving up my old companions in sin at once. No drinking with them now, as formerly, every morning before we began our work. At this the enemies of the Cross began to persecute me, so far as they were able to do me wrong; but their efforts were all in vain, for the Lord stood by me. 'When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him:' this I have found from experience. After a time I was convinced of the necessity of a further work of grace, and of the great danger of resting in a half salvation. From this conviction I sought the blessing of 'a clean heart,' that I might be kept from backsliding, which I greatly feared. I took the Word of God for my guide—Ezekiel xxxvi. ver. 26 to the end—which I brought to the Lord at the fellowship-meeting in

the old chapel, conducted by my dear Leader, William Haughton; and I pleaded the promise on my knees, telling the Lord I would not let Him go till He should bless me. According to my faith it was done. The refining fire went through my heart, illuminated my soul, scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole. And now, since I got the blessing, I had such conflicts as I had never had before. Never till then had I had such trials from the Church of God, which I loved so well; but I had never been so happy. Grace was given according to my day, especially for caring for the souls committed to my charge. But when I sought the blessing, I never thought I should have such conflicts."

Here ends John's history of himself—the only journal-record he seems to have kept.

The first time he attracted my notice, he was in William Haughton's fellowship-meeting. That meeting was held in a small room, from which there was a door leading into the chapel. The place was so thronged at times as to render necessary an "overflow" into the larger building.

John's conversion was every way marked, in its preparatory awakening as well as in its manner and results. The passage referred to in his account of himself is the following:—"'When I say, 'My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions.'" (Job. vii. 13, 14.) On the occasion mentioned, I heard him relate one of those alarming "visions of his head upon his bed," by which his conscience, he told us, was thoroughly roused. "The wind bloweth" *as* "it listeth," in the conversion of sinners, sometimes in the whirlwind, sometimes in the zephyr; but John's judgment was that "no other way" than the voice of God in the storm would do with him. His convictions of sin and guilt were so powerful, his apprehension of eternal punishment so vivid, and his distress so great, as to make his case a near approach to those of "the Ulster Revival" in 1859. Referring to this period at our last fellowship-meeting in Lombard-street, he said, "My conscience wouldn't let me alone: O! if it didn't *whale* me!"

John dealt in homely figures, which yet were correct and forcible. His idea probably was, that his conscience cudgelled him without mercy. But if he borrowed the term from whale-fishing, then it would signify that conscience effectually harpooned him, through the operation of the convincing Spirit of God.

At that meeting, as I heard him relate the dream with uncommon phrases and strange gestures, the question occurred to me, as it has to others, "Can he be right in his head?" That inquiry has been answered in the affirmative by his subsequent life; and his *heart* was entirely right with God, His service and His Church. John was strongly "an *original*" in his conceptions, metaphors, phraseology and modes of action. His understanding, doubtless, was improved and invigorated by religion; and thus in this respect, among others, he proved that "godliness is profitable unto all things." (1 Tim. iv. 8.) That he possessed a good degree of mental vigour, was at times impressively manifest. Who that heard him in public meetings, was not often struck with his truly eloquent utterances in passages remarkable for both strength and beauty, the spontaneous effusions of his sanctified intellect and heart?

A vein of quiet humour or wit sometimes ran through his addresses. Here was an illustration of the truth, that while grace renews and refines it does not destroy the constitutional temperament. His figures were at once bold and instructive.

After his conversion, John, like his Master and model, "could not be hid." Shortly after, he attended a Love-feast among the Primitive Wesleyans in George-street. In declaring what great things the Lord had done for him, he said, "I am now a teetotaller from whisky, from sin, and from everything bad." A gentleman present, who was manager of a mercantile establishment in the city, sent his brother next day to William Haughton, to make inquiries concerning this strange man, who said he was a teetotaller from everything bad. From the character given, the situation was offered to John, which he accepted, and which he filled for thirty-seven years. When information was given to the gentleman in whose employment John then was, he demurred to his leaving, when the following dialogue, in substance, took place:—

EMPLOYER—"What wages are you to receive in the new place?"

JOHN—"So much."

EMPLOYER—"Well, I'll give you the same."

JOHN—"Ah! Sir, it's not the wages, but the hours." For where he was, the hours were from eight in the morning till nine at night; whereas in the other place they were from ten till five, affording him opportunity to attend religious services on the week evenings. Some time before he was offered the snug berth of indoor servant, with outdoor duty as driver of the gentleman's car on Sunday. This John declined, with the characteristic deliverance, that "when he thought of Gravel-walk fellowship-meeting, he'd jump out of the seat, and leave horse and car and all."

"On the Sunday night I was made happy," he said once, "I came out a bran-new man—right on the Lord's side." In his unconverted state John was enthusiastically fond of song-singing and dancing; but his wife told me she never knew him sing a secular song or go to a dance from the day he was converted till his death. Then truly might it be said of him during his whole regenerate life,—

"New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy."

Praise to God flowed from his heart and filled his tongue. "Going through the street," he used to say, when in his first love, "with a heavy basket on my back, I always whistle or sing; it lightens my burden." Yes, "old things" had entirely "passed away," and "all things become new." His songs, places of resort, associates, pleasures, were all new. Philip Phillips remarked in the hearing of a friend of mine, that some persons wanted him to sing moral (unspiritual) songs. He refused, saying there were enough singing such songs—that *he* would sing *for his Master*. John yielded a strict and affectionate obedience, as a Methodist, to that rule of the "United Societies" which prohibits the "singing those songs or reading those books that do not tend to the knowledge or love of God." And he *acted out* his conviction that the singing which is appropriate and safe for *Church-members*, is that which alone makes "melody in the heart to the Lord." Never, perhaps, was the apostolic admonition more needed by all sections of the Christian Church:

"What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? . . . . . Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord."

Wiser, happier, safer surely is it for all Christian professors, like John, the new convert, thus to "come out—right on the Lord's side."

John's moral likeness was conscientiously drawn in general terms by the "Manager" under whom he plied his daily toil for thirty-seven years, when that gentleman said to myself, after such long acquaintance and observation, "A more unimpeachable character I never knew."

The feature in that likeness which stood out with most distinguishing prominence, as I judge, was love—the first and choicest "fruit of the Spirit."

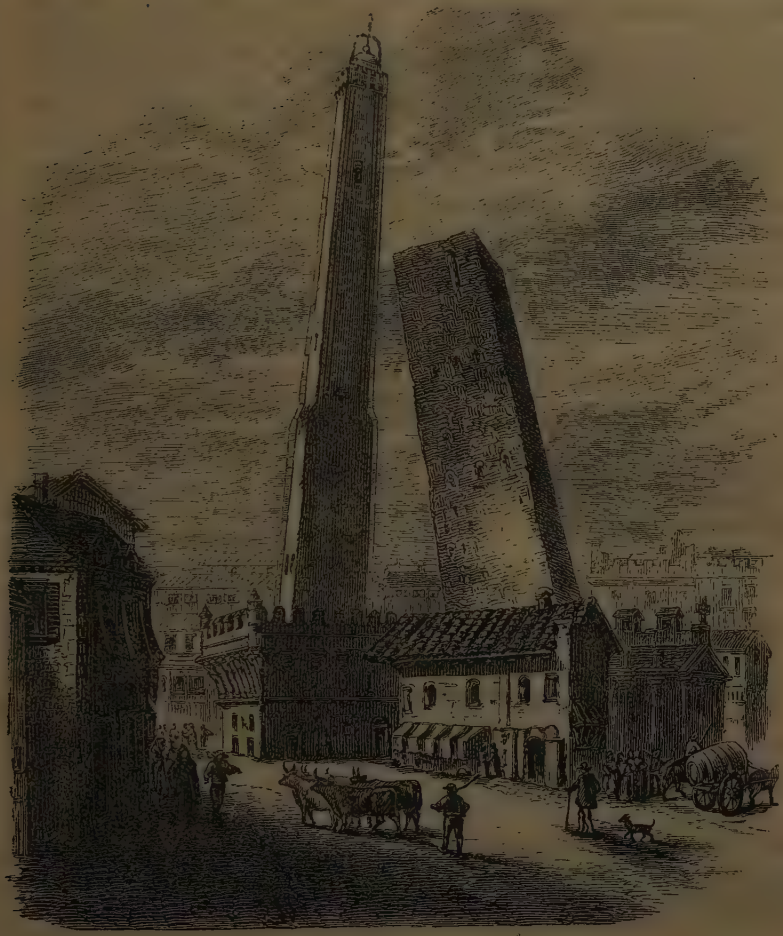
In meetings for Christian experience, John was wont to make distinct avowal of having obtained the blessing of perfect love. Some will take exception to such avowal: but he stood on firm footing, as he felt, when, in "the bright succession" of Apostles and first Christians, he declared fully what God had done for his soul. He was not exempt from mental infirmity, for sometimes he erred in judgment; but I can readily believe that in fulfilment of those "exceeding great and precious promises," given that we may be made partakers of the Divine nature, God had cleansed him from all moral impurity; while for those inadvertencies to which even sanctified humanity is liable, he felt his need of the Atonement continually. Under the old law, sins of ignorance as well as sins of presumption, required to be cleansed by blood. On this subject the Rev. J. D. Powell, who knew John intimately, bears corroborative testimony:—"I found him a man of deep piety, walking in the light of God's countenance, and enjoying to the full the blessing of perfect love. On this he ever delighted to dwell, and insisted on it to his members as a blessing graciously attainable. He had no doubt with reference to this precious privilege of the children of God. It is also to be observed, that he did not belie the doctrine in his walk and conversation, for he was an eminently consistent man. We could not always agree with him in his views and modes of working; but never did we see anything in his conduct opposed to that perfect love. We glorify God in him."

(*To be continued.*)

THE LEANING TOWERS OF BOLOGNA.

(*Visited July 8th*, 1875.)

Was it the freak of some wild architect
Impell'd by fancy strange, to rear on high
These leaning towers as proofs of wondrous skill?
Or, were they built of solid masonry
Substantial and erect; and by the shock
Of earthquake, well-nigh overturn'd, and left
As tottering to their fall: yet, by the strength
Of indestructible cement, preserved
From threaten'd ruin?—Or, beneath their base,
Was there a cavity conceal'd, so far
Below the firm foundation, that the eye
Of those who built the towers suspected not
Its presence: yet, as ages pass'd away,
Yielded by slow degrees to the vast weight
For ever pressing downward; till, at length,



Almost unconsciously, to those who lived
Around their bases, inch by inch, the top
Of each approach'd the other, till the tower
The Asinelli built, which rears its head
Well nigh four hundred feet, o'erhangs its base
Full forty inches; and the lower one
Of Garisenda, less than half its height,
Hath twice its deviation?
Who can tell?
What tongue describe the lovely views which greet
The eye, as on the loftiest tower we stand?
Amazing prospect! Close beneath our feet
We see the lesser one; and, spreading o'er
The fertile plain, Bologna rests at ease.
Proud city of unnumber'd palaces—
Birthplace of Popes, and cardinals, and men
In every sphere illustrious—through all time
Thy greatness shall be held in memory.
Thy university was flourishing
More than a thousand years ago, and still

Takes rank amongst the noblest of the land.
Outside the city walls, the eye beholds
The Campo Santo, with its monuments,
Varied and numerous. The noble church
Of La Madonna, crowning yonder height
Of Della Guardia, whilst unnumber'd towers
And turrets dot the landscape all around,
Far as the eye can reach; for Imola,
Ferrara and Modena are embraced
In the wide range of vision. Who can gaze
Unmoved on such enchanting view, nor feel
His soul o'erwhelm'd with gratitude to Him
Who, not contented with the bare supply
Of all our wants, delighteth to surround
His creatures with delicious fruits and flowers,
Romantic glens and valleys, mountain peaks
Tipp'd by the setting sun with golden tints—
Scenes of unutterable loveliness,
Beyond the power of language to describe?
May we, with thankful hearts, devote ourselves
To Him, and do His will with cheerfulness
Whilst this brief life continues; then shall we,
Released from all our earthly griefs and cares,
In bliss unspeakable for ever dwell
With Him, long as eternal ages roll.

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON.

OUR FIRST CIRCUIT.

BY MRS. BOYD.

I TELL my husband the people expect a great deal from me. He says, with so many people there will be a variety of opinions as to what is right, and that I must not think of pleasing all.

"But how can I do good if they do not like me?" I asked.

"Not very well," he replied, smiling; "but I think in some cases it is better to infer that we are liked. Then we appear more naturally, and our hearts speak out, so that our friends have a better opportunity of seeing our real character, and can better appreciate our motives."

"But there are always those who will not do us justice, or appreciate our motives," I urged.

"Yes, always," he said; "and our only course is to go on doing what we feel to be right, assured that if we are about the Lord's work He will ensure the results. It occurs to me that we often take the Lord's work out of His hand, as if we knew better how to do it than He."

"Not if we really serve Him?" I said questioningly.

"Sometimes even then," he replied. "The mere fact of our being anxious about results proves it. He says: 'Do this; do it with all your might; bring all the energies of soul and body to bear upon the work I have given you. Then, when you have used up all your forces, and are conscious that, to the utmost of your ability, you have done your part, I will complete the work. Yours is the doing of the work, Mine the bringing of results.' But how often, although feeling we can do no more, we are anxious and perplexed as to what will come of all our efforts, and we are afraid the Lord will not be glorified to the extent we could wish. Is He not working, though we see it not? O, Rachel, He is giving me to see these things as I never before saw them, so that joyously I lay down each part of my finished work, knowing that the Hand which takes it up will bring out of the imperfect thing a perfect whole."

He walked slowly up and down the room as he spoke of himself, while his eye kindled and his voice rang out almost jubilantly. How far, far above me he appeared then!

On Sunday, when I went to chapel for the first time, I had to pray a great deal that my mind might not be distracted. So much depends upon first

impressions, and it is so natural to judge from outward appearances. It was such a lovely morning, telling of gladness, life and love, that my heart went up with the little birds in a Sabbath song of praise.

It was a pretty little chapel. Standing upon a hill, it seemed to say, "Leave all your worldly thoughts and cares down there, and with uplifted hearts draw near. 'The Lord is in His holy temple;' upon His altar lay thine offering." A number of men, with a few children and women, stood about the door, but I forgot that any were curious to see me. Already I had presented my offering, and to the soul's inner eye there was such a sense of the Divine Presence, that I was almost lost to outward things.

The building was very plain inside; it had no cushioned seats, nor stained windows; but it had an organ, which began to play as we entered. Just for a minute, as I saw many eyes turned to me, and heard whisperings, my heart beat very fast, but that soon left me, and a sweet calm came over me.

My husband preached from the text, "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." He made it clear that even great sadness might be made a joy to the Christian when looked upon as coming from God's hands. I think I understood what he meant when he talked of continual prayer. Prayer is the soul's pulse, and when it is irregular, the breath will be feeble at times, and there will not be constant rejoicing nor constant giving of thanks.

After the benediction, my husband came quickly over to me, and introduced me to the people as they gathered round. There were some who stood off and made no approach to us. Whenever he saw them he took me over to them, and when I asked them to visit us, he urged it so strongly that I thought they must be special friends, and yet from their conduct they did not appear such. One of them said, in a tone which did not sound pleasantly, "O, we did not suppose you would have time to pay *us* any attention, having so many of your *friends* around you!"

I said, laughing, "You see our other friends came to us, so we had to notice them first."

"O, we don't complain!" said another, "*we* never were the favoured few, and therefore we don't expect much."

"I must visit these people the very first," I said as we walked home. "I am afraid they are jealous. Don't you think they spoke with bitterness, as if they meant a great deal more than they said?"

"It is hard to tell the proper meaning of some words," he replied, "and it is not well to seek it. But you will make a mistake, Rachel, by making any special effort in this direction. Be kind and thoughtful, as you must ever be; give them their proper place in your district-visiting; and if this course, added to the force of an earnest, Christ-like spirit, does not impress them and win them over, it is because they are unalterably fixed in their prejudices."

"But perhaps they have been slighted," I urged; "something must have embittered them."

"Are generous natures always looking out for slights, and always feeling aggrieved?" he asked.

He did not say more, although I felt that he knew more than he cared to say. Afterward I was told, whether wisely or otherwise, that there were several such persons in the Church, who kept aloof from the rest, yet were always speaking and acting as if they were wronged and excluded. Now that I know them better, I see how wise my husband was in advising me how to act.

One day I went alone over the common to a row of houses where I had never been before. When I knocked at one of them, and the door was opened by a woman, I had almost to force my way in. I sat down uninvited, and talked as pleasantly as I could to let her get over her surprise and anger; and at last, when I mentioned her children, she answered me. But every word she spoke

was evidently meant as an insult, and to prevent me from ever visiting her again. She never went to a place of worship; her husband would go if she gave him any encouragement, but her brother and she did not believe in religion, and Christians were only cheats and impostors, no better than other people. The doctrine of future punishment, she said, was only an idle tale. I could not do much with such a case the first day, for she told me I need not leave tracts, as no one would read them; but I asked her to let me leave her two little boys something I thought they would like if their father read it to them, and then I went away. All that time she had kept me in a room without fire, and the day was cold and damp.

As I went home I felt how utterly powerless I was to reach this woman unless the Lord showed me how to get at her heart. And I began to make her a subject of special prayer. It was nearly two weeks after that when some one gave me a bunch of chrysanthemums. All at once it was suggested, "Take them to that hardened woman." I started out on a bitterly cold day, when the wind was rising higher, and there was every prospect of a storm; but I felt that I must go. When I reached the house I was almost perished. I think she must have recognised my knock, or she had feared I would go back, and was on her guard, for the door was held ajar, and then almost closed, as she said, "I can't see you, I am sick."

"I am sorry," I said, "for I have been thinking of you, and came on purpose to see you."

"You can't come in," she said again, more determinedly, "I have company."

"O!" I said sorrowfully, "I am disappointed." Then I thought of the flowers, and handing them to her said, "Here is a little bunch of flowers that were given to me by a friend, but I thought you would like them and brought them purposely for you." I laid them in her hand while she was staring at me, as if I had said something she could not understand. Then I bade her "Good-bye," and turned to go, but she opened the door wide, saying, "Come in, you are cold; come in and get warmed."

"O, no!" I replied, "it is best not if you are sick; besides, you have company, and it may not be pleasant to have a stranger."

"You don't think I will let you go home this bitter day without being warmed," she said positively; "I haven't company; it is only the woman living next door who is doing my washing because I have a headache." This time she took me right into the kitchen beside the stove. And then by degrees she told me how for years she had been trying to close her heart against all good influences and to reason herself into the belief that there was no God, and no good in anything. She made me promise to come again, which I did very soon; and then she begged my forgiveness for her treatment of me, and told me her children were then going to Sunday-school. But her husband had to leave the neighbourhood because of his work, and this distressed her, as she could not see me again. "It will be to the city," she said; "O, wont you come some time to see me? You are the only one my heart has opened to for years, and I believe you will not deceive me as so many have done; you will be my friend?"

I gave her my promise gladly, thinking that nothing is too trifling to be used by the Lord, and wondering at His many ways of doing good.

The next time I went back the roads were so muddy that my overshoes came off every few steps I took: and after all she was out. So I left a book which I felt sure she would read after I had written something inside it. As I handed it to her neighbour I prayed that God might use it still further than the flowers, even to bring her to the feet of Jesus. I never saw her again; she moved away, and I could not find her out. But after my first feeling of disappointment, I said, "Can't God finish the work He began? If He made me an instrument in opening her heart to human love and

sympathy, cannot He raise up another by whose ministry she may be brought to find in Christ her best and truest Friend?" Whether in sowing or reaping, I am ready to be used; it is all His work; and He has a right to place His servants anywhere He sees best, and to do just what He knows them to be most capable of doing. Now that this woman's heart has opened so far, it will be easier for another to gain access, and I expect one day to hear the whole story, as she casts her crown at Jesus' feet, and crowns Him "Lord of all."

(*To be continued.*)

MARY CHURCHMAN—A METHODIST BEFORE METHODISM.

AGREEABLE to what my parents educated me in, I was zealous for the Established Church, and thought all fanatics who dissented from it. I had much prejudice against Dissenters, and a great inclination to persecute them. There lay a way through my father's yard for Mrs. M—, a pious woman, to go to the meeting, which she did every Lord's day. I really thought it my duty to set my father's dog to molest her; and used sometimes to encourage him for half a mile together, with the most bitter invectives, as saying, "My dog would smell the blood of a fanatic, etc." The cur, though savage to others, such was the preventing providence of God, never once fastened upon this gracious person; notwithstanding, for some time, I constantly made it my business to set him upon her.

When I was about eighteen years of age, it pleased the Lord to lay on me a languishing fit of sickness, which raised in me some promises of a new life; and when recovered, at the persuasion of a neighbour, who had been very useful to me in my illness, I went with her to hear that great man of God, Mr. Holcroft. He preached powerfully of hell and judgment, which made me tremble, and secretly wish I had never come there. Every time he named the name of Christ, it was terrible as the thunder and lightning upon Mount Sinai. I wished myself covered with the mountains, and looked upon Christ as my terrible judge and enemy. This trouble I vented in floods of tears, and many wishes that I had never been born, and that I had never come there; for now, thought I, they will think me one of themselves, which I at that time was fully resolved against. I seemed now to like their persons worse than ever. Satan also suggested, what would my relations say? They must never know that I had been at a meeting.

Thus in great hurry and confusion I sat till service was ended. After sermon, staying for my neighbour, the minister came to me and asked, Where I lived? who I was? and whether I knew anything of the Lord Jesus Christ, etc.? But such was my ignorance, and such the hurry and confusion of my mind, that dark was my answer; I told him, I believed the world was at an end. Home I came, and not one word did I speak to my neighbour, but was very angry in my mind that she should ever ask me to come amongst the Dissenters. This was in the reign of Charles II., at which time they were bringing in Popery at a great pace.

The next opportunity which presented, I had an inclination to go to the meeting again, which I did, but very privately. My mother began to mistrust me, and repeated her charge, warning me not to go among such sort of creatures as fanatics; for I believe, said she, they bewitch people into their persuasions. However I went on a week day, and the same minister preached. He was a good Samaritan to me that day. The Spirit of the Lord shone round about me. O then I saw the Lord Jesus! He was to me a hiding-place from the storm and tempest, to which I saw my guilty and polluted nature had exposed me. O happy day! I found Him, Who a little before appeared as a terrible judge, was become my beloved, and I knew that I was His. O inexpressible joy! He was as a bundle of myrrh to my soul. I had not only here a little and there a little,

but I had everywhere much. I had everything I wanted to my depressed spirits. I well knew I should meet hard things from my relations, but could now pray, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

As soon as my father and mother knew that I went to the meeting, Satan was in a great rage. My father was then high constable, and had an order from the justices to return all the names of those who frequented the meetings. This made it a hard thing for his own daughter to be a fanatic, which was what he could not bear. And this also increased my difficulty in getting out on the Lord's day; which, notwithstanding, I sometimes did, and have walked eight, ten, yea, twelve miles to a meeting. If my father at any time understood where I was gone, he spent the day in nothing but oaths and curses, and resolves to murder me. My mother, though an enemy to fanatics, would frequently send a servant to meet me before I could reach home, to tell me not to appear till my father was gone to bed; and I often hid myself in a wood-stack, where I have seen him pass by, with a naked knife in his hand, declaring he would kill me before he slept.

In this bondage I lived for one year, but the Lord carried on His work with much power, and enabled me *to declare in Zion what He had done for my soul*, which I did on the Lord's day, *as the manner then was*. I had some fear indeed lest my parents should hear of it, which they did within a fortnight after, by means of a basket woman, who asked my mother if she had not a daughter? She answered, Yes. "O," said the woman, "I heard her preach such a sermon at Mildred,* as raised the admiration of all who heard her!" This my mother obliged her to attest before my father and me; who no sooner heard of it, but he immediately turned me out of doors, not suffering me to carry anything with me, except the clothes on my back.

I went to a pious gentleman's about four miles distant from my father's, who had often told me I should be welcome to his house, where my employ should be, to be the governess to his children. But there the Lord was pleased to try me greatly at my setting out. My mistress, though a good woman, soon became uneasy, thinking her husband showed me too much favour. She was suffered to carry it very cruelly towards me, ordering my lodging with the meanest of the servants, and my diet likewise as coarse as theirs. It being a time of scarcity of provisions, we under servants lived chiefly upon barley bread. I was obliged to borrow for necessary change of linen, nor did I know, for months together, what it was to have one penny in my pocket.

This great change of living, together with the grief of being banished from my father's house, brought me so low, that a sore fit of sickness ensued. My life not being long expected, the gentleman sent a messenger to acquaint my mother that I had a great desire to see her; but as soon as the messenger informed my father, he replied, if he did not immediately get out of his yard he would shoot him dead. However, about a fortnight after, my mother sent me a box of wearing apparel, which I received with these words on my thoughts: "For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."

I lived in this place with difficulty three years, but in all that time never knew what it was to have one barren Sabbath. I thought my mercies equal to the children of Israel's. I gathered my manna on the Sabbath, and it always lasted sweet and good; it never cloyed, and I was always hungry; insomuch that I thought, if seeing and hearing the saints sometimes here was so pleasant, what must it be to dwell for ever with them above! I was placed among those, where indeed I had frequent opportunities of being convinced that good men are "subject to like passions" with others. This grieved me; but God did me good by such disappointments, for hereby He

* In Cambridgeshire, where her experience was given, which the woman meant by her preaching a sermon.

brought me more off from the creature to the Creator.

The year following, Providence placed me twenty miles another way, where I obtained Joseph's character, and a Joseph's promotion, being greatly valued by many noble families, and especially the Lady M—, who told me she loved me years before she was personally acquainted with me. She gave me of her liberality, and maintained Christian communion with me. One remark this lady made I very well remember, speaking of the suitableness of the Spirit's applying the Word to all ranks and conditions, "It is well said," said she, "in Holy Writ, 'not many noble are called;' had it been expressed not *any* noble, what a condition must I have been in!"

Persecution now came on apace; the Dissenters could have no meetings but in woods and corners. I myself have seen our companies often alarmed with drums and soldiers; every one was fined five pounds a month for being in their company. Here God left me to stagger; Satan suggested, If you give your "body to be burned, and have not charity," it is "nothing." But the greater the temptation the greater was the deliverance, from those words, "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;.....and white robes were given unto every one of them, etc." Blessed be God, Satan by his assaults only bruised my heel, my head remained whole.

While I was in this family, the commissioners came and searched for ministers. Mr. B—, the gentleman of the house, and Mr. Holcroft, were asleep in a private arbour. I ran with some difficulty and awoke them, and they made their escape through the hedge; but as I returned the officers surprised me. They went and found some slips of their clothes on the hedges, which made them like bloodhounds; after which they came and seized a whole houseful of goods. These men were Major T— and Colonel C—.

But the great trial now came on: they found and seized my beloved pastor, Mr. Holcroft, and carried him to Cambridge Castle; yet even there the Lord appeared wonderfully for him; he preached, and many souls were converted in that place. Now God was with us much: He was indeed as a pillar of fire by night, and a cloud by day. And, O! how do I remember His lovingkindness to me, the least of all saints. He delivered me from all my fears. I was enabled to say, "O death, where is thy sting?"

Mr. B—, with whom I lived, had a call to Holland; and as the persecution was very threatening in England, he thought it his duty to accept the call. He gave me an invitation to go with him, assuring me that all things should be in common. As I well knew my circumstances were very precarious, not having anywhere to hide my head, when this worthy family was gone, this drew me into great straits. I sought the Lord time after time on this account, and it seemed as if He was providing for me in another land. Grace taught me my duty to my parents, though they were "enemies of the cross of Christ." Accordingly I acquainted them with this invitation, and that I should comply with it, unless their commands were to the contrary. I added in my letter, I should be all obedient to them, saving in matters relating to my God; and though I had not been permitted to see them for seven years past, yet could assure them my affections for them were the same as ever. I begged they would consider of it, and let me know in eight days' time, for all things were ready to embark in a fortnight.

Not hearing from them in the time I set, I took their silence for a consent, and so prepared all things ready for my journey, and set out with my kind friends. Just before we reached Harwich, where we were to take ship, a messenger from my father overtook me with a letter, the contents of which were as follows:—"That if I would come home, I should have my liberty to worship God in my own way; but as to my leaving the land, this was what they could

not bear; therefore without fail I must come back with the messenger." Which I did. Great was the sorrow of parting with my friends, but my duty to my parents surmounted all.

I no sooner entered my father's house, but my mother, in receiving me, fainted away. My father also, though a man of great spirits, offered to fall on his knees, to ask my pardon for his former cruelty. O amazing work of sovereign grace! When our ways please the Lord, He makes our enemies to be at peace with us. My father immediately told me I should have my liberty in matters relating to my God. I then offered my obedience to them both on my knees. At supper there was not a mouthful eaten but with tears. I well knew that my God had appeared to my father in my behalf, as He did to Laban of old, and applied Jacob's promise to myself, "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good." The next Sabbath my father came into my chamber by break of day, and told me I should have a horse and a man to wait on me to the meeting.

There now appeared a great reformation in the whole family. My father feared to sin for fear of grieving his daughter, and in a little time left off drinking, which was the forerunner of all other evils. Now I thought I could give my very body to be burned for the souls of my dear relations. The Lord granted my request on their behalf. In a few years I had not only the pleasure of seeing the conversion of my three brothers, but of seeing them also eminently useful. I found my God reserved His greatest mercies for my greatest trials, for at the death of my dear sister, I had not only the comfort of witnessing her conversion, but the great satisfaction of seeing my dear father and mother also converted to the faith of Jesus. Yea, such was the power and goodness of God, that He left not so much as a hoof behind in the whole family.

Surely now I may say, that nothing but goodness and mercy hath followed me all the days of my life. When we had free liberty from popery and slavery under our great deliverer, King William III., many were the favours which I enjoyed. God gave me the best and tenderest of husbands; a prophet of the Lord indeed, whose good instructions abide with my children to this day. In short, the Lord has sanctified every trial to me, and followed me with pleasure and comfort in my old age. Mrs. Churchman died in 1734, in her eightieth year, and was buried at Saffron Walden.

JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN.

(*Continued from page* 21.)

Amidst his agricultural improvements Oberlin forgot not the cause of education. He had observed with concern the disadvantages to which the younger children were subjected whilst their elder brothers and sisters were at school and their parents busily engaged in their daily avocations: he laid down a plan for the introduction of *infant schools* also; probably the very first ever established, and the model of those subsequently opened at Paris, and still more recently in this country. Observation and experience had convinced him, that, even from the very cradle, children are capable of being taught to distinguish between right and wrong, and of being trained to habits of subordination and industry; and, in conjunction with his wife, he therefore formed *conductrices* for each commune, engaged large rooms for them, and salaried them at his own expense. Although Oberlin carefully superintended the whole proceedings, he reserved for himself, almost exclusively, the religious instruction of the children. Every Sunday those of each village, in rotation, assembled at the church, to sing the hymns they had learned, to recite the religious lessons which they had committed to memory during the week, and to receive the exhortations or admonitions of their common father.

Oberlin's first object was to ground young people well in the Christian faith,—thus laying his foundation on the Rock: his next was to give them

that kind of instruction which might render them most capable of enjoying a country life. They were taught to know as well the properties and uses as the names of plants. The Ban de la Roche is so rich in plants, that it contains about a seventh part of the whole known French Flora; and they were taught also to draw the flowers from nature; in which some are said to have succeeded remarkably well. Sometimes an appropriate text from Scripture was written upon the drawing, and thereby pleasurably infixed in their minds.

In the sixteenth year of his marriage, Oberlin lost his wife, with whom he had lived in uninterrupted happiness. She died almost suddenly, leaving him with seven children, the youngest only ten weeks old. The information so overpowered him, (for it was wholly unexpected,) that he was unable to give utterance to his feelings, and remained awhile as if in a state of melancholy stupor; he then fell upon his knees, and returned thanks to God that his beloved partner was now beyond the reach or the need of prayer, and that her Heavenly Father had crowned the abundance of His mercies towards her, by giving her so easy a departure. They had prayed, in the joint prayer which he composed upon their marriage, that they might always have death before their eyes and always be prepared for it: "And if it be a thing," they added, "which we may ask of Thee, O grant that we may not be long separated one from another, but that the death of one may very speedily follow that of the other." The composure with which he bore her loss, though not produced by an expectation that this part of their prayer was about to be granted, was certainly affected by it: for to such a persuasion he had wrought himself. Accordingly, six months after her death he composed an address to his parishioners, and laid it aside to be delivered to them after his own death, as his dying charge. After briefly stating, when he entered upon his cure, the time of his marriage, and the number of his children,—"two of whom," he said, "have already entered paradise,"—he named the day on which his wife, although in apparently good health, had been taken from him.

"Upon this occasion," he proceeded, "as upon a thousand others in the course of my life, notwithstanding my overwhelming affliction, I was upheld, by God's gracious assistance, in a remarkable manner. I have had all my life a desire, occasionally a very strong one, to die; owing, in some degree, to the consciousness of my moral infirmities, and of my frequent derelictions. My affection for my wife and children, and my attachment to my parish, have sometimes checked this desire, though for short intervals only. I had, about a year since, some presentiment of my approaching end. I did not pay much attention to it at the time; but since the death of my wife I have frequently received unequivocal warnings of the same nature. Thousands of times have I besought God to enable me to surrender myself with entire and filial submission to His will, either to live or to die; and to bring me into such a state of resignation as neither to wish, nor to say, nor to do, nor to undertake anything, but what He, Who only is wise and good, sees to be the best. Having had such frequent intimations of my approaching end, I have arranged all my affairs as far as I am able, in order to prevent confusion after my death.

"For my dear children, I fear nothing; but, as I always greatly preferred being useful to others to giving them trouble, I suffer much from the idea that they may occasion sorrow or anxiety to the friends who take charge of them. May God abundantly reward them for it! With regard to the children themselves, I have had such frequent experience of the mercy of God towards myself, and place such full reliance upon His goodness, His wisdom and His love, as to render it impossible for me to be at all solicitous about them. Their mother was, at a very early age, deprived of her parents; but she was, notwithstanding, a better Christian than thousands who have

enjoyed the advantage of parental instruction. Besides this, I know that God hears our prayers; and ever since the birth of our children, neither their mother nor I have ceased to supplicate Him to make them faithful followers of Jesus Christ, and labourers in His vineyard. And thou, O my dear parish, neither will God forget nor forsake thee. He has towards thee, as I have often said, thoughts of peace and mercy. All things will go well with thee. Only cleave thou to Him, and leave Him to act. O mayst thou forget my name, and retain only that of Jesus Christ, Whom I have proclaimed to thee! He is thy Pastor; I am but His servant. He is that good Master, Who, after having trained and prepared me from my youth, sent me to thee, that I might be useful. He alone is wise, good, almighty, and merciful; and as for me, I am but a poor, feeble, wretched man."

The strength of this illusive hope of death (for hope it was) continued to console him, till time produced insensibly its sure though slow effect. It might be said that he had not ceased to live in the society of his Christian wife whom he had lost. A speedy reunion in the mansions of our Father's house was one of his most cherished desires. "I hope," he would often say, "that the world in which God will reunite me to my beloved wife will soon open to me!" This was not a transitory feeling.

The management of the widower's household and the care of his children was undertaken by Louisa Schepler, "a sensible, pleasing-looking young woman, of mild and gentle manners," then about three-and-twenty years of age. She had lived eight years in Oberlin's service; and from this time, refusing all offers of marriage, she devoted herself to the service of his family rather as a friend than a servant. She addressed the following letter to Oberlin on the first day of 1793:—

"Dear and beloved Papa,

"Permit me, at the commencement of the new year, to request a favour which I have long desired. As I am now really independent, that is to say, as I have no longer my father nor his debts to attend to, I beseech you, dear papa, not to refuse me the favour of making me your adopted daughter. Do not, I entreat you, give me any more wages; for, as you treat me like your child in every other respect, I earnestly wish you to do so in this particular also. Little is needful for the support of my body. My shoes and stockings, and *sabots*, will cost something; but when I want them I can ask you for them, as a child applies to its father.

"O, I entreat you, dear papa, grant me this favour, and condescend to regard me as your most tenderly attached daughter,

LOUISA SCHEPLER."

The humble request was acceded to, and Louisa was ever afterwards considered as one of Oberlin's own children.

(*To be continued.*)

"I CAN'T HELP IT!"

How common is this excuse! We hear it everywhere: in the home, the workshop, the street and the market: I once heard it in the chamber of death.

While spending an afternoon in a Dartmoor village, I was induced to visit a man whom I shall never forget. I found that for fourscore and five years he had been living as if the body and its concerns were all that God sent him into the world to think about. Occasionally he had attended the church, but to little profit, for his affections were set upon the things which perish. I sat down beside him and said, "Friend, you will not be here very long." "No, I suppose," was the curt reply. "Have you made any preparation for another life?" I asked. He could not say that he had done more than other people; he had "been a good neighbour, paid his way, and did not owe a penny." I showed him that this was not enough; that it was possible to do all that he had done and much more, and yet to be God's enemy, and his own too. My words, however, seemed to make no

impression. I tried to arrest his attention and reach his heart by telling in simple and homely phrase "the old, old story," but all in vain; so turning from the Gospel to the law, I spoke of "the judgment-seat of Christ," and of "the wages of sin." I had scarcely finished when, in a tone of indifference which made me shudder, he said, "What you say, Sir, is right, and I shall be lost: a bad job; but I can't help it!" I endeavoured to assure him that God willed his salvation, and prayed with him, but apparently to no purpose, for again he said, "I shall be lost, and I can't help it!" I left the room with a sad heart. He died soon after, a hardened sinner.

How many are trying to persuade themselves into the soul-destroying belief that if they are condemned at the bar of God, it will be because they "can't help it"? What should we think of the drunkard who, having spent his earnings at the ale-house, and brought himself and his family into deep distress, said, in reply to serious and faithful remonstrance, "I can't help it"? How should we treat the burglar who made the same excuse when sentenced by a just judge to penal servitude? Should we side with the wilful murderer who, on the morning of his execution, said to the chaplain or under-sheriff, "I must forfeit my life, but it is through no fault of my own"? Instead of defending these sinners in their crimes, you would unhesitatingly and indignantly condemn them, and exclaim, "You have yourselves to thank for the positions you now occupy."

If I put my hand into the fire I shall be burnt. Am I to blame the fire, or my own folly? If I knowingly drink poison, and then discover that it is performing its fatal work within, am I to blame the deadly draught, or my own madness? Such questions may be answered without a moment's consideration. We allow that the drunkard, the burglar, and the murderer have merited their punishment: we have no pity to spare for the man who puts his hand into the fire; and as for the poison-drinker, we repeat, "the mischief has been wrought by himself." All this we readily admit, and even insist upon; but when another subject is introduced, some of us tell another tale, and offer endless apologies, and the devil laughs at our inconsistency, and whispers, "He has caught himself." The devil often says to those who will listen to him, "You are a sinner, it is true; but you can't help it! You do not love God, but that is Adam's fault, not yours; and God is merciful." And he talks so smoothly, that many look up to him as to a friend. Those who value their souls will not give ear to him for a moment; for that might be the moment of ruin.

Without a doubt we are by nature prone to evil rather than good; *and this we cannot help:* but we *can* help *continuing* in sin. Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to "destroy the works of the devil," and to make us "new creatures." It was for this He left His throne above, became a poor man, and shed His blood upon the cross. It was to accomplish this that the Holy Spirit, Who now strives with us, was given.

If we were to descend into "the bottomless pit," (I pray God we never may!) and for a moment listen to the self-accusations of the lost, the first words to fall upon our ears would be, "I am here, and must be here for ever, through my own neglect. God had no pleasure in my death. I know that Christ loved me and died for me. The Holy Spirit strove with me. The Bible set 'the truth' before me; and faithful ministers invited, besought and warned me; but I gave no heed. I am undone, and have myself to blame!" It is this feeling, "I might have been before the Throne, singing the song of the redeemed, looking into my Saviour's face, and delighting in His smile,"—that constitutes the hell of those who perish.

J. B. N.

A VISIT TO SOME OF THE PHILANTHROPIC INSTITUTIONS OF GERMANY.

BY THE REV. W. H. JOHNSTON.

I EAGERLY embraced an opportunity of visiting the great Deaconess' Institution founded in Strasburg by the Rev. Mr. Härter, a Lutheran clergyman, who was born in that city August 1st, 1797. It was commenced in the summer of 1842, in a little house in a back lane of the city, which contained eight beds for the sick and a small school. The matron and five deaconesses, who were soon joined by three more, entered at the same time the little house. This institution was formally consecrated in October, 1842, but in about a year it was found necessary to remove to a larger house, and soon after a new building was purchased for the purpose. In 1867 the number of sisters had increased to one hundred and fourteen, forty-six of whom were in Strasburg, and others in the various branches of the institution, which had already increased to above twenty. The Deaconess Institution in Strasburg is an immense building, four stories high, with two additional garret stories, and cellars, where are the heating furnaces, steam machine, etc. Behind the building there is a garden, nearly two acres in extent. In all there are about one hundred and eighty residents in the building, seventy of whom are boarders, mostly aged, infirm people, sixty sick persons, forty deaconesses, and twelve servants. In one part of the building there is a little church, in which various services are held every Sunday. The Rev. Mr. Haas, the principal, is one of the most evangelical and useful clergymen in Strasburg.

In the afternoon of Monday I found time to go out about three miles from the city, to Neuhof, and visit an establishment for poor children, which was founded in 1825, by Philippe Jacob Wurtz, who was then eighty years of age, a proof that no one is too old to undertake great things for God. Mr. Wurtz's grave, with a monument bearing an inscription on each of its four sides, is to be seen in one of the gardens, and he must have a cold heart who could stand by that grave and look around without being deeply moved at the noble institution originated by the labours of that godly old joiner.

Another establishment exists at a little town of Dinglingen, on the road between Baden Baden and Basle. It is an orphan house that was founded in 1849, by Mr. Fingado, who commenced by taking three orphan children into his house. The next year the number increased to ten, and in 1852 there were between twenty and thirty, so that it was necessary to get a larger building than his own house, which he had heretofore occupied. This led to the purchase of the present premises, where Mr. Fingado's son-in-law is director. A separate article might easily be written on each of these institutions, all of which were shown, and the objects they aim at kindly explained by the officials, who were also so good as to present copies of reports, and, in some instances, photographs of the institutions, with accounts of their rise, development and progress.

My return journey was made through the Black Forest. There are a few railways there, most of which make their way along the rising ground lying between the mountains and valleys. Some of these deep, secluded dales and glens must appear extremely beautiful when traversed on foot or in an open coach. The view of the landscape from the railway is not to be despised. In one part thirty-seven tunnels are passed through in little more than an hour. The formation in these mountains is mostly granite or gneiss, hence the great difficulty and expense of the tunnelling. Tryberg, where a night was spent, is perhaps the best town in the whole mountain range. It has two thousand five hundred inhabitants, lies one thousand eight hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, has been to a great extent rebuilt since the great

fire of 1826. It is the chief centre of the manufacture of the celebrated Black Forest watches, and is further noted for the remarkable waterfalls just by it. Several points of interest are to be found in this neighbourhood. One of these is St. Georgen, near which the Danube takes its rise in the yard of a farm-house, after which it runs under the name of Brigach, as far as Dönaueschingen, when it receives its proper name, and having reached Ulm, becomes navigable. Sommerau is a station near Tryberg, where the line runs which divides the district drained by the Rhine and the Danube. The remote tributaries of these two rivers are little streams that start almost from the same point. One could turn them without effort in another direction, but after a little they become stronger and stronger, till one reaches the Rhine, and is carried away into the Northern Sea, and the other gains the Danube, and is borne into the country of the Turks, till it is lost in the Black Sea. But another point of interest in the neighbourhood of Tryberg must be mentioned, and that is Königsfeld, a Moravian settlement away in the very depths and centre of the Black Forest.

THE LOST SHIP.

"The cataract seas which snap
The three-decker's oaken spine."
TENNYSON, "MAUDE."

Loud roars the storm in Biscay's bay,
The bosom of the mighty deep
Is torn by mountain waves, which leap
In cataract surges, dashing spray.
Now dark and threateningly there lours,
As 'twere a mass of tangled shroud,
Frowning and vast, the thunder-cloud;
Awhile in beating torrent pours
The pitiless rain: the lightnings flash
From the electric clouds, which dash,
With wrathful voice and lurid glare,
Antagonistic in mid air;
Till earth and heaven seem to meet
In primal chaos, as complete
As that which reign'd o'er all the world
Before the voice of God unfurl'd
The banner of His light.

But see!
A ship is riding on the wave,
Breasting and bearing valiantly
Its buffetings. O! will she brave
Unhurt such fearful odds? Ah, no,
Too powerful the tempest foe!
Surge after surge sweeps o'er her decks,
Where stands the captain; naught he recks
Of danger or of toil; but now
A gloom has settled on his brow;
He feels his vessel quivering;
As bolts and timbers split apart,
He knows that she is foundering;
Deep in his brave though boding heart
A prescience of death he feels,
And wildly shouting, "All is lost!"
With blanchèd face and lip he reels
To his scared shipmates: these are toss'd
Alternately by hope and fear;
In calmer moments they e'en dare
To harbour hope, but blank despair
Prevails when Ocean's voice they hear,
In heartless boom, of menaced doom,
While ever and anon the wail,
"Have mercy, Lord!" is heard to rise
And mingle with the rushing gale
In sad and dirgeful symphonies.
Fathers and mothers, children there,
Sisters and brothers, lovers kind,
With eager eyes, and arms entwined;
Some faces which a life of care
Has deeply furrow'd, now are bent
In calm entreaty; but the young,
O'er whom life's shade not yet is flung,
In stifled sobs their fate lament.
Again the captain speaks:—"All, all
Is lost!" Unheard his accents fall,
His voice is swallow'd in the rush
Of waters.
Now the frantic cries
Of fervent, sad farewell arise;
Then all is quiet in the hush
Of death.
For 'neath the seething billows,
Where many a hapless wand'rer pillows
His weary head in dreamless sleep,
The bark has pass'd, and from the deep,
Saved spirits, of that fated crew,
To an immortal instinct true,
Arise, and wide their pennons fling
Awhile, in mid air hovering,

With one united voice they sing
This gladsome strain:
"'Tis all in vain,
Thou symbol of eternity,
Type of Divine immensity,
The spark of immortality
Thou canst not chill,
Though many prove thy cruel wave
A winding-sheet, a watery grave,
The chords of life our Maker gave
Thou canst not still.
Thy sway we spurn, but shall return
With our Redeemer, one and all,
That which thou holdst in despot thrall
Reclaiming, when
Death's prisoners from every part
Of thy profundity shall start
To life again."

HUMPHREY BARKER.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MRS. MARY KERNICK.

DIED, August 24th, 1875, at Oakfield-place, Clifton, MRS. MARY KERNICK, widow of the late Mr. James Kernick, formerly of St. Ives, Cornwall, aged eighty-three years. She was brought to God about the year 1811 or 1812, chiefly under the arousing ministry of the late Rev. Charles Haime; and for the long space of nearly sixty-five years she held on her way, and was closely connected with the Church of her early choice. Shortly after her conversion there was a wide-spread and glorious revival in Cornwall; a mighty wave of Divine influence swept over a great part of that county, and during that visitation from above, multitudes were awakened and saved. The chapels in many places were kept open day and night for weeks together. During that Pentecostal shower the sanctuaries were thronged with anxious or happy souls, and as soon as one company left another would enter, and thus the service would continue night and day. Souls were being saved on every hand, so that in one year there was an increase to the Society of about five thousand in that county. During the stirring scenes connected with this great Revival, Mrs. Kernick participated largely in the hallowing influence which so eminently rested upon the Cornish Societies. She and her late husband braced on the armour of righteousness about the same time, and for more than half a century they walked together "in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost."

Mr. Kernick was a Local-preacher for fifty years or more; he gloried in the cross of Christ; his principal theme, whether in the pulpit or in conversation, was the great Atonement. When, about six years ago, the Lord called him home, he said, just before he departed, "I find the water of the river is deep, but I am on the Rock;" and thus he passed over into the land where all is "quietness and assurance for ever," and now his dear partner, whom he left behind for a season, has rejoined him above. Mrs. Kernick's path was not always smooth and pleasant; in the course of her long pilgrimage she passed through many changes. She had her dark and cloudy days, as well as those of joy and sunshine. Sometimes waters of a full cup were wrung out to her, and she was tried even as silver is tried; yet by looking to the Rock, she was uplifted by her Saviour, and was enabled to testify of the all-sufficiency of His grace in every time of need; and the night of weeping would give place to the bright morning of joy and peace. Her Christian experience was generally very clear. She did not rest in good desires merely, but realised a sense of her acceptance through faith in Christ, and under ordinary circumstances walked in the light of His countenance. She delighted in the public ordinances of religion and in the communion of saints, and would testify with holy fervour of the great things which the Lord had done for her soul. She retained to the last a good degree of that holy fire so characteristic of the Cornish Methodists. She was not

ashamed or afraid to pray before others, or to respond by a good hearty "Amen" to the petitions offered up by them.

Her health began to fail some time since, so that she was seldom able to go to the sanctuary. Her Bible and the rich experience of some of the sainted dead, she delighted to read as long as her strength and failing sight would permit. About three months before her death she had a severe attack of illness, attended with most acute pain, which greatly prostrated her remaining strength. When visiting her during this affliction, I found her soul cast down and disquieted within her, while she was sorely assailed by the enemy of souls; but after this her health rather rallied for a few weeks, and with it her spiritual enjoyments greatly increased. She was permitted once more to go to the house of God, though extremely feeble, and partook of the Lord's Supper. This was her last visit to the earthly temple. Nature was fast breaking up. Shortly after, when visited by the writer, he found her on the mountain-top, exulting in the God of her salvation. The improvement in her health was very temporary; a few days after the above-mentioned visit she suddenly sank into the arms of death, peacefully trusting in the infinite merits of Christ.

C. T.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

From Out the Deeps: A Story of Cornish Life. By An Old Cornish Boy. London: Haughton and Co. 1875.—To this story of Cornish life an Introduction is prefixed from the pen of the Rev. S. W. Christophers, who has also written certain "Notes" for the body of the work. A marked similarity between the manner of the author and Mr. Christophers' well-known style inclines us to suspect that at the least the book is indebted to him for very free editing. Whatever may be the history of its production, it has a homely pathos and manifest truthfulness about it most refreshing to the reader; while the scenes, characters and customs it describes are well worth study. A vein of deep religious feeling runs throughout it, or rather religion pervades its every page; not offensively protruded, but the evidently natural expression of the writer's heart. "From Out the Deeps" is an eminently enjoyable book. The volume is in other respects so tastefully "got up," and its matter so excellent, that it is a pity the illustrations are not of a higher class.

Laura Linwood; or, The Price of an Accomplishment. By the Author of "The White Cross and Dove of Pearls." London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1875.—A book manifesting considerable skill. The author has wedded an unexceptionable moral to an entertaining narrative. To parents, the main lesson of "Laura Linwood" is,—In the education of your children seek for them "first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness;" let no secular advantages make you regardless of the religious influence you place your children under. For daughters, the central point of its teaching is,—Beware of putting priest or church or work in the stead of Christ. The bitter disappointment of those who search for peace of heart within the fold of Rome, is forcibly depicted, and strongly contrasted with the satisfying rest of faith in Jesus. This volume would make a valuable and acceptable gift-book for young ladies. We should like it to have an extensive circulation among Methodist families, though we cannot but regret that its portrait of Methodism has not been painted in colours more attractive to outsiders.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For February, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	Sun.		Mercury.	Venus.	Mars.	Jupiter.	Saturn.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Jan. 31	7 41	4 47	6 30a	7 39a	10 23a	2 46m	6 7a
Feb. 10	7 25	5 5	5 46	8 11	10 25	2 13	5 35
			Rises.				*Rises.*
20	7 6	5 23	6 18m	8 42	10 26	1 39	7 12m
March 1	6 45	5 41	5 50	9 12	10 28	1 3	6 35

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3rd, First Quarter.... 1h. 53m. morn. | 17th, Last Quarter .. 4h. 56m. morn.
9th, Full Moon ..... 5h. 47m. after. | 25th, New Moon .... 5h. 20m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 7th ..... 10h. morn, Perigee; distance 225,954 miles.
„ 19th ..... 4h. morn., Apogee; „ 251,562 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 238,758 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

February 1st ..... 90,356,230 miles.
March 1st ..... 90,901,280 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 545,050 „

The *Sun's* declination at noon on the 1st of February is 17 deg. 11m. 42s. south, and on the 1st of March 7 deg. 19m. 53s. south; thus the rise in declination during the month is 9 deg. 51m. 49s. The increase of right ascension in the same time is 1h. 52m. 58s. of time. The apparent diameter diminishes from 32m. 32s. to 32m. 20s.

The *Moon* in the course of the month completes the entire circuit of the heavens, and 1h. 32m. 21s. besides; that is, she travels among the fixed stars through 25h. 32m. 21s. of right ascension. She attains her highest *northern* declination, 28 deg. 36m., at seven on the morning of the 6th, and her lowest *southern* declination, 28 deg. 40m., at ten on the evening of the 19th. On the afternoon of the 17th she will be in the neighbourhood of Jupiter; one hour before noon on the 23rd not far from Mercury; on the 24th, at five in the afternoon, she will be near Saturn; on the 28th, at eight in the morning near Venus; and on the 29th, one hour before noon, near Mars. At *perigee* her apparent diameter will be 32m. 55s.; at *apogee*, 29m. 34s.

Mercury will be in perihelion on the 1st, on the afternoon of the 3rd it will be stationary, the motion which was direct before becomes retrograde after; it will again be stationary on the morning of the 25th, when the motion changes back to direct. At five on the morning of the 13th, it will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun, several degrees northward of his disc. At that time the apparent diameter will be more than 10s.

Venus is the brightest evening star, though still in the remoter part of its orbit. It is approaching the Earth. The apparent diameter increases during the month from 12s. to 14s. The form is still gibbous.

Mars is also an evening star. On the morning of the 5th it will be in the plane of the Earth's orbit, going northward.

Jupiter is the morning star. The prettiest conjunction which occurs this month is that of this planet with the double star in Scorpio, marked *Beta*, at seven on the morning of the 28th. Unfortunately for us the sun will be above our horizon at the moment of conjunction: but we may see the planet very near the star long before sunrise. The beautiful double star, the planet with a disc 37s. in diameter, and its attendant satellites, will be an exquisite picture.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THE REV. WILLIAM C. BURNS, M.A.,

EVANGELIST AND MISSIONARY.

BY W. R. BURGESS.

(*Continued from page* 38.)

Mr. Burns made excursions to various parts of Scotland, and everywhere obeyed the Apostle's injunction, "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." On the steam-boat going from Glasgow to Paisley, in the Orphan Hospital at Edinburgh, in the house or by the way, on the top of a coach or to travellers on a country road, to

the sailors at Leith, in the railway station at Edinburgh, in the barracks, in the sessions-house, to boys going home from school, in the church, the prayer-meeting, private houses, the roadside inn,—wherever an opening presented itself, he was "in labours abundant," doing "the work of an evangelist," never deeming any place or time unsuitable in which a word might be spoken for his Master and an effort made to win souls. Of his success at Perth it is written, "All the roads from the town were nightly trod by groups of country hearers: some were returning home to sing for the first time the new song; others, with heavy pace, carried an arrow rankling in the heart; others bore the good news of companions in town turning to God, the public-house signs taken down, the police comparatively idle, and families and workshops sharing the wide-spread blessing." And this is the testimony borne a year and a half afterwards as to the effect of his labours: "God's people quickened; backsliders restored; the doubtful and uncertain brought to decision and assurance; hidden ones who for years had walked solitarily brought to light, and united to a family of brothers and sisters; a large number of the worldly, thoughtless, ignorant, self-righteous, turned to the Lord; a peculiar people growing up, who are separate from the world, know and love one another and seem to grow in humility and zeal,—such is the summary history of the work done and the fruits of blessing gathered in at Perth during this signal 'time of power.'"

Mr. Burns in 1841 visited some of the towns in the north of England. He laboured first in Newcastle, which he describes as "an iron-walled citadel of Satan." He was appalled at the giant forms of evil with which he had to contend. For some time it seemed as if all his labour would be in vain; it appeared impossible to rouse the people from their apathy, or to get them even to listen to him. At length the spell was broken. Having seen the announcement of a Sabbath pleasure trip, he denounced it in a terrible placard, which he signed with his own name, and posted in every street and open place in Newcastle. This had the desired effect of drawing general attention to the preacher and his message. A storm of bitter abuse was directed against him, but he heeded it not; he had gained his end. He began to preach on the quay, at the Spittal Square, in the Corn and Cloth Markets, in the open space beside the Castle; sometimes engaging in a running fire against Secularist or Romish objectors, who started up as opponents from amongst the crowd; sometimes alone, and sometimes dividing the ground with a political lecturer or a puppet showman. Now and then, too, after all his other labours, he would go forth into the dark streets with a bundle of tracts under his arm, that he might see the city in its midnight dress, and hold out the torch of life eternal to some poor wanderer whom he might never hope to meet

at any other time. But though many listened and some were impressed, little real good seemed to be done. It was a sore trial to his faith, but he held on, and before leaving was cheered by seeing the fulfilment of the promise, "My word that goeth forth out of My mouth.. shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Returning from the north of England, Mr. Burns passed a few months in Scotland; and in April, 1844, proceeded to Dublin, where he made a short stay. His principal object was to find opportunities, if possible, of making known to Roman Catholics the message of the Gospel. He met with great opposition and much rough usage. Violent language was the smallest of his difficulties; often his clothes were torn, and the chair on which he stood broken; the mob would rush upon him for the purpose of throwing him down upon the street. On one occasion they threatened to throw him into the river; on another the mob was so large and violent, that the police insisted he should be silent, and cross the river in the ferry-boat, "for if you attempt to go back along the quay," they said, "we will not be answerable for your life." "But I cannot pay for the ferry-boat." "It will cost you only a halfpenny." "But I have no halfpenny," he replied. "Here is one for you," said a good-natured policeman. He was hooted, pelted, insulted, but, quite unmoved, he held open his Bible, and answered every onset by saying, "But hear me, hear what God says to us in His blessed Word." His courage was great and was often tried; but, as he once replied, "he had never known fear." He was never impatient, never lost his self-command; was always calm, and met all taunts with meekness; and amidst the most noisy and turbulent scenes his countenance was beaming with joy, insomuch that some of his persecutors were constrained to say, "He is a good man; we cannot make him angry." He was not permitted to see the fruit of his labours there; but after he had left Dublin several Roman Catholics came to inquire about him, speaking respectfully of his efforts and of the loving and genial spirit in which they were conducted. He returned to Scotland in May, and spent the next three months in evangelistic work in Paisley, Renfrew and neighbouring places.

The tidings of Mr. Burns' labours and successes as an evangelist had spread far and wide. From Canada, where the revivals in Scotland were more spoken about than in Scotland itself, numerous and pressing invitations were sent to him. The way appearing open, he sailed in August, 1844. We find him writing, "The means provided for me by the Lord have so exactly met my wants, that I go forth truly *without purse*, having only two shillings remaining in the world; and yet I am infinitely rich, 'having nothing, and yet possessing all things.'"

He reached Quebec in September, and the same evening opened his commission. "After looking a little while at the aspect of the town," he writes, "I took up my position alone, and yet not alone, at the market-place, close to the river, and began to repeat the fifty-fifth of Isaiah;" and there, to a crowd of Canadians and British sailors, amidst mocking and threatened violence, he bore witness for God and His Christ. Passing on to Montreal, he preached to the old soldiers whom he had known at Aberdeen and Dundee, with such effect that one of themselves, speaking of his own regiment, the 93rd, writes, "I have known him to send this famous regiment, these heroes of Balaklava, home to their barracks every man of them more or less affected; not a high word or breath or whisper heard among them; awe-struck, 'like men that dream,' they were; and when dismissed from parade, they could not dismiss their fears. Out of thirty men, the subdivision of a company under my charge, living in the same room, only five were bold enough that Sunday evening to go out to their usual haunts; and these must go as if by stealth, their consciences so troubled them; the other twenty-five, each with Bible in hand, bemoaning himself." Preaching in the highways and streets and squares of the city to the Roman Catholics, he met with violent opposition from the priests. He was mocked and pelted; once he got away with the loss of his hat and one of the tails of his coat, containing a handkerchief and Bible. On another occasion, a stone thrown with violence inflicted a severe wound on his cheek, which bled freely. A few of the 93rd rushed through the crowd, and one in anxiety said, "What's this? what's this?" Smiling, he replied, "Never mind, it's only a few scars in the Master's service."

Driven by violence from Montreal, he went to other cities and towns, travelling chiefly on foot, so as to avail himself of the opportunity of speaking a word to groups of labourers working in the fields, or any one he happened to meet on the highway; or on long journeys upon the lakes, preaching on the steam-boats. For about two years he thus incessantly laboured. "In journeyings often, in perils of waters, etc.," everywhere enduring "hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." The result was seen in the conversion of sinners, and the building up of saints. One writes, "The face of things began gradually but steadily to change. Old customs and inveterate habits were one by one abandoned. Balls and merry-makings and New Year's festivals, so frequent in that country, were fast disappearing. Some of the leaders in such things with their own hands cast their fiddles and bagpipes into the fire; and instead of the sounds of revelry the voice of praise and spiritual melody began to be heard in their dwellings. Zion was meanwhile 'putting

on' her 'beautiful garments.' This state of things I ascribe chiefly, under God, to the labours of Mr. Burns."

In September, 1846, he arrived in Glasgow, still in vigorous health, but showing evident traces of the exhausting and trying scenes which he had passed through.

We are now to follow Mr. Burns into another sphere of usefulness, that to which he had from the first dedicated himself, and which he considered as having the paramount claim upon him. His own views are thus expressed:—"At Glasgow University, during the winter 1837—8, I was led to feel so deeply my personal responsibility in regard to the spread of the Gospel among the heathen, that after much prayer and many solemn exercises of soul, I took the solemn step of writing to my father, to request that, if he thought good, he should communicate with Dr. Gordon, the convener of our Indian Committee, and let him know that, should the Church deem me qualified, I would be ready to go as a missionary to Hindostan. He did this, and the committee having given me encouragement in the matter, I looked upon myself as publicly devoted to the missionary field." The fulfilment of this purpose had been postponed, but not abandoned. The Lord of the vineyard had work for him to do at home before he was to go and labour abroad. Thus he says, "The Lord began to employ me in a way so remarkable for the awakening of sinners, that in returning to Dundee, and finding myself in the midst of a great spiritual awakening, I was obliged to make known to both committees that, while my views regarding missionary work remained unchanged, yet I found that for the time I must remain where I was, and fulfil the work which God was laying upon me with a mighty hand."

That he rightly interpreted the leadings of Providence may be fairly inferred from the wonderful success with which it pleased God to crown his efforts. But the time was now at hand when the offering which had been deferred was to be required of him, and he was not the man to withdraw from it. In February, 1847, he received a letter from the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, on behalf of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Presbyterian Church in England, urging him to become the first missionary of that Church to China. Having duly weighed the proposal and sought guidance from above, he accepted the invitation. He was on the 22nd of April solemnly ordained to the missionary work by the Synod assembled at Sunderland. Being publicly asked how soon he could be ready to enter on his work, he replied with prompt decision, "To-morrow." One of his friends writes:—"The next morning, at five o'clock, I heard his heavy foot pass my door, in time for the train to London, on his way to China as the first missionary of the Presbyterian Church in

England." On the 9th of June he sailed for Hong Kong. During his voyage he set himself with his accustomed vigour to the study of the Chinese language. This study he followed up with great diligence on his arrival in that country. He had naturally a more than ordinary facility for the acquisition of language, which was doubled by the intense and concentrated energy with which, when called for by the highest ends, he used it. Not content with what he could learn from books, he embraced every opportunity of mixing with the people, so as to make himself familiar with Chinese thought and speech. Leaving his comfortable lodging in a European family, he removed to a hired house of his own, in the midst of the native population, where he might bury himself out of sight, with Chinese companions and in a Chinese home. "He spoke Chinese, wrote Chinese, read Chinese, heard Chinese, sang in Chinese, prayed in Chinese. Far into the night sometimes his voice might be heard reciting aloud the words of life, or pouring out his heart before God in the broken accents of that strange tongue, which for Christ's sake he had determined, with as little delay as possible, to make his own." His first work was to visit three Chinese criminals under sentence of death for murder, to whom in broken sentences he expounded the way of salvation through Jesus, and thus whilst seeking to teach these poor prisoners, he was at the same time learning something from them, sharpening and polishing his rude instrument in the act of using it.

Fourteen months were spent in Hong Kong in quiet, patient, unobtrusive labour, preparatory to the greater work which was before him. The shores of continental China, with its teeming towns and villages, lay near, and he longed to be in the midst of the vast harvest field. He was now sufficiently familiar with the language to enable him to declare his message intelligibly. He therefore resolved to go forth among the people, with the word of eternal life on his tongue and in his hand. It might be difficult, perhaps dangerous, to make the attempt; but it was not impossible, and in the name of the Lord he would go forward. His was the rough work of the pioneer; to carry the message of salvation where it had not yet been heard, and thus prepare the way for more regular and stated ministrations. We find him for the next few months wandering amongst the towns and villages which abound on the southern coast of China. It was at the expense of much personal privation and hardship, at the risk of assault from robbers, and in the face of the jealous spirit and policy of the local authorities, that his work was carried on; but he possessed in large measure that genial human sympathy, and that quiet self-possession and promptitude of fit reply, which form the best passports to the good humour and friendly entertainment of a Chinese or any other crowd. "Anything in the shape of gold, or that looked

like gold, he found the greatest possible hindrance to his quiet and peaceable progress, and a light purse the necessary condition of a light heart." From day to day he went on in his "work of faith, and labour" that proceedeth "of love," passing from village to village without any settled plan, going wherever the finger of God seemed to point. "As soon as he reached a village, he commenced to read his Bible aloud, say, under the shade of a tree—soon the villagers began to gather, and he explained to them the nature and objects of the Gospel. Usually some one would ask him at meal-time where he was to eat; and he as usually partook of what was set before him by some hospitable villager. As evening approached some one would offer him a night's shelter; and thus he often went on from week to week, preaching the Word and lacking nothing." To identify himself as much as possible with the people amongst whom he laboured, and to avoid the gaze of the populace and the annoyance of the police, he adopted the dress of the country, which he ever after continued to wear. It was a time of trial and discouragement, as he seemed to see little result of his unwearied labours. Sometimes the people were friendly, attentive and interested, receiving him with cordiality; and he welcomed even any single instance in which the mind seemed opening to the truth. "But ah!" he writes, "you must not judge of such a case as if it were similar to those we remember at Kilsyth, Dundee and Perth in days that are past! There is among this people no Sabbath, no Bible, no distinct knowledge even of the existence of only one living and true God.... Were it not my abiding conviction that the Lord hath sent me here, and that His grace can be sufficient for us in all circumstances, I would sometimes be overwhelmed when regarding the state of this blinded people, and the danger to which my own soul is exposed in dwelling among them. From day to day I have enjoyed many tokens of the Lord's supporting hand; but whilst this is the case, I cannot say that as yet I have seen any clear indications in the state of this people that the day of their spiritual deliverance is at hand. In other days it has been my privilege to enter into the labours of others, and it may be that here I am to labour where others are to reap."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE EVERLASTING LOVE.

(*Concluded from page* 43.)

THE time for Hattie's return was drawing nigh; the little face grew sad as she talked of leaving "dear grandmother." She knew so many in the village,—all the pet animals, and the delights of free, happy country life; but then to see mother, father and the old home, though it

was in a dirty, smoky town, it almost balanced the scales. If Hattie could have had both the country life and town home, father, mother, and grandmother, all three, how delightful it would have been! Some bigger children than Hattie often wish for things as unattainable.

Grandmother was determined that Hattie should enjoy the last week to her heart's content, so she planned long rides and rambles, little picnics in the wood, tea on the lawn, and many amusements that none but her child-loving heart could have thought of. Hattie appreciated it all, and long years afterwards, when the cares, troubles and turmoils of life had dimmed the bright eyes and chastened the ardent spirit into a peaceful hush, the thought of that happy time passed in that country home, would lighten her eyes with their old bright glance and gladden her heart again. In the midst of her pleasure Hattie did not forget her poor sick friend; day after day she might have been seen wending her way down the narrow lane, and into the whitewashed cottage where once she had fled for refuge in a time of greatest fear.

At last Nancy Wright began to love the child; she could not help it, and if Hattie did not actually love her, yet she pitied her, she yearned towards her to do her good, and that must be something akin to love, at any rate it is a feeling worth having, and Nancy felt it was.

Seated on a box by the bedside, Hattie would bestrew the coverlet with flowers, pulling off stalks and faded leaves and arranging them in some glass or mug with the most careful niceness; or, reaching the Bible from the shelf, would read with clear, steady voice comforting words for the sick and suffering, or arrange the pillow, hand the glass of medicine, or part the grey-sprinkled hair from the weary temples and bathe the aching brow. She was a famous little nurse and she knew it, and delighted in it too, as we all delight in doing what we know we excel in most. Nancy was very sorry that her little friend was going, and though she did not say much, she followed the child as she moved about with longing, mournful eyes.

The last morning but one had come. Hattie, with a basketful of dainties packed by grandmother's own hands, came to pay her farewell visit, as she thought. Nancy had never seemed so nice as she was that morning; she even begged the child to stay, and called her "a little comforter!" Hattie was enraptured; she threw her arms round the poor shrunken form, and kissed the pale, thin face that so few had ever cared to kiss or even look upon. Then she sat in her old place, and with the large plain-printed Bible on her knee read that chapter of chapters for the sick, about the "many mansions" and the place prepared for them, the "Comforter" and the "peace" that Jesus Himself leaves which the world can neither give nor take away. Hattie's little heart was brimful of love to Jesus; how could she help but talk about it? and talk she did in her own loving, winsome way. She noticed a cloud pass over Nancy's face, but she did not cease for that, though a bright flush mounted to her cheek, and her eyes were bedimmed with tears. Sick and without Jesus, it must be hard, she knew.

That night was wild and windy and wet. Nancy lay awake hour after hour. She could not sleep; the tempest without was raging, but not so fiercely as the tempest within.

Conscience at her post was lashing the restless spirit of the sinful sufferer. Her eyes could not close; sleep had forsaken her. The gentle pleadings of a child had awakened pictures of the past. Memory lent her aid, and portrayed, as faithfully as painter ever traced on canvas, the scenes of her wasted life. Each leaf as it turned and flapped in her mind's eye condemned her. Sin's burden was heavy. She turned to the Healer, the Forgiver, and pleaded, how earnestly those only know who have passed such hours alone with God.

He heard, as He ever does, and forgave, and His own hand closed the weary eyelids in peaceful sleep. Hattie was up betimes, dressed and ready to go, hours too soon, and had nothing to do. She must visit Nancy for a minute or two at any rate. So she took Dolly, whose gown was washed and ironed, and whose feet were encased in morocco shoes of grandmother's own make; but unfortunately Dolly's arm burst, and alas! for neatness, bestrewed the cloth and carpet wherever she went. Hattie sat down to try and think of a remedy; she was in a hurry; grandmother upstairs, and her own work-box packed. But quick as thought she discerned a way to heal the broken limb. The spills! she untwisted two, bound them firm round Dolly's arm and pinned them on. It answered well, the aperture was stopped and the bran leakage too. The Leghorn hat was tied on, and another moment found Hattie on her way to Nancy's home. The door was open and the inmates busy in the garden at the back, so Hattie crept gently upstairs not to disturb the invalid. She was fast asleep; her pale face quieter and more peaceful than Hattie had ever seen it; but *so* worn and weary. Ah! Hattie little knew of the conflict of the night before.

The child stood and watched. Should she wake her? No; but the time was going and she must hasten away. How was Nancy to know that she had been? How was she to know that she would never forget her, would never forget to be sorry for her, to pray for her, to wish her well? What could Hattie do for her as a last token of love? Only *one* thing could she think of, and that was a sacrifice, *such* a sacrifice! Leave Dolly! dear Dolly, that had shared her joys and sorrows so many years, that had seemed to listen and keep so well her childish secrets, secrets that she dared not have whispered in any other ear. Dolly, whose gingham gown, newly washed and ironed, seemed the friendliest thing in Christendom. Do not laugh, should *you* never have had so dear a doll, you have missed a comfort, I tell you. Hattie clasped in her arms with a violent hug that great blue-eyed, red-mouthed, curly-headed doll, printed a kiss on the dauby cheek, and let fall an unbidden tear over the tiny hood and broken arm, then gently laid it within the sick woman's reach, close to her hand, and covered it with a fold of sheet. I cannot describe the rest of her parting, with grandmother, all her human friends and the dumb animals she loved so well, or her happy greeting with her joyful mother, father and schoolmates. Her visit had completed the work that was intended, and sent her back healthy, happy and good. What more could any one wish?

A glance at Nancy and our tale must close. She slept on till the bright, glad sun streamed in full radiance through the latticed window and across the chamber, showing

up each fold of the faded curtains, and each dusty niche of the shabby room. The doll was a surprise to her, and well it might be, for the inmates below could tell nothing to enlighten her. Hattie's visit was unknown to them. However, Nancy guessed it all, and felt grateful, more grateful than she had ever been before, for this strange, unlooked-for token of love. Her breakfast was eaten with more relish than usual, and her spirit was lighter than it was wont to be. Her sins which were many were all forgiven.

Nancy examined the doll, looked at the neat stitches and all the tiny tucks, the hood, the dress, the cloak and the broken arm; she pulled out the pin and the spill-paper gave way. At once the clear, careful, childish handwriting became visible: "I—HAVE—LOVED—THEE—WITH—AN—EVERLASTING—LOVE." Nancy read it and unpinned the other paper. Again she read, "I—HAVE—LOVED—THEE—WITH—AN—EVERLASTING—LOVE."

How strange for *that* to be there! She could not understand it at all. Of course she could not: nor we if we had not known about it before. She wondered, pondered and read, and then, wearied, she slept; but the words would not leave her, she could not forget them.

"EVERLASTING LOVE"! she had heard about it before; it was like an old story to her, a story of the long ago, something that brought back with it the peal of Sabbath bells, of days when her spirit was purer and happier than now.

"EVERLASTING LOVE"! the words were sounding the whole day long in her ears; they were linked with scenes well-nigh forgotten:—an old grey-headed man, leaning on the Bible-desk in the village sanctuary, pleading earnestly and lovingly with the young; of a fair-haired, gentle girl, surrounded by a class of rosy, romping children, careless and glad. The hymns of her childhood were again ringing in her ears, and the whispered pleadings so long unheeded and uncared for.

"Me," she murmured, "He has loved me 'with an everlasting love.' I, who have lain so many hours well-nigh cursing His will, complaining and grumbling, almost despairing. And yet He has loved me; the long day through has rested my weary limbs and eased my aching head, and I have thanked Him not. He loves me still!"

Yes, she could believe it then. It saved her not from sickness, not from pain, but it put a new song in her mouth, even praise unto her God. As months rolled on she never lost the sense of that sweet forgiveness or that "EVERLASTING LOVE."

The poor cramped limbs never stirred with healthful vigour again, the lines of care never left the pallid countenance, but a brighter, happier look rested on the thin features and lit up the once hopeless-looking eyes. Life was more worthful to her now, and she felt it so. The neighbours learned her secret, too, and by degrees grew fond of her, and would sit by her side and talk, read or sing, till the once solitary room became the happiest spot in all the cottage-row, where friendly converse beguiled the hours and idle gossip was never known.

And Hattie, far away in the busy, smoky town, still went on in her journey through life, her childhood bidding fair to grow into a noble womanhood; and so it did.

Quick sympathy in suffering and sorrow, such as she possessed, must tend to sadden the brightest, sweetest

nature, when the passionate years of childhood and youth have given place to the calmer, riper years of womanhood. But whatever she had to pass through herself, Hattie was always a true comforter to those around, and in return she won a gem worth having,—a heart brimful of "THE EVERLASTING LOVE."

LAETITIA.

SALVATION FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BY THE REV. G. A. PAGE.

"I will save thy children."—ISAIAH XLIX. 25.

THIS promise of salvation for the children has made the heart of many a pious parent thrill with delight. "The father of the righteous shall greatly rejoice." In fact, worldly and even wicked parents are often glad to see their children religious. They admire and approve in them that religion which they know, to their sorrow, they are neglecting themselves. It is true there are some parents who have so much heart-hatred to religion, that they will persecute it even in their own children. Spiritual excellence, though beautifully blending with youthful bloom, has no attraction for them. Spiritual religion, though presented in its most attractive form in connection with their own offspring, cannot charm away the malignity of their carnal hearts. Take the following example in proof:

A persecuting father once said to his daughter, "I wish to give you your choice as to which way you will take, only you must let me know within half an hour." His daughter was intelligent, amiable, attentive to her duties, and, according to the father's own acknowledgment, was all he could desire, except that she was a devoted and a useful Methodist. But she must give up praying in social life and in public, all attendance on Methodist meetings, visiting the sick, and "begging for those blacks," or she must quit her paternal home. Her noble reply was, "Father, I cannot promise these things, *I must* save my soul." "Then," said the inexorable father, "you must go." At once she packed up a few things, and within half an hour, on a bleak November night, she had turned her back on the home of her father, who was a respectable farmer, and sought refuge in the cottage of a poor but pious widow. Happily there are but few such parents. Many who know nothing of saving religion themselves, rather rejoice when they see the lives of their children adorned with the beauties of holiness.

If an appeal were made to the adult members of an ordinary congregation as to whether a minister ought to urge religion upon the attention of children, all, as with one voice, would respond, "By all means, try to save the little ones. Press the claims of religion upon their consciences while they are tender, present it to their minds in all its attractive loveliness, show them the evil and the danger of delay, urge those arguments which are most likely to win them to the Saviour, and may the Lord crown all such efforts with success."

We may fairly assume, therefore, that the salvation of children is a subject more or less dear to the heart of every parent who reads this page. This blessed promise, "I will save thy children," will be regarded by such as one of the most precious in the Bible. But before claiming the promise as our own, we had better ascertain to whom it is made. The verses which cluster around it possess more

than common interest. They depict scenes radiant with the glory of Zion's successes and triumphs. In the times here indicated by the Prophet, the blessings of God's love, the visitations of His mercy, are to be so signal and abundant that He calls upon the heavens and the earth to break forth into joyous songs. He assures us that the Lord's tender devotion to His people is to exceed even that of a mother to her sucking child. All adverse forces are to be controlled, all wastes and desolations are to be more than repaired. The Lord's hand is to be lifted up to the Gentiles, and His standard set up to the people. Zion is to bring her sons and daughters from far. Kings are to become "nursing fathers," and queens "nursing mothers." Submitting enemies are to "lick up the dust" of her "feet." The "prey" is to be "taken from the mighty," and the "captive delivered:" "For I will contend with him that contendeth with thee." Then, in the midst of all these glorious triumphs, this heart-cheering promise comes in, "and *I will save thy children.*"

Viewing those words in the light thrown upon them by these surroundings, may we not safely say, this is a part of the heritage of God's Church? And are we not to expect that the Lord will fulfil this promise in a special manner at a time when His Church is reviving and multiplying? Is not the salvation of the children here placed before us as the crowning glory of Christ's Church, when she is in the full tide of her prosperity? And when we look at what the Lord has recently been doing for His Church, at the wave of Divine influence that has been passing over the land, ought not all Christian parents to put in their claim for the fulfilment of this blessed promise? Is it not made to *you*, and on behalf of *your children?*

Let each pious parent at once put in his claim, "Lord, Thou hast specially promised to save my children; now fulfil Thy gracious word. Let me see them holy, useful and happy here; let me hereafter meet them in heaven. According to Thy word, I look for this. While I pray, watch and work for the salvation of my children, I am expecting Thee to verify the truth of Thy promise and to save them." Those parents who connect with this spirit of prayerful expectation a godly and winsome example, will soon see their children happy in God. Let the tongue, the temper, the every-day conduct, recommend religion. Let them see that religion makes you amiable and happy, and you will "lure to brighter worlds," while you thus "lead the way."

A pious and intelligent lady once anxiously asked of the present writer the following question, "At what age do children become personally responsible to God for their actions?" In the course of conversation with her on the subject, it appeared that she entertained the common belief, that when children die young they are admitted to heaven through the atonement of Jesus Christ; that the free gift which comes upon all men unto justification of life, secures the salvation of children up to a certain age; that if they die before they reach that age, they pass to the realms of the blest; but that when they have passed that period of life, they must be converted and renewed in order to fit them for heaven. Her reason for pressing the question was, she had a boy who had been killed by accident. He was not a vicious boy. In fact, he was better than most children of his age. At the same time she had no evidence that he had ever been converted, and with all the anxiety of a pious mother she

was seeking for something to strengthen her hope that her dear boy had gone to heaven as a child through the infinite merits of the Saviour, and without needing personal conversion. The question involved in this incident is one of grave importance to all parents. And while, on the one hand, we have no wish to awaken needless fears as to the safety of departed children, on the other hand, ought we not to evince more intense concern for the early conversion of the living? No one can settle the question as to what is the exact age at which personal accountability to God begins. *That* we must leave to the Judge of all the earth, Who in this, as in all other matters, cannot but do right.

We have already seen that this blessed promise, "I will save thy children," is a part of the heritage of God's Church; one of those promises in which the seed of the righteous have special interest. It is true our Father in heaven is the God of all the families of the earth. Upon the children of the most unthankful and undeserving He sends down ten thousand blessings: He includes even these within the provisions of His redeeming love. They are a part of the "ALL" upon whom "the free gift comes." At the same time there are covenant blessings secured to the children of those who are in covenant with Him. Who can tell how great they are? Who can estimate the measure of preventing grace, restraining grace and alluring grace; the interpositions of Providence, the agencies, Divine, angelic and human, which are secured to the seed of the righteous? The design of all these is to bring about the fulfilment of this promise, "I will *save*, SAVE thy children."

Let us try to realise, if we can, its full import. The word "*save*," when linked to the souls of our children, is indeed "a gem of purest ray, serene." Its price is above rubies. Who can fathom its import? And who can rightly realise the terrible antithesis, one's child *unsaved*? capable of conversion, old enough to understand and experience real religion, and yet UNSAVED! Let us endeavour to illustrate the spiritual condition of such. Let us picture to our minds a child very poor, dreadfully diseased, and miserably enslaved. Every right-hearted parent is distressed to see his child poor, clad in rags, bedded on straw, pale and pinched with hunger. Add to poverty, disease: the rosy bloom has disappeared from the cheek. The little frame is wasting to a skeleton. Life is a burden, and the grave is opening to entomb your fondest hopes. Add to poverty and disease, slavery: your child the property of another, who claims him as his own and subjects him to all the degradation and misery of a galling servitude! What would be your feelings as a parent had you a child in such circumstances as these? Methinks it would be enough to make your life a burden. Have you a child unsaved? Then is he not poor? miserably poor? Has not sin robbed him of peace and purity? Does it not threaten to rob him of heaven and hope? Is not your unsaved child diseased? full of the leprosy of sin? sick unto death? Does not Satan bind his captive soul, "fast in his slavish chains?" Is he not held in the most cruel bondage by the worst of tyrants? You know that all this is true, that it is no over-coloured picture. In fact, it is only part of the truth. Your unsaved child is under sentence of death. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." That sentence might be executed by Divine justice at any moment. What then

is to become of your poor, diseased, enslaved, and doomed child?

Hearken! it is the promise of the Lord Jehovah Himself, "I will save thy children." *Save!* Nothing less than the unsearchable riches of Christ. Health for the soul:

"A health which pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies."

Complete liberty from the bondage of sin, "the glorious liberty of the children of God." These four letters SAVE include "the gift of God," which is "eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Take the promise; grasp your dear child by the hand of faith and prayer; draw him with holy violence to the Cross, and say, "Here, my child, here is the promise of my Father's love, it belongs to me and thee: as sure as I am an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ, the Lord my God has engaged to save thee. Here is thy portion. I have claimed it for thee. Now make it thine own:

'The wisdom, wealth, and strength of grace,
In Christ to endless ages' *thine*."

"I will save thy children." We have seen that this promise specially belongs to God's own people. And does not this furnish one of the strongest reasons why unconverted parents should seek religion? How sacred and solemn is the parental relationship! Every child is a fallen, though a redeemed, sinner; and each will be saved or lost for ever. If an unsaved parent should read these lines, let him at once try to realise the solemn responsibility of his position. Suppose he were to appeal to himself in something like the following words: "Here I am, surrounded with an interesting group of children, whom the Lord has graciously given me. I am sure I love my children, and I desire that they may be happy in time and in eternity. The very idea that a child of mine should be lost for ever, distresses me. And yet, to be honest, I must confess that I have no religion myself. I never pray with my family, and never talk to them about the things of God. I have neither heart nor power to do it; and how can I expect my children to seek religion if I neglect it myself? I fear if I go on in this way I shall not only lose my own soul, but I may be the means of my children's everlasting ruin."

Ah! yes, that is the danger, the awful danger. And yet how few unsaved parents think of the eternal ruin that thus threatens their own children. I have read of a child being killed while the father was sleeping close by. A father took his little child out into the field one Sabbath, and the day being hot he laid down under a shady tree. The little one ran about and amused himself in gathering wild flowers and blades of grass, and coming and showing them to his father. At last the father fell asleep, and while he slept the child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, where is my child? He looked all around, but could not see him. He shouted with all his might, but could hear only the empty echo. At last, going to a precipice at a short distance, he looked down, and there, upon the rocks and briers, he saw the mangled form of his beloved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse, and as he pressed it to his bosom he accused himself of its destruction. The moral of this is too plain to need unfolding.

HAPPY JOHN.

(*Continued from page* 48.)

SPECIAL mention is made in Scripture of "such as are of a clean heart."

(Ps. lxxiii. 1.) What teaching could be more orthodox as to the way to secure and retain this blessing than that contained in those simple lines so frequently sung by John on his knees,—

"The blood of Jesus cleanses me
The moment I believe," ?

usually followed by—

"The blood of Jesus keeps me clean
As long as I believe."

This was our Lord's own teaching in His commission to St. Paul. (Acts xxvi. 18.)

Hymns expressive of supreme and practical love to Christ were John's prime favourites. The quality of the poetry was but a secondary consideration. I remember once returning to the country from Dublin, and singing for a sick Christian friend a new chorus I had just heard from John,—

"I love Jesus; yes I do;
Jesus smiles, and loves me too."

"Ah! Sir," said the sufferer, deeply affected, "sing it again; that's for the heart."

John also showed an appreciation of those hymns recently used in Evangelistic services, the "doctrine" of which he considered "sound." "Safe in the arms of Jesus," gave expression to his sense of security and peace on his death-bed. About a fortnight before his death, at the annual Society Meeting in Gravel-walk, he gave out and sang:—

"Jesus the water of life will give,
Freely, freely, freely."

As he read the words,—

"The water of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely flowing,"

he exclaimed, "O, yes! and, blessed be God, I'll soon get a good sup!"

Hymns, verses, or lines of hymns having an Antinomian ring were by him lightly esteemed. For this reason,—

"Free from the Law—O, happy condition,"

would never be sung by him; nor,—

"Though I forget Him, and wander away,
Still He doth love me wherever I stray."

He knew that "an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God" was the sin of Israel in the "wilderness," and excluded them from the promised "rest;" and that while God reproaches backsliders, is "provoked" and "grieved" by them, and invites their return, He does not love them with complacency or delight, since He solemnly declares, "If any man draw back, My soul shall have no pleasure in him." Instead, therefore, of giving himself any license to "forget" or "stray" from the Saviour, John put his whole heart into such words as, "O, how I love Jesus! *How can I* forget Him!" or two verses from our own Collection, which he so often sung, concluding:—

"My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout His praise."

He loved the ministers of the Body to which he belonged, especially those stationed in his own Circuit, with a fond and respectful affection. "I doubt not," says one who knew him intimately, "many in this country, America, and Australia," (he might have added India,) "delight to own him as their spiritual father."

He was forward to "remember the poor." This will throw light on his habit of purchasing small parcels of tea, or bags of coal, out of his limited means, and taking or sending them to persons more needy than himself; or bringing a donation of money to a destitute family, with a proposal to spend the evening with them; and it will explain the urgency with which he sought aid from the affluent to enable those driven by pressure to emigrate; as

also his aim in all his social intercourse. As a visitor in families of higher position than his own, (he was always a welcome guest in many such families,) his demeanour was that of a true *gentle*man, illustrating impressively the refining and elevating influence of religion.

The Class-meeting, as conducted by him, never wanted variety or life. He would always speak affectionately to the young and silent members. "The Class," he said, "is a Spiritual Dispensary. If we went to a doctor, we'd tell him all our aches and pains. Dear me, how honest we'd be! Now, let us be honest with our souls, and tell all our ailments."

The plans by which he recruited the Classes—always liable to diminution by removal and death—were worthy of note and of imitation. His custom was, to stand at the chapel door, show persons to pews, inquire if they met in Class, and invite them to join. Those impressed under the Word were sure to receive such invitation. In hundreds of instances these methods were successful. An example may be given: One Thursday evening, when the attendance was thinner than usual, John prevailed on a young soldier to come into the Class. "Do you enjoy religion?" he inquired. "No; but I have a praying mother. I left home, and joined the army, but I know my mother is praying for me still;" saying which he was deeply affected. "We'll pray for you now," cried John; and kneeling down, he entreated the Lord for the young man, until he shouted, "Glory to God; my mother's prayers are answered: I'm happy!" A farewell meeting, which he and his Classes held for soldiers going to India, was a touching scene.

"Say, brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?"

sang John and his members; to which the soldiers responded:

"Yes, by the grace of God, we'll meet you."

He was ever anxious that Society meetings, for financial purposes, should be rendered spiritually profitable. At one of these, after the stewards had made their reports, some murmurer interjected a note of discord, by questions implying distrust of the office-bearers. Alarmed for the harmony of the meeting, John jumped up on a form, exclaiming, "My heart's broke, listening to this;" and started one of his favourite hymns, in which the assembly promptly and heartily joined. The croaker was thus silenced, and concord restored. The business of the ordinary leaders' meeting was sometimes agreeably interrupted in its routine by a characteristic experience from John. After recovering from illness, he spoke to the following effect:—"When I lay on my sick bed, the devil came to me, and said, 'John, now that you are unable to work, the world will forget you, and even the Church itself will forsake you.' But when I returned, my employer said to me, 'Captain,' (his title among the men,) 'make your mind easy in future; for, come when you will, and do as much or as little as you can, and even when you are unable to work any more, your pound a week is sure to you as long as you live.'

(*To be concluded.*)

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

BY J. R. ROBINSON.

NEAR Amsteg, the ascent of the St. Gothard, strictly speaking, commences. Passing over the fall of the Leutschialpbach, we shortly arrived at the village of Intschi, and speedily after crossed

another fall called the Intschialpbach, a chapel with a portico formed a pretty object in the view; then a small village became visible, called Wyler, beyond which we crossed another bridge, the *Pfaffensprung*, ("Priest's Leap,") from the tradition that a monk, with a young girl in his arms, here crossed the Reuss, by one tremendous spring: there are but few, we imagine, would ever try the experiment, even without such an encumbrance—unless it were a matter of life and death. The views above and below are very fine; the roaring river rushing through the narrow gorge with impetuous haste. After crossing another rapid stream which came down through a side ravine, we reached the village of Wassen, of fair size, and, but little beyond, passed the beautiful fall of the Rohralpboch. Still our way is onward and upward. We now and then varied the journey by descending from the diligence, and mounting from one of the windings to the next, which we could accomplish in much less time than it

took the diligence to crawl round, amusing ourselves by gathering beautiful ferns and pretty mountain flowers, which in some spots grew in great abundance; or little specimens of moss—

"Which here,
With loveliest green relieved the solitude."

Near Goschenen is the enormous rock called the *Teufelstein* ("Devil's stone"). From a side valley emerges the Goschenen Reuss; a beautiful view up this valley is bounded by the Sandbalm, or Dammafirn glacier, a ridge of ice between the Steinberg and Galenstock. The diligence now enteréd the dark, rocky defile of the Schollenen, bounded by immense perpendicular walls of solid granite rocks. We passed a disused bridge, and again left the diligence for a change. Here the road is much exposed to avalanches, and at one of the exposed places, where glissades are more frequent, we had to pass through a gallery eighty-eight feet in length, at each end of which are the arms of Uri. Shortly after we reached—

"Teufelsbruck, or the Devil's Bridge,
Which, with single arch from ridge to ridge,
Leaps across the terrible chasm,
Yawning beneath us, black and dark,
As if in some convulsive spasm
The summits of the hills had crack'd,
And made a road for the cataract,
That raves, and rages down the steep."

The scenery around is wild, savage and desolate in the extreme. The Reuss plunges headlong into the black abyss a hundred feet below, notwithstanding which great depth, the spray from the dashing water continually bedews the bridge above; while the Hutschelm, or Hatrogue, (as the natives style the sudden gusts of wind which rush down the gorge,) endangers the hats of unsuspecting travellers. A couple of yards of good elastic saved our wideawakes.

It was at this spot that one of the fiercest and most murderous conflicts took place between the Austrians and the French, on August 14th, 1799. Although the former held a formidable position near the bridge, they were unable to withstand the impetuous attacks of the French; they therefore blew up the small side arch, precipitating hundreds of the assailants into the abyss beneath, where the roaring torrent instantly swept away their bodies

"Like leaves before the Autumn breeze."

When the communication was swept away, the French scaled the right bank, and compelled the Austrians to retire. But not long had they to rejoice over their advantage, for Suwarrow, at the head of the Russian forces, marched over the St. Gothard, re-opened the road, although the Unter-loch (a tunnel constructed in 1707) had been filled with masses of rock. When they arrived at this Devil's Bridge they were exposed to a murderous fire from the French, which but still more excited their savage fury; regardless of all obstacles, they forced a passage, and drove the French before them as far as the Lake of Lucerne, but, being unable to effect a junction with Korsakow, who had been stationed at Zurich, they had to retreat. Suwarrow effected this in a most masterly manner, yet lost in it about three thousand of his troops; many more from the severity of the weather than from the bullets of the enemy.

We crossed by the new bridge of a single arch, built in 1830, and stood for some time looking over it at the foaming river, far, far below; and the old moss-covered bridge which is still in existence. When we were near the Swiss entrance to the great St. Gothard Tunnel, now in formation, we left the diligence, and went to the brink of the stream, where the water coming from the tunnel in considerable volume, is discharged into the river. The scene was one of extraordinary wildness and grandeur. Whilst thinking how dreadful it must have been to witness the conflict above mentioned, amidst scenery so grand and impressive; and how sad it was that human passions should ever bring about such evil results, we little thought that the valley in which we stood, would, in but a few days, be echoing with the roar of musketry; in the short, but bloody

struggle which took place between the very workmen we saw engaged in the tunnel, and the troops sent to quell the disturbances. It was with great regret we left the spot, and went forward to the Unter-loch, cut through the solid rock one hundred and seventy years ago, and then considered a great triumph of engineering skill; travellers having previously to go round the Teufelstein by means of a chain bridge bedewed by the ever-falling clouds of spray. So steep in some places were the rocks alongside the roaring torrent, that the workmen had to be let down by ropes from far above, to blast the places where the road had to be made; and numerous tunnels were cut out of the live rock, to prevent diligences and other conveyances being swept away by the frequent avalanches. Of these we providentially saw nothing like the tremendous one it was my fortune to witness in the Mont Blanc valley in 1864, nor did we wish to make any close acquaintance with so terribly destructive a phenomenon. The Canton of Uri was hardly put to it to bear its share of the great expense; and scarcely was the road completed when one of the most terrific storms ever known in the neighbourhood occurred, and in a few hours swept away one-third of the road, which it had taken twelve years to make.

"The road
Leads through a pass, whose grandeur is a load
Upon the awe-struck mind. The wild Reuss leaps
From precipice to chasm: where it keeps
Boiling and fretting, till it throws abroad
Mist, clouds; then chafed and flying from its goad,
Like fiery steed, o'er crag and crevice leaps:
The thunder rolls among the mountain peaks,
The echoes seem gigantic in their home,
(Now answering deep as voice Promethean speaks,)
Towering aloft where the fleet chamois roam
Mid pines and cottages, the Church oft seeks
To build its shrine where prayerful Switzers come."

OUR FIRST CIRCUIT.

BY MRS. BOYD.

(*Concluded from page 53.*)

I OFTEN call to see one of God's servants who for over twenty years has not been able to raise herself in bed, or even to turn from one side to another. She never fails to greet me with a smile, and her spirit is so submissive and trustful that I come away humbled, thinking how little I have had to suffer in the Master's service, and wondering why He blesses me so much. If I were called to suffer as she, could I be so patient? But that is a needless question. If that time ever come to me, the peculiar need will bring peculiar grace. I have to-day what I need, and every day will bring its supply according to its demand.

On one of my visits I found a young girl, a member of our Church, who supports her old bed-ridden mother by sewing; and I said to myself, "How many of God's children He lays away in corners to ripen;" for every look and word told that the process was being carried on in this instance.

She told me that she had not been able to get out for months; that the care of her mother took up so much of her time she was obliged to keep at her sewing very late into the night.

"But you are not alone, I am sure?" I said, looking at her spiritual face.

"O no, ma'am," she replied, "the Lord did not put me down here to hard toil and deny me the privilege He grants most of His other children, without giving me something to make up for my loss. He never leaves me, never forsakes me. When I cannot go out to His house to meet with Him, I look within and find Him in my heart, and He tells me such wonderful things about His great love for me, that I find what most people would call loss, to me is clear gain."

In answer to a remark I made about the many ways of doing the Lord's work, she said, "I do not think there is much being done *by* me, it is all *in* me. Perhaps when the Lord sees that His work is more fully wrought *in* me, He may let me *do* something for Him."

"There is the care of your mother," I suggested; "must not that be the first thought of a child?"

"O, nature alone, ma'am, would prompt that!" she replied; "but I have such a desire to bring souls to Jesus, as I see others doing."

"Do you never feel dissatisfied, or doubt your Father's love in withholding these opportunities from you?" I asked.

"At first I did," she said, and her voice became even more humble. "I thought He was displeased with me. But I found out that it was love instead; that He wanted to bring my love into harmony with His, and to give me a greater insight into spiritual things. I had been looking at things through my own shortsightedness, and I saw that I must look at them through the medium of the Spirit."

"And then?" I asked eagerly, for I wanted to know how she was led out into the path of perfect obedience.

"Then," she said, "He showed me that what He withheld me from doing could be done by Him for me. And now, although I know I do little in the way others work, I ask Him to save the souls I cannot reach; to send the Holy Spirit to them, and raise up others who will direct them to Christ. Then when I finish a vest or pair of pants, I ask the Lord to give me a message. So that nothing goes away from here without a message from Jesus to the one who is to wear it."

"How?" I asked; "I don't understand you."

She smiled and said, "I write it on a slip of paper, and put it in the pocket."

I threw my arm round her neck, and cried with joy and sympathy. And then we cried together, for her eyes filled up that instant, to think, as she said, *that I should care for one like her.*

"One like her!" I said to myself. "I am not worthy to sit in her presence. O, how far, far I am beneath her!" Her mother's senses seemed dulled to everything but the mention of Jesus. At the sound of that dear Name she was rapturous, and with her broken, quavering voice repeated it again and again.

When I told my husband about the visit, his soul was stirred as I have seldom seen it. Together we rejoiced, and together we resolved to be more earnest, "in season, out of season." My husband said he would see the young woman's Class-leader, and we would begin the cottage-meetings, which were proposed some months before, at her house, or rather in her room.

My husband says if he had no other way of knowing that the work among the people was genuine, the way their purse-strings are loosened is proof. The first six months the money received did not nearly pay the salary, so that we had to save in every possible way, but now there is no trouble about it. The duty of giving has become, as it should be, a part of their religion. Of course the addition to our membership would make the amount larger, but it would not make all the difference, for many of the converts are quite young, and they cannot contribute much.

A REMINISCENCE OF MY "BEST SILK UMBRELLA:"

AN INCIDENT FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

It was winter: the last month of the year 1856 had set in; the leaves were strewed on the ground; the last carol of the autumnal warblers was hushed; the advent bells had begun to ring out their merry chimes from the old church tower, telling of the near approach of the great festival of the incarnation of the Lord of life and glory. Yet withal it was a fine, clear day; such as in England often ushers in the festivities of Christmas.

It was the Sabbath, too. In a town where the Sabbath was sacredly kept, and the sanctuaries of the Lord well attended: in one of those sanctuaries when the services of praise and prayer were ended, one of the worshippers having taken his seat to listen to the minister explaining and enforcing the Word of God, his position commanding a full view of the three deep galleries which surrounded the building, he, as was his custom, took a glance round these galleries, gratified beyond measure

at seeing them well filled by persons in the full bloom of youth, whose cheerful countenances and buoyant spirits bespoke the fact that as yet they had not become very deeply contaminated by the blighting influences of sin. Amongst this congregation, three were seen whose countenances had not before been noticed; they were to all appearance thoughtful and intelligent, and quickly excited the prayerful attention of the beholder.

The forenoon services ending brought other engagements to this individual. That afternoon his duty pointed towards a village pulpit about a mile and a half in the country. He started for his appointment, and upon passing through one of the streets leading to the suburbs, he met a sprightly youth of about seventeen years hastening into the town. The Local-preacher recognised in him one of the three he had noticed in the gallery at the morning service. They passed each other, the one to his pulpit duties, the other to his club, there to meet companions of his own age, and to decide upon the pleasures for the afternoon, as was their custom. When the weather was propitious, a stroll into the fields and lanes of the country would be decided upon; if otherwise, sports in the place of rendezvous, under the leadership of one who for natural quaintness and ready, keen wit was qualified to take the lead, were arranged, and thus the hallowed hours of the Sabbath were squandered away.

Upon reaching his company this lad proposed a trip into the country to hear the said Local-preacher. Some said, Yes, others, No. Three started for that purpose. The Local-preacher had commenced the service, when, through a window which commanded a view of the turnpike road, he saw three lads approaching, and recognised in them those he had noticed at the morning service. He resolved that, should they enter the chapel, he would hail them at the close of the service, and have some converse with them upon the value of their souls. They came to the chapel, but as the service had commenced, the chapel-keeper, according to an unwise custom, had closed the doors. So in order to ascertain if the service had commenced, one was lifted up to look into the window. Finding that it had, they entered.

Upon leaving, the three turned towards home, when the preacher saluted them and requested to be permitted to walk with them; to which they readily consented. But the Local-preacher said, "There is a good old gentleman in the village very ill, and I always like to go and see him, will you wait for me? I wont keep you long." To this they replied, "Yes." "Then kindly hold my umbrella," said he, as he handed them his "best silk umbrella;" at the same time thinking, Surely if inclined to run off themselves, they will scarcely run off with my "best silk umbrella" too. The visit was paid to the sick-chamber; the Local-preacher rejoined his young friends, who, having delivered up the umbrella committed to their care, commenced their homeward walk, and soon found themselves engaged in animated conversation. The subject turned upon the Sabbath, its privileges and its desecration. The latter came home to the consciences of the trio as they thought of their mode of spending the sacred day. One of them, a bright, intelligent lad, thinking he had a "knock-down argument," with all the ardour one admires in a youth, expressed himself thus:—"You know I work in the factory all the week, and need a walk in the fields on the Sunday for the benefit of my health." The conversation continued, and this lad, whom we shall call No. 1, soon found his argument to be worthless. Upon reaching the town the Local-preacher, looking steadfastly into the countenance of a round-faced, sharp-eyed, interesting-looking lad, whom we shall name No. 2, said with deep feeling, "Take my advice and go back to your school; your teacher will gladly receive you." To this he quietly replied, "Don't like to; would rather go to another." "Then," said his friend, "if you are determined not to go to your own school,

come next Sunday to my Bible-class, I will take you in; and bring with you your friends."

Many were the anxious thoughts passing through the mind of this Bible-class teacher as to whether they would appear, and many were the prayers presented on their behalf. On the next Sunday morning Nos. 1 and 2 presented themselves for admission; they were welcomed, and enrolled as members. Their attendance at the class and also at the services of the sanctuary was good, and they soon became deeply interested in both. The faithful preaching of the Word of God, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, made a deep impression upon their hearts and minds, producing happy results. They were powerfully convinced of sin, and "fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before" them. Now happy in the love of God, they sought admission into the Church, and received a hearty welcome at a Wesleyan-Methodist Class-meeting.

Their teacher, finding that he had a strong hold upon them, began to instruct them as to their duty respecting those with whom, as worldly companions in their sinful sports, they had associated. One of two things must take place, he told them: either they must come with you, or you must forsake them. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." "Evil communications corrupt good manners." "But," said he, "first give them an invitation to come with you; go and say, 'Come with us, and we will do you good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.'" And such was the influence these young people had over each other, that one and another and another sought to be admitted into the Bible-class, and last of all the leader of the club sought admission also.

When he presented himself the teacher took note of him, and thought he could never love him. His appearance was that of a "ticket-of-leave" man. However, he, too, received a hearty welcome, and yielding to the instruction of the class and to the transforming influences of vital godliness, his very appearance became altered, and he proved himself to be "a gem of the first water." And now we find a group of nearly a dozen as anxious to find knowledge and good understanding, as they were formerly to obtain the pleasures of the world; the result of which is that the greater part have become members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church.

Alas for my "best silk umbrella"! it has long since gone the way of all umbrellas; but a memory of it remains in the history of those who were influenced through it, which can now be traced over a period of nineteen years; and with abundant satisfaction it is found that those who took charge of it on that Christmas Sabbath afternoon, are now filling positions of honour, usefulness and respectability in the Church and the world, superior to those filled by their fathers, thus proving that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

No. 1 gave "attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine;" he studied theology, and is now zealously engaged as an efficient Local-preacher, at times taking long walks into the country on the holy Sabbath for nobler purposes than those which actuated him in the days of his early youth. The others are exerting an influence for good, though in a different sphere. Other members, first of the club and then of the Bible-class, called by Providence, have settled in different parts of the world, from amongst whom one, and that their former leader, has passed "through death triumphant home."

Having reached the country of his adoption, he would not settle down until he had found the church of his choice. After a career of five years well spent, he was called rather suddenly to his reward. When particulars of his happy departure reached England, a brief memoir of him was published, a few extracts from which shall close this reminiscence of my "best silk umbrella."

"He joined the Bible-class on Sunday,

February 1st, 1857, and the Mutual Improvement Class shortly after; he regularly attended the public service of God in the sanctuary; became convinced of sin, and ardently desired 'to flee from the wrath to come.' He was invited to cast in his lot with the followers of Jesus, but long hesitated, until fully persuaded that this was his duty and privilege. On Sunday, November 8th, 1857, he joined the Church, and although his class met at six o'clock in the morning, his attendance was remarkably regular. He sought and found the pearl of great price. That this change was real, his subsequent life and triumphant death bear witness. In America, uniting himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, he grew in grace and increased in the knowledge of Christ, employing and improving the talents entrusted to him.

"On Sunday, May 29th, 1864, he attended the services of the sanctuary all day as usual, but did not, as he was wont, deliver the address in the evening prayer-meeting. Early on Monday morning he became very unwell, and on Friday, June 3rd, died happy in the Lord.

"On the third day of his illness, being asked how it would be with him should he be called away, his reply was, 'All will be well; glory to God! I have been thankful a thousand times over this week that I gave my heart to God when I was young.' To his wife he said, 'I want you to read Ps. cvii.' Having done so she asked him, 'Will you praise the Lord?' He replied, 'Yes,—

> "'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
> And when my voice is lost in death,
> Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
> My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
> While life, and thought, and being last,
> Or immortality endures.'"

He had in his possession a new year's address to the Bible-class, written in verse by one of his teachers. Finding his end drawing near, he said to his wife, 'We must talk now, for my time is short. I want you to keep those verses that were given to me, as long as you live; for whenever I felt like going back into the world, they always influenced me to come into my place again.' Then addressing a man who was standing in his room, he exhorted him to refrain from all evil habits, and turn to the Lord. Shortly before his death his wife asked, 'Are you going to leave me?' He replied, 'Yes, but it won't be for long; only for a little while; we shall soon meet on the other shore, Glory to God! Jesus hath done all things well; I have been in a bed of sweet roses, and happy there.'"

"I'M NOT A PHARISEE."

"I'm not a Pharisee, Bill!" said Sam Porter to his mate, as they sat chatting after dinner one Monday afternoon.

Bill Styles had been speaking of a sermon he had heard the previous evening, from the text, "Nothing but leaves," and after telling his mate some of the thoughts suggested by the minister, had finished by saying, "Ah, Sam, you and I won't be a bit better off than other people, if at last, when we stand before God's throne, we are without the pardon Christ died to procure for us; for then all the actions of our lives, however worthy of praise they may seem to us now, will be in the sight of the Judge no better than withered leaves."

With a shrug of the shoulders, Sam Porter said, sneeringly, "I'm not a Pharisee, Bill; I'm not a Pharisee."

"No, perhaps not," was the earnest rejoinder of Bill Styles, "but the Bible says, Sam, 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die;' and if you are not a Pharisee, be sure, mate, that another question must one day be answered, and that is, 'Are you a sinner?'"

At this moment the two-o'clock bell began to ring, and dinner-time being over, the discussion came to an end.

Somehow or other Sam Porter could not get on with his work that afternoon, he bungled over the window sashes and made so many mistakes that he was heartily glad to knock off at five as usual.

One thought had been troubling him, one question ringing in his ears all the afternoon, one truth forcing itself upon his attention—the thought was, "I'm not fit to die;" the question, "Are you a sinner?" and the truth, expressed in the text his mother had often taught him, "The wages of sin is death."

Not another word did he breathe to Bill Styles, but giving his workmates the slip, he hurried homewards alone, so as to avoid the temptation of making the usual call at the "Seven Stars."

But still the inward voice of conscience would make itself heard; whether Sam looked at the prints in the shop windows, or puffed away at the pipe in his mouth, it was all the same, for the whisper came over and over again, "Are you a sinner? Are you a sinner?"

He had nearly reached the street in which he lived, and was passing the shop of a florist, when the owner of the establishment came out of the door with a customer. The pair were deeply engrossed in their conversation; but three words from the lips of the florist were heard by Sam Porter as he walked past, and those words were, "Nothing but leaves."

Whether the shopkeeper referred to a tree or flowering plant, Sam Porter never knew, but the words of that conversation he had overheard, he remembered to his dying day. His boyhood, his youth, his manhood had been spent in the service of the devil; and looking back on the past, he sighed, and repeated almost mechanically the words he had heard several times that day, "Nothing but leaves,—nothing but leaves."

When he entered his dwelling, his wife came forward to greet him with a kiss, and little Sam and tiny Nell gave him a loving welcome, for Sam Porter was an affectionate husband and father, although not a follower of the "meek" and "lowly Jesus."

When the evening meal was finished, Sam took a walk round the garden at the back of the house, instead of going to the "Discussion Room" at the "Bell and Mackerel," as he was accustomed to do.

His wife was a good Christian woman, who had often said a word for the Master to her husband, until she found it seemed to annoy him rather than influence him for good, but to-night she was much surprised to find that he stayed at home, and hoped that her many prayers would at length be answered. Like a wise woman, however, she refrained from making any remark that might show her surprise, and perchance cause her husband annoyance, and so she quietly went on with her work.

The clock struck eight, and the little ones were being undressed for bed, as Sam Porter came indoors again, and then little Sam, his only son, said, "Please, father, let me say my prayers to you to-night!"

"Certainly pet," said his parent; and so, with hands clasped and eyes closed, the boy began a prayer his mother had taught him:—

"Blessed Jesus, I thank Thee that Thou hast spared me to see the close of another day, and I pray Thee to take care of me this night, make me a good boy, and let me live for Thee. Bless dear father, dear mother and Nelly, give them clean hearts, and make them happy in Thy love, so that at last we may all meet in heaven, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

"That's what I want," said Sam Porter to himself (when his wife had gone upstairs with the youngsters); "I want a clean heart, for mine is wicked and sinful enough, God knows."

Now, when we get to the point that Sam arrived at, we are not far from the kingdom of God, for it is just when we feel that we are poor, helpless, hell-deserving sinners, that we are in the state of mind to receive Christ for our Saviour.

Like the prodigal son in the parable of our Lord, Sam first of all "came to himself," and then he "came to his Father," for when his wife went downstairs she found her husband kneeling down in the little parlour seeking the pardon of all his sins, in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ.

Mrs. Porter knelt down by her husband's side, and as the tears of joy trickled down her cheeks, she prayed for the partner of her joys and sorrows, until he could rejoice in the knowledge of forgiveness.

That night two or three of the children in the neighbourhood were surprised to hear somebody singing in Sam's cottage, and listened, as children will do when the sound of melody reaches their ears, to the words—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry."

There was joy in Sam Porter's home, and there was greater joy in heaven that evening; one more sinner had been won to his Redeemer, one more name had been written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

No longer with curling lip and scornful sneer did this man say, "I'm not a Pharisee," but his humble, thankful heart was content to feel that Christ was his "all in all." That little family circle is a very happy one now, for the father, mother and children are ready at any moment, through the merits of Jesus' precious blood, to depart from the home on earth, to the home in heaven.

If you were to go into Sam Porter's little parlour, over the mantelpiece, in a gilt frame, you would see a copy of the words with which I close this sketch:—

"NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"Nothing but leaves! the Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
O'er sins indulged whilst conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reaps from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

"Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo, tares and weeds,
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds:
We reap with toil and pain—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

"Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past:
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day,
Sadly we find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

"Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!"

Dear reader,—may God save us both from the curse which came to the barren fig-tree; for Christ's sake,—Amen.

EDWARD BAILEY.

JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN.

(*Continued from page* 58.)

No particulars of Oberlin's life are noticed for nine years after his wife's death. During the Revolution, he was, like the rest of the clergy, deprived of his scanty income. That income was probably derived from some collective fund for the maintenance of the Protestant clergy. To supply its failure, the heads of the parish agreed to make an annual collection of fourteen hundred francs for him, by going from house to house; but their utmost exertions during the year 1789 could not raise eleven hundred and fifty, and in the ensuing year not so much as four hundred; and during those years these sums constituted nearly his whole revenue, for no fees were received. He used to say, his people were born, married and buried free of expense, as far as their clergyman was concerned. In the former of those years he was cited before the Supreme Council of Alsace, upon a charge of having induced his parishioners to enlist in the Emperor Joseph's service: the court not only acquitted him, but expressed its regret that one whose time was so beneficially employed should have been called from his sphere of utility upon such an accusation. Evidently it was altogether groundless: Oberlin's hopes and feelings were with the Revolution. What good man was there who, if he were not mature in years and wisdom, did not, at its commencement, hope that some great improvement in human affairs was about to be effected; that an end would

be put to the enormities of civil and ecclesiastical usurpation; that the abuses of existing systems would be abated; and that the institutions of society, which hitherto had added more or less in every part of Christendom to the miseries of life, would thenceforth be mainly directed towards improving the moral and intellectual condition of mankind?

During the reign of terror, the Ban de la Roche alone, it is said, seemed to be an asylum of peace in the midst of war and carnage. Revolutionary madness appears not to have spread its infection widely among the people of Alsace, who are described as being remarkable for their industry and love of order, for their hereditary simplicity of habits, their probity, their respect for the laws, and their sense of duty. These, however, did not save them from revolutionary miseries. The revolutionary propagandists began their circuit with a travelling guillotine, and put whom they pleased to death. The consequence was, that nearly fifty thousand Alsatians are said to have taken refuge in Germany; that wolves multiplied in the forests of the Vosges, and became a serious evil in parts of the country where they had not been known for ages.

During these dreadful times, when every kind of worship was interdicted, and when almost all men of learning, talents and property in Alsace were imprisoned, Oberlin was allowed "to continue his work of benevolence and instruction unmolested;" even while his brother, a Professor, was in prison. His house became a retreat for many of different persuasions and of distinguished rank, from Strasbourg and its environs, whom he received cordially, without regarding the danger to which he exposed himself. This safety seems to have been owing in part to the extreme poverty of his parish, which offered no temptations to rapacity; in part, perhaps, to that respect which even wickedness sometimes involuntarily renders to eminent virtue; partly, also, to Oberlin's enthusiasm in the national cause. His eldest son Frederick entered the army as a volunteer, and was one of the first who were killed: this loss he bore, not with that elasticity of mind which, after it has given way to the first emotions of passionate sorrow, flies from all painful thoughts. Oberlin's resignation was of a different and happier kind: it was an entire submission to that Providence which, having made all things in goodness, ordereth them in mercy: to the will of that Providence he made his own will conform, by the promised aid of the Holy Spirit; and regarding death as the passage to a state of immortality, had, in his Christian belief, a consolation which no human philosophy can impart.

Oberlin may be extolled where he deserves no commendation; but no praise can be above his real deserts. With all his national enthusiasm, it required no common prudence to remain at his post during the worst years of the Revolution, and when its worst principles had made a formidable inroad into his own sequestered parish. Not only were his churches closed, but, in the brutal spirit of revolutionary impiety, the monuments in the churchyard at Walbach, close to his own dwelling, were destroyed. He may well have deemed it his duty to reserve himself for better times, and have thought it no sin not to oppose what he could not prevent. What gave him most anxiety during these years, was the diminution of his means of doing good: the almost total failure of his usual supplies must, indeed, have left him and his household dependent wholly upon their own labour for subsistence; and this may account for the most serious illness which is said to have been at that time brought on him by over-exertion, and from which his constitution never thoroughly recovered. His mind in delirium took the same course as in health; and he was perpetually calling upon poor Louisa Schepler to bring him thousands and thousands, for the furtherance of his benevolent plans.

Oberlin's habits were so simple, so strictly frugal, that nothing but his beneficence could possibly be curtailed;

a bare subsistence, which was all that he required for himself and his household, his fields and gardens would yield to their united labour; but as soon as such a scheme became feasible, he announced his intention of taking ten or twelve pupils. The children of several foreigners of distinction were soon committed to his charge; (no doubt, from the neighbouring parts of Germany, for his dwelling-place would be looked upon then as a place where there was the greatest likelihood of their remaining in safety;) and thus he became once more in the receipt of an income which enabled him to indulge in his wonted course of doing good. Before this time the schools which he had established were in such repute, that girls of the middle ranks were sent to him from a distance; and to have been a scholar of Pastor Oberlin was considered as a testimonial of sound principles, sound instruction and gentle manners. Upon the re-opening of the churches in the ensuing year, he declared to his flock that he was willing to serve them from thenceforth without any fixed salary: every one, he said, knew the way to the parsonage, and might bring his share, to what amount he pleased, and at whatever time; and if they brought nothing, he should consider it was only for want of ability to do so.

Zeal and good-will will tax themselves to a greater amount than any Legislature can venture to impose. Oberlin's people were induced by his example to put aside weekly a portion of their earnings for pious uses, and were thus always able to second his intentions. He himself had been one day so impressed when reading the laws concerning tithes in the Books of Moses, that he resolved from that moment to observe them, and devote three tithes of all he possessed to the service of God and the poor. For this purpose he kept three boxes; on each of which the appropriate texts of the law were written. The contents of the first were assigned to the building and repairing of churches and schools, the purchase of Bibles and religious books, and anything connected with Divine worship and the extension of our Redeemer's kingdom. The second was for the improvement of the roads to the churches and schools, and for all works of public utility; for the schoolmasters and churchwardens; for the little expenses incurred when he became a godfather; for Sunday dinners to the poor of his other parishes; for what the poor of that wherein he resided expended when they invited those of the other villages, and for the repairing of injuries. The third box, which contained the third tenth every three years, that is, a thirtieth every year, was for the service of the poor, and for compensation of losses by fire.

One who visited him about this time gives the following account of his house and household:—

"We found the worthy Pastor in his morning gown: it was plain, but whole and clean. He was just on the point of concluding a lecture: his pupils had, like their master, something soft, indeed almost heavenly, in their look.

"The house stands well, and has, from the garden side, a romantic view: in every part of it that kind of elegance which is the result of order and cleanliness prevails. The furniture is simple; yet it suggests to you that you are in the residence of no ordinary man; the walls are covered with maps, drawings and vignettes; and texts of Scripture are written over all the doors. That above the dining-room door is, 'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.' And over the others are texts enjoining love to God and our neighbour. The good man implicitly follows the Divine command to write them over the door-posts. On our first entrance he gave us each, as a welcome, a printed text, 'Abide in Me, and I in you;' 'Seek those things which are above.' His study contains rather a well-chosen than numerous selection of books in French and German, chiefly for youth. The walls are covered with engravings,—portraits of eminent characters, plates

of insects and animals, and coloured drawings of minerals and precious stones: it is, in short, literally papered with useful pictures relative to natural history and other interesting subjects.

"It is surprising to witness the sound sense, refinement and superiority of mind, evinced by these simple peasants: the very servants are well educated, and are clothed with that child-like spirit which is one of the truest tests of real religion. One of them, who is a widow, made many good remarks to us on the duties of married life. 'In order to introduce and preserve domestic peace,' said she, 'let us turn to Him Who is peace.'

"I am writing this at his table, whilst he is busy preparing leather gloves for his peasant children. His family are around him, engaged in their different avocations: his eldest son, Frederick, is giving a lesson to some of the little ones, in which amusement and instruction are judiciously blended; and the *Papa*, without desisting from his employment, frequently puts in a word. He took me this morning into his work-shop, where there is a turner's lathe, a press, a complete set of carpenter's tools, a printing-press and one for bookbinding. I assisted him in colouring a quire of paper, which is intended for covers of school-books. He gives scarcely anything to his people but what has been, in some measure, prepared by his own or his children's hands.

"He will never leave this place. A much better living was once offered to him:—'No,' said he; 'I have been ten years learning every head in my parish, and obtaining an inventory of their moral, intellectual and domestic wants: I have laid my plan. I must have ten years to carry it into execution, and the ten following to correct their faults and vices.'

"Yesterday I found him encircled by four or five families who had been burnt out of their houses: he was dividing amongst them articles of clothing, meat, assignats, books, knives, thimbles, and coloured pictures for the children, whom he placed in a row according to their ages, and then left them to take what they preferred. The most perfect equality reigns in his house: children, servants, boarders, are all treated alike; their places at table change, that each in turn may sit next to him, with the exception of Louisa, his housekeeper, who of course presides, and his two maids, who sit at the bottom of the table. As it is his custom to salute every member of his family, night and morning, these two little maids come very respectfully curtseying to him, and he always gives them his hand, and inquires after their health, or wishes them good night. All are happy, and appear to owe much of their happiness to him. They seem to be ready to sacrifice their lives to save his. The following reply was made by one of his domestics, on his questioning her about her downcast looks during some trivial indisposition: 'I fear, dear Papa, there will be no servants in heaven, and that I shall lose the happiness of waiting upon you.'"

Oberlin might well reply, with earnest emphasis, to a question concerning his happiness, "Yes, I am happy!" "Words," says the writer, "seldom uttered by an inhabitant of this world; and they were so delightful from the mouth of one who is a stranger to all the favours of fortune, to all the allurements of luxury, and who knows no other joys than those which religion and benevolence impart, that we longed to live like him, that we might participate in the same happiness." But what man ever was more highly favoured with everything necessary for his well-being and entire contentment?

He heard that for two years a pastor had been in vain sought for to undertake a vacant cure in Pennsylvania. Thinking it would be more easy to supply his own parish than to find a minister willing and qualified for this foreign charge, he offered himself, with his wife's acquiescence; but while he was expecting further directions, the war in America began, and prevented their departure. From that time he rejected all offers of preferment. "Some

persons," said he, "think it a merit in me to have refused more considerable cures than this; but you," addressing himself to a military officer, "if your general had given you a post to defend, would you quit it without positive orders? God has confided this flock to my care; and why should I abandon it? Where could I find better parishioners, or more grateful hearts?" He acted rightly. Years must have elapsed before Oberlin could have acquired the same ascendency over a new parish which he had so deservedly attained among his old parishioners; and he was now beginning to enjoy the reputation to which he was so amply entitled. His name became known in England soon after the institution of the Bible Society; and, in consequence of that Society's inquiries, he was early in correspondence with it, and proved, as might be expected, one of its most active and energetic co-operators. The donations which he received from the British Society were so well bestowed and so judiciously applied, that his parish discharged its obligation in due time to the general cause, and with large increase; and more Bibles were dispersed in France by means of Oberlin, than of any other individual.

(*To be continued.*)

A DREAM.*

I SLEPT,—but my sleep was troubled,
For I dreamt of coming ill;
And so much like life it seemed to be,
That its memory haunts me still,
For I dreamt of a beautiful island,
The mistress of the sea;
Which, History said, had rear'd its head
Within man's memory.
And, fer fear lest the roaring waters
Should encroach upon its shore,
They built strong dikes, and placed warders there
To watch them evermore.

And all seem'd safe on the land reclaim'd;
Rich harvests were gather'd in;
Whilst hymns of praise they sweetly raised,
And triumph'd over sin.
But by and by a rumour came
The sea was rising higher;
Yet they laugh'd at those who gave alarm,
Though the waves were creeping nigher.
Till at length its approach was so surely seen,
They could doubt its truth no more;
For the churches which once stood far inland,
Were now on the crumbling shore:
Yet they ate and drank, and careless slept,
Regardless of coming ill;
For the warders, they said, safe watch had kept,
And would surely keep it still.
But as time roll'd on, it was whisper'd low,
That the warders themselves were seen
To open the floodgates, admit the tide
Where the land had lately been.
Yet they felt no fear, though the waters rose
And rapidly onward came;
Nor made they effort to mend the dikes,
Lost pastures to reclaim;
Till it seem'd to require but a stormy night—
And winter was close at hand—
To fulfil the threaten'd work of death,
And engulf the fated land.

I awoke, and fain would read aright
The moral of my dream;
For much I fear, in this Christian land,
Things are not what they seem.
Is there not now, in our very midst,
Stealthily gaining ground,
A system which, like the ocean waves,
Is spreading all around?
Worming itself in our very homes,
Leaving no stone unturn'd
To regain the power it held in the hour
When our forefathers it burn'd?
And, O! is it true that the watchmen placed
To raise a warning cry,
Are themselves in league with our church's foes,

* Lines suggested by the Speech of Dr. Punshon at the Wesleyan Missionary Meeting in Exeter Hall, May, 1867.

And care not if we die?
Brethren, awake! 'tis no time for rest,
For sleeping at our ease;
Ring out to the world a warning cry,
Ere our liberties they seize.
And, in spite of the faithless warders,
Our courage let us prove;
In the name of our martyr'd fathers,
And the country that we love;
In the name of our sacred liberty,
And the slaves their wiles enthrall;
In the names of friends departed,
Come at our country's call.
In the name of Christ's own Gospel,
Which they seal from human ken;
In the holy name of God above,
For the sake of dying men.
Ho! Britons,—fellow Christians,
Come to the rescue,—come!
A CLOSE-BARR'D DOOR TO POPERY,
AND NO PEACE WITH TREACHEROUS ROME.

JOHN RYLBY ROBINSON.

WESLEY AND THE QUARRELSOME BOYS.

NEAR the close of his long and useful life, the Rev. John Wesley was preaching at Midsomer-Norton, and spending a few days at the residence of Mrs. Bush, who kept a boarding-school in that place.

One day at supper-time, while Mr. Wesley was there, two of the boys quarrelled and got into a fierce fight. Mrs. Bush went out and brought them before Mr. Wesley. He took them each by the hand, and after talking very affectionately to them, repeated Dr. Watts' lines:—

"Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight!"

"Now, boys," said he, "you must be reconciled. Go and shake hands with each other." They did so.

"Now put your arms around each other's neck, and kiss each other." This they did also.

"And now," said Mr. Wesley, "come to me." He then took a piece of bread and butter, and having folded it together, directed them each to take a piece.

"Now you have broken bread together." Then handing them a cup of tea, the good man bade them each drink of it.

"You have now drank of the same cup, and I will bless you." So laying his hands upon their young heads, and tenderly invoking the blessing of the Great Shepherd to be on them and follow them, Mr. Wesley sent them away cured of all their angry feelings.

The instruction and blessing of this occasion were never forgotten. One of these boys lived to be a magistrate of Berkshire, and himself related the story of his boyish days.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Henry Wharton: The Story of his Life and Missionary Labours in the West Indies, the Gold Coast, and Ashanti. By the REV. W. MOISTER. Wesleyan Conference Office.—All who doubt the success of missions, and all who rejoice in their triumphs, would do well to read this book. Henry Wharton was by birth, and on one side by parentage, a West Indian, and owed his conversion, under God, to the mission church in Grenada. He offered himself with burning zeal as a missionary for Western Africa. The record of his labours and suffering in Ashanti, amidst the horrors of war, famine and a most revolting form of heathenism, is graphically and tenderly written by a loving hand.

Old Jonathan. W. H. and L. Collingridge.—*The Cottager and Artisan.* Religious Tract Society.—*The Mother's Friend.* Hodder and Stoughton.

The volume of "Old Jonathan" for 1875 is, like its predecessors, full of sound, healthy reading and good illustrations; but, for this year at least, we think the text on the title page singularly inappropriate. Its articles are far more adapted for the edification of the intelligent poor of Christ's flock, than for

arresting the attention of, and bringing in to the fold, the unconverted in "the streets and lanes of the city."

"The Cottager and Artisan," besides a goodly number of interesting pointed stories, with very plain morals, contains simple, intelligibly-written and well-illustrated articles on various arts and trades. Not the least pleasing feature of the Magazine is the large print.

"The Mother's Friend" well deserves its name. It is full of wonderfully helpful counsel and suggestions, pleasantly given through the medium of stories, on most of the duties, trials and responsibilities which make up a mother's life.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. JOSEPH BAKER.

Joseph Baker, a veteran Local-preacher, having seen above fifty years' active service, died at Cubley, in the Uttoxeter Circuit, July 20th, 1875, aged seventy-one years. As he had outlived most of his early associates, little is known as to the circumstances of his conversion; but a long life of uniformly consistent piety and faithful labour, testified to the genuineness of the work of grace in his soul. Warm-hearted, mentally active, feeling strongly on the subjects which engaged his attention, his ardour, however, directed by good judgment, he possessed elements of character which gave him very considerable influence, not only in the village Society to which he belonged, but in the Circuit generally. He was a most valuable Class-leader; his own experience, by its clearness and depth, contributing, along with affectionate and wise counsel, to stimulate the piety and form the religious character of the members. He prepared carefully for his pulpit duties; the subjects treated embraced a considerable range, and his sermons, by their soundness and weight, commanded attention and were highly profitable. He was a firm upholder of the discipline of the Connexion, and strongly, indeed somewhat rigidly, attached to old Methodistic usages and customs.

For many years every effort to obtain land on which to build a chapel in his native place had failed, and a small room fitted up for the purpose, outside the village, was all the accommodation for religious worship of which Methodism could boast. The last year of Mr. Baker's life was, however, made memorable by the erection of a commodious and handsome chapel on a most eligible site. On the day of the dedicatory services, the long-cherished desire of his heart realised, his fine countenance beamed with holy joy; but before his own turn to occupy the pulpit came, he was prostrated by sickness. This illness proved of short duration. He died, as he had lived, resting on the atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A. H. M.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For March, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*
March	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1	6 45	5 41	5 50m	9 12a	10 28a	1 3m	6 35m
11	6 23	5 59	5 39	9 43	10 29	0 26	5 58
21	6 0	6 16	5 31	10 14	10 30	11 43a	5 21
31	5 37	6 32	5 20	10 44	10 30	11 1	4 44

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3rd, First Quarter.... 9h. 48m. morn.	18th, Last Quarter .. 1h. 24m. morn.
10th, Full Moon ..... 6h. 12m. morn.	25th, New Moon .... 8h. 12m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 5th	2h. after., Perigee; distance	229,292 miles.
„ 17th	12h. midnight, Apogee; „	251,236 „
„ 30th	10h. morn., Perigee; „	229,136 „
Mean distance for the month		240,225 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

March 1st	90,901,280 miles.
April 1st	91,686,120 „
Increase of distance for the month	784,840 „

A partial eclipse of the Moon will be visible on the 10th throughout the entire continent of America, and partially visible through a considerable portion of Europe and Africa. The first contact with the penumbra occurs at 3h. 57m. in the morning, the first contact with the shadow at 5h. 21m., the last contact with the shadow at 7h. 21m., the last contact with the penumbra at 8h. 46m. The Moon sets at Greenwich at 6h. 32m., eleven minutes after the middle of the eclipse, when about three-tenths of the Moon's diameter will be obscured. At the time of the greatest obscuration, the Moon will be above the horizon in every part of America, in nearly the whole of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and in the western regions of Europe and Africa. At the succeeding New Moon, on March 25th, there will be an annular eclipse of the Sun, visible in North America and the Pacific Ocean. The central line begins in the North Pacific at 171 deg. east longitude, and 9 deg. north latitude, and after running for some distance parallel to the equator, it bends northward, crosses Hawaii, enters North America on the western side at 50 deg. north latitude, and crossing the continent ends in Greenland. As the Moon's diameter at the time of the middle of the eclipse, as seen from the centre of the Earth, subtends an angle of 31m. 42s., and the diameter of the Sun covers 32m. 7s., the disc of the Moon cannot, generally speaking, cover that of the Sun, and a narrow, bright ring will be seen near the line of central eclipse round the black circle of the Moon.

The Sun advances in the ecliptic during the month through 30 deg. 49m.; he rises in declination from 7 deg. 20m. south, to 4 deg. 47m. north; the apparent diameter diminishes from 32m. 20s. to 32m. 3s.; he crosses the equator on the 20th at six in the morning, and the Spring quarter commences.

The Moon attains her greatest northern declination, 28 deg. 43m., on the afternoon of the 4th; her altitude, at 7h. 23m., when on the meridian of Greenwich, will be 67 deg.; her greatest southern declination, 28 deg. 44m., will be attained on the morning of the 18th; when on the meridian, at seven that morning, her altitude will be only 10 deg.; after this she again rises, till on the afternoon of the 31st her northern declination will again be 28 deg. 43m. To find the Moon's age, at Greenwich noon, add 4 days 5h. to the day of the month up to the 25th, from this date to the end of the month subtract 25 days 7h. from the day of the month.

Mercury will be in its descending node on the morning of the 6th; on the 10th, one hour before noon, it reaches its greatest elongation from the Sun, 27½ deg. west; on the 18th, an hour before noon, it will be quite close to Saturn, and very near the Moon on the evening of the 23rd.

Venus is a very conspicuous object in the evenings. On the 1st, at five in the afternoon, it will be in ascending node; on the morning of the 29th it will be near the Moon; and will be very near Mars on the evening of the same day.

Mars is also an evening star. It as well as Venus will be close to the Moon on the morning of the 29th. The conjunctions of the two planets will be a very pretty phenomenon.

Jupiter rises on the 17th at midnight. On the morning of the 16th it rises a little after midnight.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THE ROYAL ALBERT MEMORIAL CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE.

It will be well for our readers to understand the difference between the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore, (as described in an article in this "Miscellany," March, 1872,) and the Albert Memorial Chapel of which we are now writing.

The former was erected at Her Majesty's sole expense, and is one of the most splendid and unique works of art in existence; a worthy memorial of one whose talent and virtues brighten the page of history, and an enduring monument alike of true wifely love and regal munificence.

For reasons not difficult to understand or appreciate, the Mausoleum is not open to public inspection. On the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, (December 14th,) a solemn religious service is held within it, always attended by the Queen, and every member of the Royal Family who can possibly be present. After service by the Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley, M.A., Dean of Windsor,—the choristers of the Chapel Royal, St. George's, conducting the service of song,—on the retirement of the Royal Family, the members of the household, the servants and the tradesmen who serve the Castle, and a very few others, (by special permission,) are admitted; when these have left it, the Mausoleum is closed for the year.

It has evidently been desired by Her Majesty that, while proper reasons must prevail for secluding from public view a spot so sacred, there should be a memorial to ALBERT THE GOOD, not less magnificent, open to the inspection, under careful restrictions, of the general public. This has been secured.

At the east end of St. George's Chapel, divided from it only by the passage to the cloisters, and still architecturally connected with it, is a building formerly known as The Wolsey Chapel, beneath which is the Royal cemetery. The original chapel was begun by Edward III., and completed in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. The latter presented the Chapel to Cardinal Wolsey, who commenced the erection of a magnificent tomb for himself, upon which he expended large sums; but it passed into other hands.

In 1742 it was used as a free-school house. George III. subsequently converted it and the vaults beneath into a burial-place for himself and his descendants.

In 1863 Her Majesty had a private entrance made for herself from St. George's Chapel. While a vast amount has been paid for the utilization of this costly relic of ancient times, the national purse has not borne any part of the expense. Her Majesty's private purse met the entire cost of the Mausoleum, and her conjugal affection has combined with the filial love of the Royal Family in providing the whole sum expended on the Memorial Chapel.

It will be very difficult to give, in a cursory sketch, any idea of the magnificence of the Chapel. The central object, as in the Mausoleum, is the recumbent figure of the Prince Consort on a sarcophagus of indescribable beauty. In the Mausoleum the figure is draped in the Roman toga, in the Chapel it is clad in mail. The profile in each is

perfect; in the latter there are two exquisite statuettes of angels at each corner of the pillow on which the figure reposes. The feet rest upon a model of the Prince's favourite dog. The following inscription is carved round the upper portion of the sarcophagus: "Albert, the Prince Consort, born August XXVI., MDCCCXIX.; died December XIV., MDCCCLXI. Buried in the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore. 'I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course.'"

The windows are of elaborately stained glass, by Clayton and Bell; the mere enumeration of the subjects depicted would far exceed the limits of the present article. The roof of the Chapel is by Salvati, and is, as our Engraving shows, one of the most beautiful and delicate specimens of groining extant. The flooring is of polished marble, arranged in diamonds and circles; and around the Chapel are marble seats, beneath which is a series of bronze grills, consisting of the monogram *V.A.*; devices of the royal arms; the falcon and fetter-lock; the rose and crown; the daisy and crown; lions and *fleur-de-lis*.

The ornamentation of the walls is the most difficult to describe. Beneath the windows is a gallery of marble mosaics of the most intricate character, which will amply repay a lengthened study. They were designed by Baron Triqueti, and were chiefly completed in his *atelier*, and thence conveyed to Windsor. Each, with the appropriate window above, is a gift from a member of the Royal Family, and above each is a medallion of the donor.

The Prince of Wales gives two: one of which, the lamentation of Jeremiah at the tomb of the good King Josiah, is intended to illustrate the grief of England at the death of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort; the motto is, "And all Judah and Jerusalem mourned for Josiah. And Jeremiah lamented." The other presents Jehoshaphat, as typifying the late Prince Consort in his successful endeavours to develop and extend the education of the people; and in his laying the foundations of schools and institutions which he endowed: "He taught all the people." "And he sent Levites and Priests.... and they taught in Judah and ... throughout all the cities."

The gift of the Crown Princess of Prussia is a tablet representing Love, Righteousness and Piety, as illustrated in the last moments of the Prince Consort. The dying Jacob blesses his children, but especially Joseph's children, saying to them, "Behold! I die; but God shall be with you, and bring you again to the land of your fathers."

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise gives a tableau representing Steadfastness and Truth, the illustration being Moses, who, having assembled the people, blesses them, and presents to the Levites the five books of the law; the motto is, "And this is the blessing where-with Moses the man of God blessed the children of Israel before his death."

The tablet of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh is a magnificent picture representing Duty and Obedience, as exemplified in Abraham restoring to Sarah her son Isaac, after having fulfilled the will of God at Jehovah-Jireh: "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me."

We must summarise the remainder, for a full description would require a volume.

The Princess Alice gives "Joseph's reception by Pharaoh after the interpretation of his dream." Motto, "Purity and Prudence."

From the Duke of Connaught we have, "David and his minstrels praising God." Motto, "Eloquence and Harmony."

The Princess Helena's gift is, "Solomon receiving the Kings of the earth with their tribute." Motto, "Wisdom and Science."

Prince Leopold's tablet represents "Daniel's preservation in the lions' den." Motto, "Fortitude."

That of the Princess Beatrice, "Nathanael under the fig-tree." Motto, "Sincerity."

The Princess of Wales has, "The Levites going through the land in the days of Jehoshaphat to teach the law to the children." Motto, "Education."

In addition to the above there are other tablets representing "The Man of Sufferings," "The Body of our Lord in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathæa," "The incidents connected with His crucifixion, and the agony in the Garden." These are worthy of a lengthened description, but when we add that round each tablet there are from eight to ten minor pictures, in illustration of the larger picture, it will be seen that it is far beyond our limit even to name the several subjects.

At the western entrance from the cloisters, on either side of the doorway, are the figures of two angels, each at some distance from the floor, and each standing under a gorgeous canopy. That on the right is the Angel of Death; that on the left is the Angel of the Resurrection carrying a wreath of *immortelles*.

It only remains for us to attempt a faint description of the reredos at the eastern end.

The alabaster carvings are unique, forming chiefly canopies over the different subjects. The centre one represents Christ ascending from the tomb. The objects in the carved boxwood in front of the altar are: a pelican (as symbolizing Christ shedding His blood for man), the phœnix and the lamb, with a Latin inscription at the base. On the left of the figure of our Lord is an angel with the crown of thorns and the cup of life; and on the right is another embracing the cross. The chief canopy is of pure alabaster, most exquisitely carved. The Communion-table is composed of a massive piece of marble,

nine feet by three; and above is a large cross set with agates and malachites of enormous size.

We copy a chaste description of the *tout ensemble:* "Standing at the entrance, the polished marble floor and cenotaph of the Prince first catch the eye; a glance to the right or left reveals those unique mural pictures which occupied the last decade of Baron Triqueti's life-time. The softened mellow light, as it streams through the painted windows, tints with many-coloured hues the sculptures and mosaics above. Unrivalled, adorned with all the treasures that art can bestow, no more fitting memorial could have been chosen by the Royal children and their Royal mother to do justice to the memory of so illustrious a parent and consort."

The public are admitted to view the Chapel, by order from the Lord Chamberlain's office, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of each week. C. CHURCHILL.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO RICHES.

BY E. H. MILLER.

CHAPTER I.—STARTING.

IT was beginning to grow light, on a foggy November morning, when Farmer Norton drove into the city with his great covered market wagon. In the wagon were baskets of eggs nicely packed in oats, bags of juicy pippins and rusty-coated potatoes, and, curled up on a blanket among them, was a little brown-faced boy, about ten years old.

As Farmer Norton reined up his horses at the market-house, he turned round and gave the little fellow a shake.

"Come, my lad," he said, cheerily, "here we are at last, though it goes

against my conscience to think I've brought you here. But if you want to go back to-night, you just come up here about four o'clock, and I'll take you out and welcome."

The boy crawled out of the wagon, took the apple and gingerbread which the farmer gave him from his own dinner, and went slowly down the street, eating them, and looking about him.

Nobody knew very much about Jimmy Marvin. When he was only six years old, he was brought to Woodville by a queer old man, who used to go round the country selling liniment and essences. The old man never gave any account of him, and Jimmy could not remember that he ever had any father or mother; so he went with the old man on his peddling excursions, or lived with him in his little shanty when he came back to the village, till, by and by, the old man died, and the little waif was turned adrift again. Father Pettibone took him for a while, but he couldn't make anything out of him; and then the Widow Graves tried him for an errand-boy, but she declared he was "fuller of mischief than an egg was of meat." So Jimmy went from hand to hand, growing all the time more ragged, until Farmer Norton yielded to his earnest request, and promised to take him with him to the city. Good Mrs. Norton fitted him up with a comfortable suit of clothes from the outgrown garments her great boys had left behind them, and sent him away with a world of misgivings.

"If he only wasn't so unsettled," she said to her husband, "seems as if we might make something of him; but he never was set to anything steady, and he ain't fit for anything but roving about."

"I don't know, mother," said Farmer Norton; "I ain't sure but Jimmy 'll come to something yet. He's got some good *pints* in him, and he'll pick up a livin' as naterally as a blackbird, if he's only let alone; but it ain't in him to take to civilized ways."

Mrs. Norton shook her head, but she stood on the step and watched them drive away, and couldn't help feeling, after all, a little as if she hadn't quite done her duty in letting the little wanderer go.

"I hope the Lord 'll take care of him," she said, as she hurried away to call up the girls to milk the cows; and in her busy day of work she soon forgot all about him.

When evening came, Farmer Norton lingered a little around the deserted market-place, secretly hoping Jimmy would make his appearance; and after he started off, he looked back into the wagon to see if after all he might not be coiled up there. But no Jimmy was there, and so Farmer Norton tried to forget him, and the great town swallowed him up as the ocean swallows a bubble, and nobody cared anything about it.

Another foggy morning, early in April, found a ragged little boy, with an old broom, sweeping a muddy crossing in one of the streets. Jimmy Marvin had gone into business. It had been a frosty night, and the mud was a little stiff yet, and Jimmy worked slowly until he saw a lady coming down the street. She would step over his crossing, he knew, for she came every day, rain or shine, and he hurried to give her a clean track. He always did that, and she paid him oftener in smiles than pennies; but somehow Jimmy felt richer for them than he did for other folks' money. Jimmy had made a shrewd guess that pennies

were not very plentiful in her pocket. This morning, however, she had a penny for him; and as she put it in his hand she said,—

"You and I begin our work in better season than most people, don't we?"

"Do you work?" asked Jimmy.

"To be sure I do," said the lady. "I work at setting type in a great publishing house. It isn't very pleasant work, shut up all day in the hot, close air. I don't know but I shall get me a broom and sweep crossings when I am rich enough to afford it."

The lady passed on with a merry laugh, and Jimmy rested on his broom a moment and looked after her.

"*She's one of 'em!*" he said, decidedly, as he put the penny carefully away; and from the tone of his voice, it was very plain that to be "one of 'em" meant something very complimentary.

Sweep, sweep! the omnibuses began to rattle, the grocers' wagons to dash by, and soon the great town had fairly entered upon its day's work. The mud flowed in a black river through the street, and it kept Jimmy's arm busy to clear it from the crossing. The one penny soon had company in his pocket; but so many people seemed to think that Jimmy swept the crossing for his own amusement, and only gave him a scowl in pay, that he almost concluded it was a very poor business. Presently came a little girl, with two or three books under her arm, and stopped at the crossing to hail an omnibus. She set her pretty foot daintily into the muddy street, and sprang like a bird upon the step of the omnibus. One of her books fell from her arm, but she caught it quickly, and, as the door of the omnibus closed after her, a little white card fluttered out from the book and dropped upon Jimmy's crossing. He picked it up just in time to save it from the feet of a dray horse, wiped it on the sleeve of his ragged jacket, and examined it curiously. Jimmy couldn't read very well, but he managed to spell out the words which were printed on the card:

"*The hand of the diligent maketh rich.*"

He read them very slowly, stopping to spell out the words, and very nearly giving up on "diligent."

"Something 'bout gettin' rich, anyhow," he said to himself; "I can make out that much;" and he put the card away in his jacket pocket. There it stayed for more than a week, only once in a while Jimmy would take it out and study over that puzzling word, until one pleasant morning his friend from the publishing house came along, and stopped to give him a smile and a penny again.

"You keep my crossing so nicely for me," she said, "I wish I could contrive some way to keep a pocket full of pennies all the time. Then I'd give you a whole handful every morning, Jimmy. Only think how soon you'd get rich!"

This made Jimmy think of his card, so he took it from his pocket, and noticed for the first time how soiled it was.

"There's something here, ma'am," he said; "I can't quite make out the sense of it, but it tells about gettin' rich, and maybe if you'd read it you'd know."

The lady took the bit of pasteboard, and read, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

"O, is that all?" said she, laughing; "I was in hopes you had

found some magical charm; I knew all that long ago."

"Then 'tain't true, is it, ma'am?" asked Jimmy, a good deal disappointed.

"True? to be sure it is—just as true as truth itself! It means that diligent hands—that is, hands that stick to their work all the time, and do it bravely and faithfully, just as well as they know how,—are sure to be rewarded in the end with success. That's the only way to get riches that will do you any good; but sometimes they are a long time coming—*a very long time*," added the lady, with a weary little sigh; but presently she smiled again, cheerily, and said, "You get your pay in comfort, though, as you go along. Never be afraid of work, Jimmy, it's good for people, and you'd better keep this card to help you remember it. It's *true*, never doubt it."

Away went the lady up the street, with her quick, energetic step, walking all the faster to make up for the moments she had lost with Jimmy. The next morning, and the next, the lady picked her way as best she could over the unswept crossing, wondering what had become of Jimmy. Then a girl with a pinched, hungry face took possession of the crossing, and the lady gave her the smiles and the spare pennies, and ceased to wonder about the little brown-faced boy that had vanished.

Jimmy had changed his business. He had made the acquaintance of a good-natured boy who was in the rag-picking line, and his new friend had offered to find him a situation with the old woman for whom he worked. Down in the cellar of a horrible den in one of the meanest streets of the town, they found the old woman, smoking her pipe while she sorted over the pickings of the day. She had in her employment a large number of boys and women, each one of whom had a particular "beat." Every morning they hunted over all the sweepings from shops and saloons, ash-heaps, kitchen refuse and garbage of every description, and the stuff they collected was all taken to old Judy's cellar to be assorted. She paid them a stipulated price per day, while she herself made her gain from the sale of what they had gathered.

"I've brought you a new boy," said the rag-picker, introducing Jimmy.

The old woman took her pipe from her mouth, and looked keenly at Jimmy.

"Ever been on a beat?" she asked.

"No," said Jimmy, at a venture, not at all understanding what she meant.

"I don't want greenies, and I wouldn't have nothin' to say to you, only Pat Donahue has just been sent up for stealin', and if you've a mind to try his beat you may have it."

She threw an old bag towards Jimmy, who was looking curiously about the room, and wondering what could be the use of half the things collected there. Perhaps my readers would not have known either that the cotton and linen rags and the bits of paper go to the paper mills; the woollen rags, no matter how old and filthy, to people who buy them to sell again to be ground up and put into very nice-looking cloth, which comes all to pieces as soon as it is put to any wear. Then the trimmings of all kinds of fruit and vegetables have a market at the very lowest eating-houses, and so do fresh bones. The old bones go to

the bone factories, to be ground up for the farmers' use; the ends of cigars and even *old quids* are put to *some* use by men who buy them, but we'll leave those interested in tobacco in its various forms to find out what. Half-burned cinders are sold for a trifle to the poor; and so I might go on and tell you of some use to which every trifle you reject from your plenty can be put.

But we must not forget Jimmy. After a few directions from old Judy, he started out with the little ragpicker, who showed him his beat.

"You'll have hard work to suit old Judy on this beat," he said. "It's a good one, but Pat was a sly feller, and many's the handkerchief and small bundle he helped out of somebody's pocket, and pretended to finding in the sweepin's. Judy knowed well enough, but she never let on."

"I sha'n't *steal*, for her nor nobody else," said Jimmy.

"No more won't I," said his companion; "they allus gets jerked up after a while."

Jimmy didn't much fancy the ragpicking business, but it paid far better than sweeping crossings; and though old Judy was liberal with her scoldings, she never failed to pay him regularly, and even raised his wages at the end of the first month. Jimmy was getting rich. In the bosom of his ragged shirt he carried an old stocking foot, that held a little store of pennies and small coins, which he had managed to save from his earnings.

One morning, as he was busily exploring a heap of cinders in the gutter, somebody who was hurrying along the sidewalk stopped to say,—

"I do believe this must be Jimmy."

Jimmy looked up in surprise to see his old friend of the printing office.

"Do you come down here?" he asked.

"Yes, and a good deal farther," said the lady. "I go down to W— street. But have you gone into *ragpicking*, Jimmy?"

There was a tone in her voice that made Jimmy's brown cheek grow red as he said,—

"Yes'm; it pays first rate; and you said once, there wasn't nothin' in work to be ashamed of, so 'twas honest."

"I know," said the lady; "but I've been wishing and fancying something *good* had happened to you. I made up my mind that you had gone away from this bad, dirty city into the country, somewhere, to smell the hay and the clover blossoms, and see the beautiful things that God is making now."

"I lived in the country once, ma'am," said Jimmy, wondering at her brightening face, "and I didn't like it very much."

"I know a little boy," said the lady, sadly, "who would give every precious thing he has, only to smell the sweet country air, and hear the birds sing, and see the green grass and the clear little brooks again."

"Why don't he go, then? 'tain't more'n two mile, the way Farmer Norton comes, till you're right amongst the farms."

The lady shook her head, and made no answer.

"Are you here often, Jimmy?" she asked, presently; "because I should like to see you once in a while, and know how you get on."

"Yes'm, this is on my beat, but I mostly begin down by the saloons, and so don't get this way so early. The saloons are the best pickin'."

"Well, if you ever want to see me you'll know where to find me;

and if I can help you, Jimmy, I shall always be glad to do it."

"She's a spry one," said Jimmy, as the lady passed on, with the same springing step; "but I reckon she's worried about something or other. Her eyes don't laugh the way they used to."

Jimmy went on with his work, and kept thinking over what the lady had said about the little boy, until all at once he hit upon a plan which seemed to please him very much. He nodded his head and laughed over his work, and when he finally threw down his bag of pickings in Judy's cellar, he said to her,

"I sha'n't be in to-morrow; I'm goin' off on a tramp."

"You needn't mind to come back, then," growled Judy; "I don't want no dealin's with trampers."

"If I like it I'll stay, then," said Jimmy, carelessly; for he knew Judy well enough not to care for her threats.

The next day, just as the gray light of the early morning began to steal in at the town windows, Jimmy crawled out of the close, hot cellar where he slept with about twenty others, and set his face towards the open country, by the same road that Farmer Norton had brought him in his market wagon. Jimmy was dirty and dreadfully ragged, and his first thought was that he did not want to meet the farmer in such a plight. So he gave the market-house a wide berth, and kept a sharp look-out for the span of gray horses, and the neat, covered wagon.

"I mean to go back there, some day," he said to himself, "when I can go respectable; and then I'll pay them Foster boys that always used to call me '*Essence of Catnip*' and '*Poor-man's Plaster*.'"

Outside of the city were rows of little shanties, surrounded by pig-pens and little patches of vegetables, but very soon he came to the broad open fields, where the rows of green corn were all glistening in the sunrise, and the clover hung its fragrant heads, weighed down with dew. Nearly two miles farther on was a small stream and a strip of woods, which Jimmy remembered very well. He had been there many a time with the old pedler, in search of roots and herbs for his wonderful syrups and liniments, and gone home with a load of wild plants. He climbed over the stone wall, and followed the brook till it led him into the thick shadows of the woods. He sat down on a little, green bank, all covered with moss and liverwort, and took off his battered old cap to feel the cool, moist touch of the wind upon his forehead. It was a pleasant place to rest on a warm June day, and Jimmy looked about him with a great deal of satisfaction.

"'Tis sort o' pretty, that's so," he said to himself. "Sounds just as if the water was tryin' to say somethin'."

Jimmy ate part of the lunch he had bought at a cheap little eating stall, and then began his work of gathering wild flowers. He was familiar with every nook of the woods, and soon had a large collection, and he sat down by the brook to tie them up.

"Right here's where the old man sat, last time he was out here," thought Jimmy, "tyin' up spearmint and liverwort. I wonder now where he's gone to? 'taint likely they'd want him up in heaven. I never seen no pictures of angels looked like him." Jimmy laughed out loud, as he tied up his posies, thinking of the old man with his patches and his sallow face; and then a very pleasant voice asked,—

"What are you laughing about?"

He looked up in surprise, to see a young lady with her hands full of flowers and ferns, and answered promptly,—

"Thinkin' how the old man would look up in heaven, all over wrinkles and patches."

"Has he gone there?" asked the lady, reverently.

"The parson said so, to the buryin'; but 'tain't noways likely to be true."

"His old clothes and his wrinkles would not go there," said the lady, sitting down to arrange her flowers; "but if his soul was white and holy, *that* would go there, and God would give it a new body and beautiful garments of white."

"I must be trampin'," said Jimmy; "or I shall be too late to meet *her*."

"Do you live in the town," asked the lady.

"Yes'm," said Jimmy, as he put on his cap.

"And do you care so much for flowers that you come away here for them?"

"I wanted 'em for *her*," said Jimmy. "I don't set much store by 'em myself. She goes home about supper time, and I reckon on meetin' her by the crossin'."

"Let me arrange them a little for you," said the lady; "those ferns will droop as soon as you go out of the shade."

She took the flowers and dipped them in the brook until they were thoroughly wet, then wrapped a wet handkerchief about their stems.

"You can keep the handkerchief," she said; and Jimmy thanked her, and went trudging back through the hot sun to the town. He could not help wishing that he was wrapped in a wet handkerchief himself; but at last he reached the town pavements, and looking up at the clock on one of the church spires, he saw that he had fully an hour to spare. He sat down in the shade of a building opposite the crossing to rest and watch. The lady came rather earlier than usual, and walked very rapidly, never once seeing Jimmy till she had passed him, and he ran and pulled her by the dress. As she turned he saw how weary and troubled she looked, though her face brightened at the sight of the wild flowers Jimmy thrust into her hand.

"O Jimmy," she said, "they're *wild flowers*; real wild flowers out of the woods! where *did* you get them?"

"I went for 'em ma'am," said Jimmy; "they're for him—for the little boy you know."

"For Charley," said the lady, in surprise; "they'll do him more good than medicine. Poor little fellow, he begins to grow weaker with this warm weather."

"I must hurry home to him," she said, a minute after; "and I can't tell you how much we both thank you, Jimmy. It was so kind of you to think of it."

HAPPY JOHN.

(*Continued from page* 80.)

JOHN'S quaint way of describing the conflicts he had with his infernal adversary was often amusing, yet instructive. He said to me once, "As I was coming along the quays this morning, the devil pursued me hot-foot, but I gave him a slap of the promises, and turned the corner on him."

The book which stood next to the Bible in John's esteem was the Wesleyan Collection of Hymns, from which, by the way, he drew largely in expressing his theological views. Indeed, he was passionately fond of

giving utterance to his doctrinal convictions and devotional feelings in favourite "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." "No one that ever knew him," says a minister, "could forget his thorough acquaintance with our hymns. And with what pardonable pride he would tell the number and page of every hymn without having recourse to the book itself!" The copy he kept in Gravel-walk chapel, not for his own use latterly, but to lend to others—the gift of the Rev. Thomas Waugh to him and his wife, since presented to me by her as a memorial of John—now lies before me. On the fly-leaf is written, "O that it may prove the greatest blessing! O that every creature may remember the uncertainty and value of time!

'Time with rapid wing is flying,
We are hastening to the tomb;
Every moment souls are dying,
Hurrying to receive their doom.'"

Not only was our friend a warm lover of the written Word, but an appreciative hearer of the Word preached, especially if the discourse stirred the affections and searched the conscience. Listening to a sermon of this class once, John became greatly excited, and, as if he could no longer suppress his satisfaction, cried out, loud enough for all to hear, "*Probin'! good probin'!*" And when the sermon was practical in its character he was "a doer of the Word" in his firm purpose as well, of which the following incident will furnish an example:—The Rev. W. G. Campbell, preaching one morning early in Gravel-walk, took for his subject Abraham's Sacrifice.* The missionary proceeded instructively to show that our worship is also in danger of being polluted and frustrated by various evil birds, such as the vulture of unbelief, of worldly-mindedness, etc. "Glory be to God," said John, when called on to pray, "if the birds come down we can say '*Chu!* CHU!'" Whatever may be thought of such a familiar mode of address to the Divine Majesty, all will admit how urgent is the duty promptly to scare away the world whenever it would distract and mar the devotions of the sanctuary.

John was ever in his element when privileged to witness revivals of religion. "He not only talked about, but worked for them," observes a minister already referred to, "and hence, when the blessed gatherings took place in this city to hear Messrs. Moody and Sankey, there was no more willing or apt worker in the inquiry-room than John; but he began to work in the large assembly, and was not afraid of the scandal of the Cross. Having witnessed the conversion of hundreds in his day, he was well prepared to point sinners to the bleeding Lamb. I do not think it too strong to say he revelled in revivals." He believed that we ought to have a continuous revival—conversions under every sermon and in every meeting where there are unsaved souls. "God has given me the desire of my heart," he observed a short time since, "in sending a revival to Dublin before taking me to heaven." And he hailed revival influence in its quietest manifestations, as I witnessed once at Charleston-road, where it descended like the small rain upon the tender herb, and where his heart was dissolved in thankfulness and his eyes melted to tears.

The Methodist Fellowship, in all its forms, was his delight. A racy anecdote was sure to take his fancy, and to be reproduced as occasion required.

* Genesis xv.

At a Conference Love-feast in Gravel-walk, it was intimated that the time should be occupied chiefly by the ministers who were expected to give an account of revivals in their Circuits. As one and another rehearsed the great things the Lord had done for them in the provinces during the year, it was manifest that John was enjoying "a good time," but still that he felt the partial interdict somewhat irksome. "I can howld out no longer," he exclaimed at last, as he started to his feet; and mightily convinced the assembly that "five hundred pence" debtors to grace were to be found as easily in the city as in the country.

In the earlier stages of his Christian life, at the Love-feast or Fellowship meeting, he not unusually closed an experience of thrilling interest, narrating displays of Divine goodness towards him, by a favourite verse from his richly-stored treasury of sacred song. On one such occasion a hallowed impression was produced while, with sweet melody and gracious unction, he sang, as he concluded,—

"There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Jesus from my eyes;
I soon shall mount the upper skies:
All is well! All is well!"

In such meetings he rarely forgot to mention the date of his conversion. "At each quarterly Love-feast, at least when I was on the Circuit," says one minister, "he told us how long it was since the event took place. One would think that it was thus that John understood the word, (and how well if all converts should similarly understand it!) 'That thou mayest remember the day when thou camest forth out of the land of Egypt all the days of thy life.'"*

* Deuteronomy xvi. 3.

"I attended a Love-feast in Whitefriar-street on a week evening," says another minister, "when John spoke to the following effect:—'This is the third Love-feast I have enjoyed to-day. The first was about twelve o'clock, as I came down Bridge-street with a hamper on my back, when the Lord met me. The second was in passing over Carlisle-bridge, when He met me again. This is the third, and the best of all. In order to get here, I had to give up my time for breakfast and dinner; and now, glory be to God, I have got breakfast, dinner and supper all together!'"

Such meetings in other Circuits than his own were carefully noted and eagerly attended. Some of his sayings on such occasions could not fail to provoke a smile; while his general testimony was always impressive and profitable.

In prayer-meetings he was ever at home, and the duties appointed him as a prayer-leader were always pleasurable. One who knew him long and well, testifies:—"He was *mighty in prayer*. I have seen a large congregation bowed down and melted to tears under the influence attending his prayers. Sometimes his expressions offended good taste, but it was only occasionally, and clearly not from premeditation or the wish to be singular, much less from irreverence; but he was constitutionally of an impulsive nature, and by giving play to the feelings of the moment, used language which, perhaps, grated on fastidious ears."

Exception may also be taken to some of his phrases and figures in public addresses, as evincing a want of refinement. But let his early disadvantages be remembered. Those who knew him longest and best will readily unite with Mr.

Powell in saying, "I can forgive all his eccentricities. My memory of him is very precious."

Another minister observes, speaking of John's public prayers: "To me it was always wonderful how a man of his position and education could so appreciate the beauties of our hymns, and quote them so appropriately. They came with freshness and edifying power from his lips."

In families and smaller companies he was accustomed to supplicate minutely for persons by name. At one meeting, however, consisting of three soldiers, two were strangers to him, and after naming "Sergeant W—," one of his members, he continued, "Bless the other sergeant and the corporal—I don't know their names, Lord, but You do!" Such was "Sammy Hick's" habit, who, as I heard "Billy Dawson" relate, prayed thus for a gentleman once: "Lord, bless—bless—Thou knowest I forget his name—that big man that lives at top o' th' hill!" One would suppose that John had some such model for imitation before his mind when he prayed for the wife of an official: "Lord, bless Sister—, with her worn-out face, come home from America to live and die among us." The last prayer-meeting he was at in Gravel-walk was thinly attended, which gave those present a larger share in his particular intercessions. "Bless Sister C—," he pleaded, "and give her strength to manage the unruly boys"—a petition, probably, neither needless nor inappropriate for the day-school teacher. Some may regard such familiarity in prayer as irreverent and unbecoming; but no one acquainted with him would for a moment suspect John of any felt irreverence. He believed he was warranted to speak to God with unreserved freedom, as a child to a father.

(*To be concluded.*)

"BUT WHAT IS LIFE WITHOUT HIM?"

OR, EFFIE'S VICTORY.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

THE warm autumnal wind blew softly through the casement of the open window of a room where a young woman lay dying. She had only been married twelve months, and at the age of twenty-three had been stricken down by consumption, and now the doctor told her that in a few short hours she must pass away from those she loved so well. It seemed a hard thing to have to leave her loving husband and kind friends, but the hardest stroke of all was the parting with her babe, a child two months old.

Calmly and silently the twilight shadows came floating into the room, and all unseen to human eyes the shadows of death began to gather around the sufferer's bed. Her young husband was sitting near, ready at any moment to moisten the parched lips, or smooth the pillows of the poor frail wife he was so soon to lose. And yet, though Effie's cough was troublesome, and her body aching with the pains of utter exhaustion, a smile came over the sunken face when she saw her old friend and teacher enter the room. Very quietly did he take the white bony hand as he began to say a few words of kindness and encouragement to the weak and suffering woman.

"Ah, Effie!" he said, "we may do without Jesus in life, with its bustle and excitement, when the glow of health is on our cheeks, and the future lies before us with all its

anticipated pleasures; but we need the Saviour's help and comfort when sickness comes and death is near, don't we?"

"O yes!" was the sufferer's answer; "but what is life without Him, after all? I do love Him now with my whole heart, and am so thankful that I have not got to seek and find peace and pardon on this bed of pain."

Dear reader, think of Effie's words, and ask yourself the solemn question, "What is life without Him, after all?" Is it not a dreary way? Is not the daily worry and care more than you can bear in your own strength, and are not its pleasures and friendships ever changeful and defective? The dying woman had found the need of a Saviour's help and comfort, and she had early sought peace and pardon through the all-cleansing blood of the Lamb of God. Therefore death had lost all its terrors for her, and she was able to enter the valley of shadows fearing no evil, but resting on the arm of the Redeemer.

A few days after the night of which I have spoken, her friend went to visit Effie again, and was deeply grieved to see how greatly she had changed for the worse. The poor frame was so wasted and weak that Effie could not move in the bed; the eyes were sunken and glassy, and the power of speech seemed almost gone, but still at the name of "Jesus," the sufferer opened her eyes, and whispered, "Blessed Jesus! Blessed Jesus! He is my all in all."

And then the visitor began to sing some of the sweet hymns about the better land, and the "rest" of the blessed in heaven, when to his surprise the dying woman gradually managed to turn over from her side, and with her face towards the ceiling, began moving her hand to the time of the song.

"Is it not nice! Is it not nice!" she said, over and over again, as hymn after hymn was sung; but those who were in the room that evening will never forget the scene which followed.

Her friend began to sing a hymn, which had always been Effie's greatest favourite, namely:—

"Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
Glory, honour, praise and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever:
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,
Praise the Lord."

As the verses were sung, the eyes of the dying Christian sparkled with delight, while the long, bony arm beat time to the song. To the surprise of all, she began to sing with earnestness and fervour:—

"Jesus Christ is our Redeemer:
Hallelujah, hallelujah."

"Sing, William, sing, Harold," she exclaimed to her husband and her brother, who were standing at the foot of the bed weeping bitterly, and unable to utter a single word.

Again and again the chorus was repeated, and each time the sufferer's voice was heard above the rest, singing the praises of that Saviour whose face she was so soon to behold.

In a few words of earnest prayer the friend and teacher committed Effie Derlton to her Maker's care, and then he bade her farewell, knowing, without a doubt, that she was safe, living or dying, because all her trust was in Jesus.

"I hope we shall all meet in heaven, Effie;" he said; "your husband,

your brother, my wife, and myself will all meet you again."

"O yes!" was her reply; "all of us will meet, and never—never—part again."

Effie's friend then left the room thinking of her earnest words—"But what is life without Him, after all?"

Dear reader, if you would be able to say in your dying hour, "Jesus is all in all to me," you must seek Him now. O to-day give yourself to the Saviour Who died to save you, and then you need never fear death!

After her friend had left Effie's bedside, the sick woman was asked if the exertion had been too much for her. She answered, "O no! I am very happy."

The next morning, about four o'clock, Effie was taken to the home of the blessed, the palace of the King, to the land where they never say "I am sick."

THE AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA.

(*Visited July 6th*, 1875.)

Fiercely the summer sun shone overhead,
As, patiently ascending, one by one,
The steps of marble, we arrived at length
Where the four arches by the earthquake spared
Show to what dizzy height in former times
The vast external cincture rear'd its head.
Awhile we paused to gaze at the wide range
Of prospect spread before us.
How gloriously the sunlight tipp'd the peaks
Of the far distant hills with golden tints,
And lighted up the landscape with its beams,
Spreading a joyous sense of cheerfulness,
Fertility, and beauty all around!
But distant mountain range and fertile plains,
Temples and monuments, all disappear:
The noble amphitheatre in which
We stand is filling rapidly: through all
The numerous entrances a steady stream
Of richly-dress'd and lovely maids appear,
Attended by their knights, in armour clad,
Whose martial plumes are nodding to the breeze.
High overhead, attendant slaves with care
Unfurl the awnings to keep out the heat
Of the sun's dazzling rays. Anon, the sound
Of trumpets herald the approaching guard,
Who, with the Prætor at their head, advance,
And take their places: breathless silence reigns.
All eyes are watching earnestly a youth,
Whose powerful frame and well-knit limbs appear
To promise sport for the expectant throng.
Hark! At the given signal they upraise
The iron grate, and, with a fearful growl,
From out its den the lion, with a bound,
Springs into the arena; then, amazed
At such unwonted spectacle, stands still,
Glaring at all around; but catching sight
Of its antagonist, with stealthy tread,
Creeps slowly round, preparing for a spring.
But, ever facing it, with watchful eye
The captive warrior turn'd; and when it sprang,
Rapid as thought, he stepp'd aside, and gave
A sudden stab, which made the lion howl
With pain and rage; but ere he could retreat,
With one fell blow it struck him to the ground,
And tore him limb from limb, amid the cheers

(*A Street in Verona.*)

Of fifty thousand voices, which applaud
The lion's victory; nor think that he
Who suffers there is human like themselves.
The slaves approach, and skilfully, by means
Of ropes, secure the lion, and remove
Both it and its dead victim; then proceed
To spread fresh sand for the ensuing fight,
Whilst mirth, and jokes, and laughter reign supreme.
Again the signal sounds; no captive now;
No rival warrior by the consul doom'd
To furnish sport on Roman holiday;
But one of that despised and hated sect
Who worship Him they call the Nazarene.
And much the people marvel to behold
His frail and feeble form, as, in the midst
Of the arena, he prepares to fight
The fiercest lion they have ever seen:
So utterly untamable, that they

Who venture near its cage, retreat in haste,
Lest it should break the bars.
How can it be
That this young, feeble Christian should prefer
To risk a fearful death, when he might gain
The consul's favour by the simple act
Of worshipping the great, the mighty Jove?
Short time have they for pity, or for thought;
Again the signal sounds. The slaves release
The lion, which, the moment that it saw
The entrance open, sprung with sudden bound
Into the wide arena, wasting not
A moment, like the other, to secure,
By cunning, an advantage o'er its foe;
But march'd, with glaring eye and mane erect,
Straight to its victim, who so weak appear'd
That e'en the crowd, accustom'd as they were,
Unpitying to behold the captives torn
In pieces for amusement at their feasts
And holidays, called out, "Escape, escape,
Run to the gate; no chance hast thou against
So fierce an enemy." The youth, unmoved,
Awaited its approach. But what is this
Strange miracle we see? The lion stops
In its fierce rush, and as a faithful hound
Fawns round its long-lost master, giving vent
To its delight in gambols, so the brute
Utter'd strange sounds of joy; and when they look'd
Expecting his destruction, he stoop'd down
And stroked the lion as it lick'd his feet.
Struck with the spectacle, the Prætor call'd
The Christian to explain. With modesty
He said that, years ago, he chanced to lose
His way 'mid forests dense, when he perceived
A lion seated by a running stream;
No time had he to flee, his limbs refused
To aid in his escape; but when he saw
The lion did not spring, but gave a moan
Of deepest suffering, he took heart, and
[illegible]
Nearer, and saw that in the tender part
Of its forepaw a thorn was firmly fix'd;
Courageously he ventured to extract
The thorn, and bathed with care the wounded paw.
The grateful brute gave evidence how deep
It felt his kindness, by strange sounds of joy,
Such as he ne'er had heard from lion's lips;
And though 'twas years ago, and it had grown
A fierce and savage brute to all beside,
At once it recognised his form and voice,
And fawn'd around him, as they now beheld.
Loud rung the building with the shouts of those
Assembled in its walls: the Prætor gave
The Christian liberty to worship God
In safety, as he wish'd, forbidding all
To persecute a man whose life was thus
Respected by the lion. Ringing cheers
Follow'd the Prætor's speech; the multitude
Dispersed.
The Roman ladies and their knights,
Lions and captives, vanish'd as a dream,
And we we're left with the bright sun o'erhead
Gazing on empty seats. We stood awhile
Deep musing, then retreated as the rest,
And left the building to its solitude.

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON.

ABOUT READING THE BIBLE.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

IT seems to me there is such a thing as reading the Bible, and yet not reading it—getting the sound and not the sense; learning the words, and yet not fully tasting, so to speak, their flavour and sweetness. The Bible, of all books, should be read understandingly,

and yet the public reading of the Word is often poor and hurried, and children get but imperfect glimpses of meaning from passages with which they are familiar. Take the condemnation of the Pharisees by Jesus Christ, because they "strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." This, to a child's mind, must be rather misty, if not incomprehensible; but I take it that the Master meant to rebuke those self-righteous people who would strain *out* a gnat—the least speck of sin committed by their neighbours—and swallow complacently a great big camel of their own wrong-doing.

Texts which were learned in childhood, and but half understood, often lie in the memory like coins in a cabinet—they are of value, but they don't circulate. We want both their words in the memory, and their meaning in the heart and the life.

We do know that religious observances are sometimes rendered forbidding by being put in the form of hard and irksome tasks. The religion of the young should be full of joy and gladness. It is the upspringing of the soul toward God. I have more than once seen a prejudice created against Bible-reading by the stern and grim way in which it was enforced as a duty. There are people who never learned to love the Bible in childhood because it was connected with interminable Sunday afternoons when they performed penance with their brains but half awake.

For this reason I do not believe in forcing the Bible on young children, and deadening their perception of its beauties, its exceeding and unspeakable riches, by monotonous repetitions and enforced study. I had rather a child should feel the force of one text, than merely know the words of twenty. I can but feel that the Bible should not be reduced to the level of a task-book, to which children are pinned down and kept droning over. It throbs with life, yet it is often taught in a very "dead-alive" fashion. My own comprehension of the interestingness of the Bible came to me as a sort of revelation when I was nearly grown up. For the first time in my life I separated it from stated readings and dry tasks, and eagerly read and examined it for myself. It held me enchained; it delighted and thrilled and awed me as it never had done before. The old familiar words pulsed with new meanings. What I had only known in a disjointed way I now learned as a whole, and the different parts fell into order.

I cannot describe all the profit and pleasure I received from the Book of Genesis alone. It is among the oldest, if not absolutely the oldest, writing in the world; and I felt the dawn-freshness that lingers about all its pictures. The chapters and verses retain a sunrise glow. This beginning of the old Bible was to me the sculptured gateway through which I entered a land of promise.

I give this experience of my own in order to furnish those who have not yet quaffed deep and long from the fountains of delight with which the Bible is filled, a few hints as to the way I think it should be read.

Children are taught the Bible in fragments. They do not often get such an idea of the whole Book as inspires interest, and awakens a craving to know it all. Of course there are parts which they cannot understand while they remain children, but I think it would be well for every child to know that the Bible, in connection with its sacred and inspired character, contains three different kinds of writing—History, Poetry and Narrative.

Much of the old Bible is sacred history. It goes back to show us how a whole race of people sprang from a single family. It tells us how that chosen race was enslaved, and broke away from slavery, inspired by the one true God Whom they worshipped; how they were led miraculously into a distant land peopled by savage hordes, and all about their wars and conflicts under Divine guidance, and the kingdom they established. All this, and a great deal more, is perfectly familiar.

We all know well there are beautiful narratives scattered all over the pages of the Old Testament. No other stories in the world are like those of Joseph and Esther, David and Saul, Samson and Ruth. They were the first, perhaps, ever written, and still remain the best.

Then there are poems, like the Book of Job and the Psalms. Job is the sublimest poetry we have, or, perhaps, ever shall have. There are parts that thrill the soul by their bursts of power, like the sound of a trumpet. You may read the description of a war-horse thousands of times, and it will always produce the same effect: "Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword....He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

The Psalms are the Hymn-Book of the ages. All the deep, sweet, tender feelings; all the yearnings and longings and hungerings after God which the poets felt; all their sorrows and penitence, comfort and strength, they pour out of their own soul into ours. The Psalms are the heart of the Old Testament, and have so passed into the common heart, that when we are downcast or happy in our religion we almost instinctively repeat their words. The arms of the dear Father seem visibly to close around us when we say aloud, or in the stillness of the heart, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

I speak mainly of the Old Testament, because it is read the least; but what I have to say applies equally to the New. I think it would do some of us much good to go to our Bible studies with that fresh interest which attends the reading of a new book. If we could look at some of these rich old Bible pictures from a new angle, the truths they teach would, I am sure, make their way to our hearts with peculiar power.

Take, for instance, the figure of Abraham. One is apt to think of him as a patriarch, the father of Israel. *Patriarch* awakens no particular image in the mind, beyond that of a venerable, grey-haired old man. Now if you were to study Abraham with care, you would see what a depth of human nature there was in him, just like the human nature of to-day. You would perceive that his story is very unique and beautiful.

The tent life of Abraham among his flocks and herds was much like that of a modern Arab sheik, who moves from place to place, and stops when he comes to grass and water. Think how simple and pastoral that life was in the pleasant warm weather of an Eastern climate, with the calm, slow days going by in regular order, and a great leisure such as we know nothing about. Camped beside a palm-tree and a well of water, Abraham's family was at rest. They drank the milk and ate the meat of the flocks. At night, when the camels were lying down, Abraham could look forth from his tent and commune with God, as the stars came into the ample sky, bending like a benediction over the plain.

All this, as we look back to it through the dimness of the ages, seems like a lovely poem; but the life in tents may not have been altogether as clean, or wholesome, or dignified as it appears from so great a distance. We know that Abraham had his trials and perplexities, and that he sometimes did wrong; and Sarah, we know, had also her worries of flesh and spirit. But Abraham stands as one of the grandest men of all time, and we look up to him —so free, so noble and princely—and catch the smile in his eyes as he welcomes the three angels to his tent.

To my mind, there is nothing more

beautiful than the story of this angel visit. You remember he lifted up his eyes, and beheld three men standing before him. He did not then know that they were angels; but what a charming hospitality he showed, as he ran and bowed himself down before them, and begged them to rest under the tree, and to let a little water be brought to wash their feet, and a morsel of bread to comfort their hearts! If you were travelling through the dust and sand and heat of the desert, is not this the way of all others you would like to be welcomed? As we read the story we appear to sit down in the shade with the angels, and our spirits are refreshed.

There is a pleasant glimpse of domestic life in the way Abraham bestirred himself, and ran into the tent to Sarah, and bade her make cakes of three measures of meal and bake them upon the hearth. It is as modern and homely and familiar a scene as one sees in the kitchen of a Yorkshire farm-house. Abraham, we are further told, ran out to the herd, and got a calf, and gave it to his young man to dress, and when it was ready he set it before the angels, with butter and milk, and they did eat.

In this exquisite story there is a hint of deep meaning. It teaches us to extend ready welcome to the stranger, putting aside suspicion and coldness—for thus we may entertain angels unawares.

The blessing of Joseph's children is another story full of lovely touches and beautiful suggestions. It is like a rich old painting by one of the great masters—so mellowed by time, we must study it lovingly before the harmonious grouping and the warm tints start out upon the canvas. The record tells us that Jacob was a hundred and forty-seven years old when he died. The mind goes groping back into a sort of dim twilight when we think of so much time embraced in a single life. Now nations grow to manhood in less time than it took to complete the life of old Jacob.

When he was a hundred and thirty years old, he complained to Pharaoh that his days had been "few and evil," because he had not "attained" unto the years of the life of his fathers "in the days of their pilgrimage." We think of him as a hoary mountain-peak of humanity, with the white snows of his beard descending upon his breast, his sight gone, his hands reaching feebly forward into the darkness. He was sick and soon to die, when Joseph came with his two sons to receive the blessing, but he "strengthened" himself—what an effort of feebleness and age the words indicate!—"and sat upon the bed." Like an old man, his thoughts began to travel back into the far past, and to recall the sorrows and the losses and the one great love of his life. His constant heart still yearned, and the fire still smouldered under the grey heaped-up ashes of age. "Rachel died by me," he says pathetically, "in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath: and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem." Many ages were to elapse before the star came to Bethlehem and stood over the manger where the young Child lay. The old man's thoughts were yearning toward the lonely grave by the roadside.

Then Joseph brought his two sons to receive the blessing, and the eldest boy he put by the old man's right hand; whose sight was dim, but he changed his hands, and placed the right hand on Ephraim's head. And Joseph wished him to give Manasseh the first, best blessing, because he was the first-born; but though the eyes of the aged man were almost sightless, his bright prophetic soul saw clearly, and he said, "Truly, his younger brother shall be greater than he."

And all through life we see the blessing fall where it is not expected. The brows go uncrowned we thought would wear the chaplet. In many a household the masterly young Ephraim rises up and girds himself, and outstrips his brother Manasseh.

What a beautiful picture we have in

the hoary patriarch blessing these two boys just as his aged feet are about to tread the bourn! I would paint him with the golden gate of the new life ajar, and the glad faces of angels looking through.

I might go on adding illustration to illustration, for pictures seem to crowd upon me from every page of the sacred Books; but my object is to show, if I can, that the old Bible wells are not dry and broken, but brimming full of living water.

THE REV. WILLIAM C. BURNS, M.A.,

EVANGELIST AND MISSIONARY.

BY W. R. BURGESS.

(*Concluded from page* 71.)

RETURNING from his excursions, Mr. Burns spent the next eight months in Hong-Kong, visiting the sick and suffering in the hospital beside him, co-operating zealously with others in works and labours of love, perfecting himself in the knowledge of the Chinese language, and becoming, as he says, less and less "at home with the pen, and more with the Chinese pencil."

After one more effort to resume his labours on the mainland, in which he was robbed and stripped of everything but the clothes necessary to cover him, his work at Hong-Kong and the neighbourhood closed; and on the last day of February, 1850, he sailed for Canton, the great centre of life in Southern China. Here he stayed for sixteen months, contending against difficulties which seemed to hedge him in on every side, and disappointments which harassed him; but although he could see nothing to encourage, he patiently, steadily, and hopefully persisted in prosaic and uninteresting labours, amid the dead calm of a worse than heathen apathy. He would not leave, so long as there was the faintest hope of a blessing attending his efforts, and so long as it seemed the Master's will that he should remain. Difficulties only aroused him to a more determined resolution to go forward in the strength of the Lord; but if it appeared to be the will of God that he should seek other fields, he was ready to obey. Such he judged to be the case when he received notice to quit the premises he occupied, and was unable to procure another suitable residence; and as there were brightening prospects and an open door at Amoy, he went thither on the 5th of July, 1851.

For the next few years Mr. Burns followed the plan that he had hitherto acted upon. From Amoy as a centre, he made various tours to the towns and villages around, everywhere holding forth the Word of Life.

It is unnecessary for us to trace his steps in detail. Suffice it to say that he had still to encounter difficulties, which though differing in degree or circumstances, were essentially of the same character as those he had already met with. Sometimes he was cheered by seeing that his labours were not in vain. "Yesterday," he writes, "we had a good day here. In the afternoon I went alone to visit a village in the neighbourhood, and in my absence a number of the inquirers met here for worship of their own accord. When I returned, they were joyfully engaged in singing hymns, studying the Scriptures, etc., and continued so during most of the evening. I have not witnessed the same state of things in China before." And again: "Among the number of those who are attached to the Gospel, are two whole families of six members each. The eldest son in one of the families, a promising youth of twenty, early showed much decision, having, on the birthday of the *god of the furnace*, taken his god and put it in the fire. The idol having been but in part consumed, his mother discovered among the ashes a part of its head, and father and mother together beat their son severely; but some of the other Pechuia inquirers having gone to comfort the young man and reason with his parents, their views underwent so sudden and entire a change, that in a day or two

afterwards they, with their four sons, brought out all their idols and ancestral tablets, and publicly destroyed them in the view of the people. The father I have two or three times met with, and he seems, along with his four sons (an interesting set of boys), to be in a promising state of mind." Of the other family he says, "They have passed through remarkable trials, which seem to have prepared them for receiving the Gospel on its first announcement, having twice lost all their property by robbers; and on the second of these occasions having had their house burned to cover the robbers' retreat; when the whole family were obliged to leap from an upper story, and yet escaped unhurt! They are a very interesting family, and have in one point shown more decision than I have yet seen in China, having (while yet only inquirers) shut their shop on the last eight Sabbaths, even although two of those Sabbaths were market days."

In the cases of some of the individual converts he found much to encourage prayer and effort. The following interesting incident is related of one:—"When the old father of Soma was going to Amoy as a candidate for baptism, Soma asked to be allowed to accompany him for the same purpose. He was told he was too young, and that he might fall back if he made a profession when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply, 'Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in His arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me.' No further words were needed; Soma accompanied his father, and was soon afterwards baptized."

In the summer of 1854, Mr. Burns made a brief visit to Scotland, returning in March of the following year, and recommencing his labours at Shanghae. We find him afterwards at Swatow, at Canton, again at Amoy, at Pechuia, Changchow, and Fuh-chow, then at Peking, and finally at Nieu-chang; thus passing from the extreme south to the extreme north of China, a distance of more than a thouand miles. Once he met with a band of ferocious robbers, who demanded money, and threatened to break the boats if their demands were refused. Once he was arrested and cast into prison by the authorities; more than once he was directed to leave the city in which he then happened to be. His property was stolen, the houses of his converts were spoiled, their goods destroyed, their rice-fields laid waste, their cattle driven away, their pine-trees cut down. They were refused the use of the public wells; their supply of labourers was cut off by hostile combination in time of harvest; their places of worship were rudely assailed, and their sacred assemblies interrupted without hope of protection or redress from any native authority. But in the midst of all, Mr. Burns did not lose heart or hope or faith. His trust in the Divine promises was constant and unwavering. He remembered Who had said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Therefore, in spite of opposition and discouragement, and hope deferred, and trial and difficulty and danger, he laboured on at God's command, testifying everywhere "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." Truly he might say "Bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

The years 1863—1867 were spent at Peking, partly in such evangelistic work as he had been so long accustomed to, and partly in literary labour, which was not only to be of use to himself, but also greatly to assist any who, like himself, should be engaged in this part of the mission field; and by which "he being dead yet speaketh." It was here that he translated into the Mandarin dialect a volume of hymns, about fifty in number; the "Peep of Day," in fifty chapters; the "Pilgrim's Progress," illustrated with woodcuts; and the

Book of Psalms, to each of which there is an introduction, stating the argument, and many text-references to the New Testament and other parts of Scripture.

These years of pleasant and profitable labour were brought to a close in 1867. Then he heard the voice which summoned him to a sterner and more self-denying service at Nieu-Chang. This was the scene of his latest ministrations; and here the time of his sojourning was short. The labours and anxieties and privations of the past years had told upon even his robust frame. The "earthly house of this tabernacle" was fast dissolving; the undaunted and faithful warrior was about to lay aside the armour and receive the crown. One who saw him about this time, writes: "He put me in mind of one who had already gone through his refining process. He appeared then to be ripe for glory, if we may use the term, and I feel sure he is going home to the city of the living God, "and to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant," Who is waiting, no doubt, to welcome His ransomed and faithful one." Feeling that the end was approaching, he wrote these, his last, words:—

"To my Mother,—At the end of last year I got a severe chill, which has not yet left the system, producing chilliness and fever every night, and for the last two nights has been followed by perspiration, which rapidly diminishes the strength. Unless it should please God to rebuke the disease, it is evident what the end must soon be; and I write these lines beforehand to say that I am happy, and ready, through the abounding grace of God, either to live or die. May the God of all consolation comfort you when the tidings of my decease shall reach you, and through the redeeming blood of Jesus may we meet with joy before the throne above. "Wm. C. Burns.

"*Nieu-Chang, Jan. 15th*, 1868."

How he died is thus told by the pen of a loving eye-witness: "One evening, about six o'clock, I went to see him. I found him suffering from hard and difficult breathing, and I felt that death was near. So I sat by him, and talked of the hour that was coming—of the life that was beyond. In reply to my inquiry whether there was anything I could do for him after he was gone, he said, 'No, I have arranged everything; all that I have to ask is that you will keep your promise in regard to my wishes for this Mission.' I began to repeat to him familiar passages from the Scriptures, in which he joined as often as his strength would allow. He would listen until I came to the lines he loved the most, when he would say them aloud, his voice, though very low, yet singularly deep. When I began the Psalm, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' a beautiful smile passed over his countenance, and he pressed my hand more firmly, and his voice assumed, with all its weakness, something of the old depth as we came to the words, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' When, with much fervour, he had repeated the Lord's Prayer, we sat in silence. He assured me he was very happy. And thus he died, as it were, among the people with whom he had cast his lot; indeed, we might almost say among the very scenes with which he had identified his life. . . . The little room in which he died had but few comforts, certainly no luxuries. The form on which he slept, a table, two chairs, two bookcases, and an open-grate foreign stove, made up the furniture. The light came into the room through a large paper window. But I shall long remember the solemn hour which I have attempted to describe to you. The assistant sat at his feet weeping, now and then raising his eyes upward in silent prayer; and the servant on one side watching with tenderness his wants. And these two simple-minded natives, judging from their life and sayings since, must have profited by his last injunctions. And so after the years of toil he passed away into the other world. 'God,' he said, 'will carry on the good work.' 'Ah! no, I have no fears for that.'"

And now the precious dust lies in the recently-formed cemetery for foreign residents, and the place of his grave is marked, according to the terms of his will, by a modest headstone, bearing the following simple legend :—

TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
REV. WILLIAM C. BURNS, A.M.,
MISSIONARY TO THE CHINESE,
FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN ENGLAND.
BORN AT DUN, SCOTLAND, APRIL 1ST, 1815,
ARRIVED IN CHINA, NOVEMBER, 1847,
DIED AT PORT OF NIEU-CHANG,
4TH APRIL, 1868.
2 CORINTHIANS, CHAP. V.

JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN.

(*Continued from page* 93.)

The population of the Ban de la Roche increased under Oberlin's care from eighty or one hundred families, which he had found there, to about three thousand souls. Agriculture, and the branches of labour connected with it, could no longer afford employment for the inhabitants. An invalid captain, whom the pastor had relieved, and who had learned to plait straw for his own subsistence, introduced this useful occupation among them ; they were taught to knit also, (that it should be needful to teach this, shows the extreme rudeness of their former state,) and to use dyes extracted from the plants of the country. Oberlin succeeded likewise in persuading them to spin cotton by hand; he encouraged this by giving prizes to the best spinners, in addition to their wages ; and in one year this brought into the parish, from one manufacturer, thirty-two thousand francs. Weaving followed, and was likely to prosper, when machinery was introduced into some of the neighbouring villages, and both spinners and weavers were reduced to great distress. In 1813 things were at the worst. M. Legrand, of Basle, who had been a member of the Swiss Directory, remedied this evil, by persuading his two sons to remove their manufactory of silk ribbons from the Upper Rhine to the Steinthal; and as the allies, in their first invasion, took possession of the workshops, the sons removed accordingly without hesitation or delay. This manufacture appears to have brought with it no evil, because the ribbon-looms were distributed in the houses, so that the children remained with their parents.

Oberlin succeeded in relieving his parishioners from a chronic lawsuit of more than eighty years' standing. It was concerning the right of the forests which covered the greater part of the mountains,—this right was contested between the peasantry of the Ban and the *seigneurs* of the territory ; and as the Revolution, which swept away so many feudal rights, left this subsisting, the long litigation had impoverished both parties, and had greatly impeded the improvement of the district. It was so great an evil, that Oberlin placed over one of his doors this inscription, "O God, have mercy on the Steinthal, and put an end to the lawsuit!" At length the Prefect of the Lower Rhone, who knew and loved Oberlin, requested him to bring about an accommodation, by persuading his parishioners to abate their pretensions, and consent to an agreement which would be advantageous to both parties. Without the sanction of the Prefect's authority, Oberlin knew it would be impossible to effect this, and therefore had never before attempted it. He undertook it now, warmly but wisely, pressing upon his parishioners in private the policy of thus adjusting so costly a dispute, and urging upon them in public the exercise of that Christian charity which "suffereth long," and "seeketh not her own," and "beareth all things." His advice was followed : a compromise was made, to the satisfaction and benefit of both parties ; and the pen with which the Prefect signed the definitive agreement was, at his suggestion, presented by the Mayors in deputation to their pastor, with a request that he would suspend it in his study, as a trophy of the victory which his habitual beneficence had, under the blessing of God, enabled him to gain over old animosities and angry feelings. He often said, that

the day on which that pen was used was one of the happiest in his life.

For his exertions at these times, and for the great and manifest improvements which he had made in the condition of the Ban de la Roche, Louis XVIII. sent him the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, and the Royal Agricultural Society voted him a gold medal. When Count François de Neufchateau proposed this vote, he said, "If you would behold an instance of what may be effected in any country for the advancement of agriculture and the interests of humanity, friends of the plough and of human happiness, ascend the Vosges mountain, and behold the Ban de la Roche!" His benevolent exertions were thus acknowledged in his own country; while the religious principles from which those exertions proceeded, and by which they were sustained, made his character more highly as well as more justly appreciated among that—not inconsiderable—part of the British public to whom his name was known.

There was nothing to disturb the evening of his days, except some domestic losses. A married daughter, whom he dearly loved, died in 1809, leaving two children, who soon followed her to the grave. His son, Henry Gottfried, also died in 1818; but he had been a sufferer during his whole life, and though he was a most exemplary and useful member of society, his release was considered by his family as a dispensation of mercy. Oberlin addressed the people over his grave, and spoke tenderly and familiarly of him, as having only preceded them a little way on their pilgrimage, soon to be overtaken, and rejoined for ever by those whom he had left behind. To himself, then in his seventy-eighth year, this was a near as well as a consolatory prospect. In all other respects he was singularly happy in his children: none of them departed from the way in which they had been trained up, and most of them were settled near him. One daughter, who married M. Graff, a missionary, and went with him to the banks of the Volga, returned with her husband and children to her father's house, where M. Graff relieved him of part of his duties. Another was married to a clergyman, and settled at Barr. His son Charles, upon whom the medical practice devolved, was in orders also, and took his father's church at Rothau. Thus surrounded by his children and grandchildren, and in the midst of an industrious, a contented, a moral, an intelligent, and religious people, who were indebted to him for all the comforts and advantages which they enjoyed above any of the other peasantry of France, the old man was as happy as he deserved to be.

There was a visible blessing upon him, as well as upon his labours. Up to the age of fourscore, age had taken little from his strength, little from his activity, nothing from his intellectual powers, nothing from his benevolence, nothing from his hilarity. In this he resembled Mr. Wesley; and, like him, the outward man was such as a stranger would have expected and desired to find him. His countenance was finely expressive of acuteness and vivacity; his stature was a little below the mean height; but there was a natural dignity in his manner, which even from strangers would have excited attention and commanded respect. His deportment was "grave, but affectionate; condescending, but in the highest degree gentlemanly;" and it had that true courtesy which arises from benevolence. He never passed any of his adult parishioners without pulling off his hat, and saying something kind to them; nor any of the children without shaking them by the hand, or showing some sign of good-natured recognition. Out of doors, he always wore a cocked hat and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. As he took the churches by turns, when he went from Waldbach, one of the inhabitants of the hamlet in which he was to preach brought a horse for him, on which he mounted in his ministerial attire, wearing a large beaver and a flowing wig.

His sermons were composed with great

care, and if he could not, for want of time, write them out at length, he made at least a "tolerably just outline," and committed that scrupulously to memory, according to the general practice in his country. But he would add or alter while delivering the discourse; and sometimes changed the subject altogether, if he saw that another was better suited to the circumstances of his auditory. He carefully preserved a colloquial plainness in these discourses; drew largely upon natural history for illustration, which his people were perfectly capable of understanding; and he frequently introduced biographical anecdotes of persons distinguished for their piety. His favourite topics were the love of God as our Father, the freeness of the Gospel, the willingness of our Lord and Saviour to receive all who come to Him in sincerity, the necessity of grace, and the sure efficacy of prayer.

His Sunday congregation was averaged at about six hundred persons; but on Friday he had a German service for those (about two hundred in number) to whom that language was more familiar than French. He laid aside all form at these meetings, and "seemed less like the minister of an extensive parish, than like a grandfather surrounded by his children and grandchildren, to whom he was giving suitable instruction." He used to make the women knit stockings during this service, for their poorer neighbours, not for their own use: it was a work of charity, and needed not, he thought, either distract their attention or diminish their devotion. When he had for some little time read and expounded the Bible to them, he would often say, "Well, children, are you not tired? Have you had enough?" And if they said, "Enough for one time," he would leave off; though the more frequent reply was, "No, papa, go on; we should like to hear a little more."

But his instructions were not confined to the church and the schools, and these regular times of assembling: he visited every cottage in his parish, and conversed with the inhabitants, and kept a private register of the state of every family. He circulated among them a series of questions, to which he required written replies,—whether they regularly attended places of religious instruction, ever passed a Sunday without employing themselves in some charitable work, or themselves or their children wandered in the woods seeking wild fruit during the hours of Divine service. "Do you," he asked, "send your children regularly to school? Do you watch over them as God requires that you should do? And is your conduct towards them, as well as your wife's, such as will ensure their affection, respect, and obedience? Are you careful to provide yourselves with clean and suitable clothes for going to church in? Do those who are so provided employ a regular part of their income in procuring such clothes for their destitute neighbours, or in relieving their other necessities? Do you give your creditors reason to be satisfied with your honesty and punctuality? When the magistrate wishes to assemble the commonalty, do you always assist him as far as is in your power? and if it be impossible for you to attend, are you careful to inform him of your absence, and to assign a proper reason for it? Do the animals which belong to you cause no injury or inconvenience to others?—Guard against this: for it would be as fire in tow, and a source of mutual vexation. Do you keep a dog, unless there be an absolute necessity for keeping one? Do you punctually contribute your share toward repairing the roads? Have you, in order to contribute to the general good, planted upon the common at least twice as many trees as there are heads in your family?—have you planted them properly, or only as idle and ignorant people would do, to save themselves trouble? Are you frugal in the use of wood, and do you make your fires in as economical a manner as possible? Have you proper drains in your yard, for carrying off the refuse water? Are you, as well as your sons, acquainted with some little handicraft work, for

your spare moments, instead of letting them pass away in idleness?" Nothing by which their well-being could be promoted was too trifling for his attention, —no saving too minute for his husbandry, and for the economy of time. He had in his own house a box in which to deposit every morsel of litter which could be consumed in the stove; and he seemed to consider it a point of duty, as well as of perfect neatness and economy, that all refuse matter of whatever kind should be returned as earth to earth.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT SAINTS ARE MADE OF.

BY THE REV. THOMAS KENT.

MANY years ago an aged Christian, who had a quaint and shrewd way of expressing himself, said to a young man who had just found religion, "William, can you tell me what saints are made of?"

The young man was puzzled with the question, and scarcely ventured to return any answer at all, for fear it should not be the right one. In his simplicity he thought the question was a theological one, and that it was scarcely within his power to do it justice.

The old man at length supplied the answer, and so relieved his young friend from all further embarrassment. "Saints," he said, "are made *of sinners*." The answer was good, as far as it went, and was never forgotten by the young man to whom it was spoken; but it did not go quite far enough. It would have been more complete if it had been said, Saints are sinners *saved by grace*.

The somewhat eccentric William Huntingdon, when he signed his name, placed after it the two significant letters, *S. S.*, which were intended to mean, *Sinner Saved*. And certainly we can aspire after no greater privilege, no badge of distinction more noble, when understood and realised in its fullest and most Scriptural sense, than this good degree of the kingdom which is not of this world. It is, as the old man said, "Saints are made of sinners;" and in some cases the chief of sinners make the best of saints. But let us never forget that, while true religion includes peace and joy, it requires absolutely that they who "name the name of Christ" should "depart from iniquity;" and also solemnly affirms that he that "doeth not righteousness is not of God."

FOR THE SPIRIT.

HOLY SPIRIT! Guest Divine,
Visit every heart and mine.
Source of life and Fount of light,
Ever radiant, ever bright,
Come, and sweetly shed abroad
All the plenitude of God.

Come in quickening to the dead,
Over earth's dark valleys spread;
Now the mystic impulse give,
Breathe, and the dry bones shall live.
Come from the four winds, O breath,
End the reign of sin and death.

Come, as on Time's natal day
Thy omnipotence display;
Brooding o'er the lengthen'd night,
Speak, and there shall now be light.
By a glorious second birth
Banish darkness from the earth.

Come in shaking, come in might,
Flaming upon Zion's height;
Bid the Church arise and shine,
Sprinkled with the blood Divine.
Witness for her Lord, proclaim
Jesu's ever glorious name.

Holy Spirit! Guest Divine,
Dwell in every heart and mine;
Come, omnipotent in power,
Heavenly benedictions shower,
Fulness of the Deity,
Upon all mankind and me.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MRS. GUITON.

CATHERINE, widow of Francis GUITON, whose obituary appeared in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1864, was born in the island of Jersey, June 17th, 1800. Being the child of pious parents, she was from her earliest infancy brought up in the fear of the Lord. She felt religion to be the "one thing needful," and loved to associate with the people of God. When only seven years of age, her earnest desire was to be a true Christian. She often wished she were old enough to share in the social privileges of members of the Church.

In 1813, the Rev. W. Pearson, being then stationed in Jersey, preached a sermon for the young, on these words: "It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth." (Lam. iii. 27.) He so powerfully depicted the beauty of religion when embraced at the dawn of life, its power to increase the joys and lessen the sorrows of those who walked in God's ways, and, finally, the comfort which it afforded at the evening of life, that she decided then to choose "that good part" which would never be taken from her. Our beloved mother took God at His word, believed on Christ as her only and sufficient Saviour, and was happy. She soon invited her young friends to follow her example, and many, like herself, having first become members of Christ, became members of the Church. She joined her mother's Class at the age of thirteen, and always spoke of that means of grace as being blessed to her soul. In 1839, Mrs. Guiton was appointed Class-leader, and up to the last few weeks of her life regularly attended to the duties of that important office. Her piety was consistent, yet quiet and unobtrusive. In her profession of religion there was nothing of display, but her "path" was that of "the just," which is "as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." As a wife and mother she was tender, devoted and affectionate. Her firm trust in God was one of the most striking features of her piety. She was not spared the usual lot of trials appointed to man on earth. These she felt keenly, but if joy for the time was gone, yet her peace and trust never failed her. She knew that a Father's love had mixed the bitter cup, and that He would give her grace to drink it.

Her love for the works of Nature was very great,—a blade of grass, the song of a bird, all alike spoke to her of the love and goodness of God. She could share in the innocent joys of the young, and the more serious cares and occupations of the aged; each one found in her a friend and comforter.

Five weeks before her decease she was taken with a slight attack of dropsy in her feet, which, as she was nearly seventy-five years of age, caused us some alarm. She was spared acute pain, but suffered from almost constant drowsiness, which even at times prevented prayer.

On the Friday night, feeling grateful to God for her many comforts, she repeated one of her favourite hymns:—

> "How do Thy mercies close me round!
> For ever be Thy name adored!" etc.

On Saturday, while we stood around the bed, feeling that time for her was short, she looked fondly at us, smiled, and said,—"Well, if this is the ending of life, how peaceful!"

When food was offered, she refused it, saying, "When you read the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes, you will find there the story of man's decay: 'desire shall fail;' that is the last symptom; then see what follows: 'man goeth to his long home.'" At her request the thirty-second Psalm was read to her; she said: "Reading those Psalms is to me like going over a well-trodden path. I know just what's coming." Softly and more softly she breathed, until her happy spirit gently fled to God Who gave it. As the Sabbath, June 6th, 1875, began to dawn upon earth, she passed into the eternal Sabbath of heaven.

A. E. GUITON.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

The Living Wesley, as He was in His Youth and in His Prime. By JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1875.—In this volume Dr. Rigg has endeavoured to represent John Wesley as he actually was, apart from his surroundings; to portray the man himself, rather than to estimate the work he accomplished, or the figure he made in the eyes of his contemporaries. In the author's opinion, Wesley has had scant justice done him, specially by his most recent biographers. The book is divided into three "parts;" the first consists entirely of criticisms upon the biographers; the second treats of "Wesley's character and opinions" previous to his "evangelical conversion," and is occupied to a considerable extent with his relations with certain ladies; the third, elaborately examines his conversion, and describes him as a "preacher," "as a thinker," and in his "disposition and character." With intense love and veneration for the Founder of Methodism, Dr. Rigg combines abundant knowledge, keen insight and fearless outspokenness. His main object appears to be to correct prevalent misconceptions about Wesley, whence proceed perpetual references to the pages of Southey, Wedgwood, Tyerman, etc., and a pervading polemical tone, without which the work would be more attractive to the general reader. Nevertheless, such criticism was necessary; and the critic has done good service both to the memory of the great evangelist, and to the Church that is called by his name. If we were to single out any one chapter for peculiar praise, it would be that entitled "Wesley as a thinker." With regard to "Wesley and Miss Hopkey," it may be thought that Dr. Rigg pushes his defence of the former a little too far, and is therefore somewhat unfair towards the latter. As a whole, the book has our warmest approval; it should be perused and pondered by every one desirous of apprehending the individuality of "the living Wesley."

The Life of Gideon Ouseley. By WILLIAM ARTHUR. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.—This "Life of Gideon Ouseley" has passed through a lengthy process of literary incubation. Twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Arthur's promise to write the memoir was given. The delay is owing to no fault of his. Only eighteen months ago were the necessary materials, arranged and collected by Gideon Ouseley's nephew, placed in his hands. So ample were the documents supplied him, that two bulky volumes might have been easily compiled from them. But Mr. Arthur "felt that it would be a disservice to the cause of God to bury Gideon Ouseley in a big book." He has therefore told the story of the Irish evangelist's life and labours in a handy volume of barely three hundred pages. Yet we have here no mere outline, no bald summary of journeys and visits and sermons. The book is instinct with life, and affords a bold and striking portrait of its subject, with enough of detail and shading to prevent any impression of hardness. No reader can fail to apprehend both the man and his work. One main reason why the author has accomplished so much in so small a space, is that he is absolutely free from the besetting sin of biographers,—the intrusion of their own personality. The volume before us is full of Gideon Ouseley, not of Mr. Arthur's ideas about him. From first page to last, the book is eminently interesting and most stimulating to active work for the great Master. It is sure to be popular and useful. The following is a fair specimen of the anecdotes plentifully sprinkled throughout the memoir:—

"When he [Ouseley] was travelling in the north of Ireland one day, about the year 1814 or 1815, in company with the Rev. Henry Deery, as they jogged along on horseback, they heard the voices of young girls blithely singing, and through an open doorway at the roadside saw a group of them in the house,

employed in 'scutching' flax (i.e., stripping off the husk from the fibre; the former, falling in fragments to the ground, is termed 'shows,' or 'shaws'). Ouseley pulled up, saying, 'Brother Deery, there's work for us here; take hold of my reins;' and, quickly alighting, entered the house, taking off his hat, and saying, 'God save you, children.' 'Save you kindly, Sir,' was the cheerful response. 'What is this you're doing?' 'Scutching flax, Sir.' 'Scutching flax! what's that for?' 'Ah, don't you know what flax is, Sir? Sure, it's what your shirt is made of.' 'What my shirt is made of! how can that be?' 'Don't you see, Sir?' said one of the elder girls, holding up a 'strick' (or 'strike')—in plain language, a bunch of flax—which had been partially *scutched*, and showing Mr. Ouseley the fibre. 'That's what we do spin into yarn, and the weavers make the yarn into the kind of cloth your shirt is made of.' 'O, I see, I see!' said Mr. Ouseley. 'Thank you, my dear. And what is all this lying about the floor?' pointing to the heap of chaff which lay at the feet of each of the workers. 'Them's the shows, Sir.' 'Shows, my dear! and what will you make of them?' 'Make of them, Sir?' and there was a little laugh among the girls. 'Why, nobody could make anything of them.' 'And weren't they a part of the flax awhile ago?' asked he. 'To be sure, Sir, but they're good for nothing now, except to be burnt; and a bad fire they make.' 'O, I understand, I understand,' said the preacher; and then very solemnly went on: 'And, children dear, just so will the Lord Jesus Christ' (and here every head was bowed) 'come one day with all His holy angels, and He will *scutch* the world, and He will gather together all that is good, every one that is fit for His kingdom, and take them to Himself; and the rest—the shows, the chaff—He will cast into unquenchable fire!' 'The Lord save us!' was whispered around. 'Amen!' said the preacher; 'let us pray!' All were promptly on their knees, while Mr. Ouseley, in fervent petitions, pleaded for the salvation of the young workers. Rising up, he blessed them in the name of the Lord, mounted his horse, and rode away, leaving them hardly sure that an angel had not visited them."

Gems Reset; or, The Wesleyan Catechisms Illustrated. By Rev. Benjamin Smith, Author of "Sunshine in the Kitchen," "Climbing," etc. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.—It would not be easy to over-estimate the service which Mr. Smith has rendered to the lambs of the flock, and those whose special work it is to feed them, by this well-designed and ably-executed work. We heartily endorse the strikingly well-put observations in the Introduction, on the importance of having children thoroughly grounded in the vital doctrines of God's Word, and yet of making the study of those doctrines not a dry task, but an interesting search for "gems." The rich store of anecdotes and illustrations contained in the volume before us will be most helpful. It should be in the hands of all our teachers, and have a place in every Sunday-school library.

The Message from the Throne. A Brief Memorial of Harriet Perfect. By Anna Shipton.—This little work, written in Anna Shipton's peculiarly tender, touching style, is full of precious strengthening lessons for God's suffering people. Many of Miss Perfect's remarks, especially those contained in the chapters entitled "Messages from the Red Couch," and "The Message in the Iron Crutches," are full of the wisdom learned in the school of affliction. But on a few subjects she seems to us to have taken extreme and somewhat distorted views, as for instance, in condemning the quotation of the counsels or remarks of other Christians, on the ground that we have the Spirit and the Bible as well as they!

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For April, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*
March	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
31	5 37	6 32	5 20m	10 44a	10 30a	11 1a	4 44m
April							
10	5 15	6 49	5 7	11 11	10 30	10 19	4 6
20	4 53	7 5	4 55	11 34	10 28	9 35	3 29
30	4 33	7 22	*Sets.* 8 20a	11 48	10 25	8 50	2 51

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, First Quarter .... 4h. 12m. after.
8th, Full Moon ..... 7h. 39m. after.
16th, Last Quarter .. 8h. 37m. after.
24th, New Moon .... 7h. 3m. morn.
30th, First Quarter, 10h. 27m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 14th ..... 8h. after., Apogee; distance 251,424 miles.
„ 26th ..... 4h. after., Perigee; „ 225,990 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 238,707 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

April 1st ..... 91,686,120 miles.
May 1st..... 92,440,540 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 754,420 „

The Sun passes, in the course of this month, from the *constellation* Pisces into Aries. The Sun's declination increases during the month from 4 deg. 47m. north, to 15 deg. 16m. north. The apparent diameter diminishes from 32m. 3s., to 31m. 48s. The clock is faster than true solar time on the 1st by 3m. 48s., and on the 11th by 0m. 55s.; slower on the 21st by 1m. 27s., and on May 1st by 3m. 5s.

The Moon will be very near to *Alpha* Virginis (Spica) on the morning of the 9th, at 0h. 56m.; to Alpha Scorpii (Antares) on the afternoon of the 12th, at 5h. 52m.; to Saturn on the 19th, at 10h. 31m. in the evening; and to *Beta* Tauri on the 27th, at 10h. 56m. in the morning. All these will be occulted somewhere on the Earth's surface, but not at Greenwich.

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 22nd; up to that time it will be a morning star, after that time an evening star. It will be at its greatest distance southward from the plane of the Earth's orbit on the evening of the 5th, and in that plane on the evening of the 24th. At noon on the 29th it will be in perihelion, when the distance from the Sun will be 28,200,000 miles. The apparent diameter is only 5s.

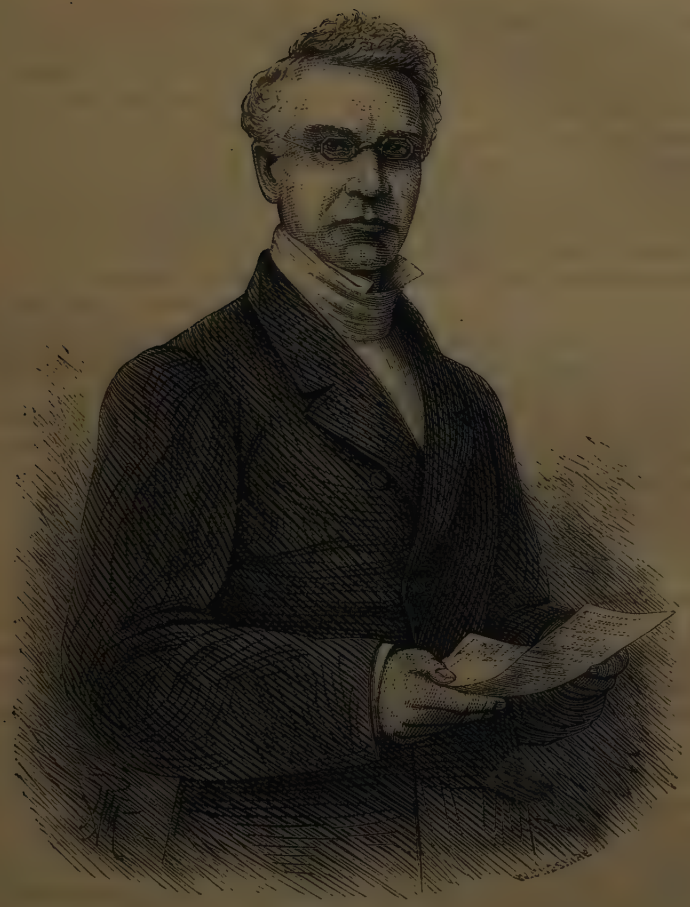
Venus is very conspicuously the evening star, for Mars is a dull object in comparison. It will be in perihelion on the 3rd at midnight: distance from the Sun 65,860,000 miles. On the 26th, it will be at its greatest distance, northward, from the plane of the Earth's orbit. On the 27th it will be near the Moon. The form is slightly gibbous. The apparent diameter increases from 17s. to 22s.

Mars, which is very near to Venus at the beginning of the month, will be nearly 15 deg. distant at the close.

Jupiter begins to rise betimes in the evening. On the 5th it will be quite close to the double star, *Beta* Scorpii. It is seldom one witnesses such a beautiful group as Jupiter, his satellites, and this fine double star, the greater component of which is second magnitude, the less between fifth and sixth, and the distance about 13s. The apparent diameter of this planet increases from 42s. to 45s. in the course of the month.

Saturn is a morning star. It is in Aquarius. The extreme length of the rings is now 36s., the breadth from 4s. to 5s.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



JOHN TODD.*

I.—FROM CRADLE TO COLLEGE.

A WEALTHY citizen of West Rutland, Vermont, U. S. A., was seized with sudden illness. He despatched his carriage in hot haste for his doctor and his lawyer. On its return, the two gentlemen being within, a part of the harness broke, and the horses rushed furiously down the mountain-side. Urged by his companion, the lawyer leaped from the conveyance and escaped with some few bruises. Before the

* "John Todd, the Story of His Life, told mainly by Himself." Compiled and edited by John E. Todd. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Low and Searle. 1876.

doctor could follow his example the carriage overturned, and its occupant found himself on the road with his left leg most frightfully fractured. He was five miles from home, and lay long without any relief, except that which his own skill could render him. When succour arrived, he was lifted upon a feather-bed and borne to his house. His wife was ill at the time. One of her attendants incautiously exclaimed in her hearing, "The doctor is killed, and they are bringing him home on a bier." That instant her reason fled, never to return to her. Into this household of sorrow, JOHN TODD, seventh child of Dr. Timothy Todd, was born, October 9th, 1800—a puny, sickly babe, whose death every one prophesied. But the infant lived, and eventually attained a good old age, the adult always manifesting the same curious combination of delicate health and bodily strength which his early struggle for existence had shown.

After many months of suffering the father recovered. Soon he discovered that his weakened frame would not allow him to devote the necessary attention to his practice, already injured by his protracted absence from it. He removed to St. Albans, intending to keep, what in England we should call, an "open surgery," but a severe sickness again changed his plans. Finally he settled at Killingworth, and followed, so far as his health permitted, his former profession. Dr. Todd was a sincere Christian, and bore his afflictions and reverses with exemplary patience. The very year of his accident he was about to be elected Governor of his State, yet he accepted his position as a country surgeon with all cheerfulness. His influence upon his son was uniformly beneficial. Little John began to work early:

"My father was very fond of a garden, and, though he was so lame, he always managed to have a good one. One year he had about an acre of ground in potatoes; and when it came Autumn he found he could not dig them himself, and so he encouraged me to see what I could do. I dug that season ten bushels of potatoes myself. I was a little fellow, in a green flannel petticoat and some kind of sack, and did not wear pantaloons till next year. It was often remarked afterward, when anything was said about my going to college, that it was 'a pity to spoil such a good boy for work.'"

Another reminiscence will be familiar to readers of the "Lectures to Children:"

"When I was about six years old my father was taken sick....The next Sabbath morning, early, he was evidently much worse. As I went into the room he stretched out his hand to me, and said, 'My little boy, I am very sick. I wish you to take that paper on the stand and run down to Mr. Carter's and get me the medicine written on that paper.' I took the paper and went to the apothecary's shop, as I had often done before. It was about half-a-mile off; but when I got there I found it shut; and as Mr. Carter lived a quarter of a mile farther off, I concluded not to go to find him....On going in to my father, I saw that he was in great pain; and though he was pale and weak, I could see great drops of sweat standing on his forehead, forced out by pain. O, then I was sorry

I had not gone and found the apothecary! At length he said to me, 'My son has got the medicine, I hope, for I am in great pain.' I hung my head, and muttered, for my conscience smote me, 'No, Sir; Mr. Carter says he got none.' 'Has got none? Is this possible?' He then cast a keen eye upon me, and seeing my head hang, and probably suspecting my falsehood, said, in the mildest, kindest tone, 'My little boy will see his father suffer great pain for the want of that medicine.' I went out of the room, and, alone, I cried. I was soon called back.... He then called me to his bedside, who was the youngest of all his children, and thus addressed me: 'John, my dear, come and see your poor papa once more. I shall not live long; your papa is soon going to die....Never forget, after I am gone, that you have a better Father in heaven. Ask Him to take care of you. Pray to Him to be your Father and make you good, for Jesus Christ's sake. Love Him, obey Him, and always do right, and *speak the truth*, because the eye of God is always upon you. Give your father one more kiss, John; and now, farewell.' And then he laid his hand upon my head again, and prayed for the blessing of God the Redeemer to rest upon me 'soon to be a fatherless orphan.' I dared not look at him, I felt so guilty. Sobbing, I rushed from his bedside, and thought I wished I could die. They soon told me he could not speak. O, how much would I have given to go in and tell him that I had told a lie, and ask him once more to lay his hand on my head and forgive me! I crept in once more, and heard the minister pray for 'the dying man.' O, how my heart ached! I snatched my hat, and ran to the apothecary's house, and got the medicine. I ran home with all my might, and ran in, and ran up to my father's bedside to confess my sin, crying out, 'O, here, father!' but I was hushed; and then I saw that he was pale, and that all in the room were weeping. My dear father was dead! And the last thing that I ever spoke to him was to tell a lie! I sobbed as if my heart would break."

So miserable was the poverty of the family, that John must have stayed at home on the day of the funeral for want of shoes, but for the kindness of a neighbour who lent him a pair. His father dead, his mother a maniac, his aunt Matilda took compassion upon him and received him into her house. She was married to John Hamilton, captain of a coaster, who also owned a small farm of about twenty acres. With them he remained nearly six years, living rather a hard life, getting little schooling, and plenty of labour upon the farm, but always under godly, genial training. To one incident he witnessed during this period he himself attributed much of his characteristic invincible resolution:

"I was working on the farm with some men who happened to be employed at that time. In a remote field stood a large tulip-tree, a tree apparently of a century's growth, and one of the most gigantic of that splendid species of tree. It looked like the father of the surrounding forest. On the top of this tree, for years, an old eagle, commonly called 'the fishing eagle,' had built her nest every year, and, unmolested, raised her young. The tree stood full ten miles from the sea-shore, and had long been known as the 'old eagle-tree.' On a warm sunny day we were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side to gather food for the young. As she this day returned with a huge fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and, by yelling and hooting and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph. The men soon dispersed; but I sat down under a bush near by to watch, and to bestow unavailing pity. The bird soon

returned to her nest without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food, so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that I was greatly moved. The parent bird seemed to try to soothe them, but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, 'I know not what to do next.' Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to lie still, balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea. I now determined to see the result. My eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. She was gone nearly two hours—about double her usual time for a voyage—when she again returned, on a slow, weary wing,—flying uncommonly low in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her,—with another fish in her talons. On nearing the field, she made a circuit around it to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached her tree, drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as—save the cooking—a king might admire. 'Glorious bird!' cried I, in ecstasy and aloud; 'what a spirit! Other birds can fly more swiftly, others can sing more sweetly, others can scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when weary, when so far from the sea, would do what thou hast done? I will learn a lesson from thee this day.... I will set my mark high; I will try to do something and to be something in the world; and I will never yield to discouragements.'"

At twelve years of age John Todd became an inmate of the family of his uncle, Dr. Jonathan Todd, of East Guildford. The educational advantages were a degree superior to those of North Killingworth, but only a degree. Still his home was by the sea-side, and the sights and sounds, the expansive influence of the ocean, made strong and permanent impressions upon his susceptible nature. In about two years another removal was made. He went to live with his cousin, Mr. Evarts, of Charlestown, a gentleman then eminent in the religious world, whose memory yet survives. The object of the change was again education. With seventy-five cents in his pocket, a small bundle of clothes in one hand, and a "stiff hickory cane" in the other, he started to walk the entire distance between East Guildford and Charlestown, accomplishing it in five days. His position in his cousin's household is difficult to define, being a strange compound of servant, secretary, and guest. In a letter written from Boston, whither Mr. Evarts had removed, dated December 4th, 1817, he says:

"I rise at six in the morning, make fires, etc.; saw wood till eight o'clock (in which time I can saw enough to last three fires during the twenty-four hours); breakfast; get to school at half-past eight; recite a Greek lesson at nine o'clock, a Latin lesson at half-past ten; at eleven the school is dismissed; get home at half-past eleven; go of errands, etc., till one; dine at half-past one; get to school at two; recite a Latin lesson at half-past two, a grammar lesson at three, another Latin lesson at four; school dismissed at half-past four; return home; drink tea; write for Mr. Evarts till nine; attend family prayers at half-past nine; get my Greek lesson for the next morning; retire to bed at eleven. I do not think I spend half-an-hour a week in idleness."

The year spent at Charlestown was the most important of John

Todd's life, for that year witnessed his conversion. A visiter at his cousin's inquired if he was prepared for death. He answered readily that as he "had never done anything of any consequence against God," he considered his "claim upon heaven to be as good as that of any one." Words of warning followed, which smote the youth's conscience so heavily that for weeks he knew no peace. The visiter left, and the boy dared not mention his distress to Mr. Evarts. He tried to cast all thoughts of God to the winds, and to solace himself with sin, but to no purpose. During a revival, nearly twelve months after his first convictions, his hard heart melted beneath an overwhelming sense of the love of God towards him: "I thought that if I were cast out, I would go from the foot of the cross." The final step is thus described:

"On the 13th of April, 1817, I gave myself up to God in an everlasting covenant. I wrote a covenant in the presence of God and the angels alone, signed and sealed it, in which I gave myself entirely up to God. I have never opened it since, and I never aim to again in this world. I also that day made a public profession of religion and joined myself with the church in Charlestown."

Sunday-schools were at that date almost a novelty in the United States. One of the earliest had been established at Charlestown; the new convert became a teacher therein, and retained throughout life the interest in Sunday-schools he then acquired. His letters to his brothers and sisters breathe earnest wishes for their salvation, and he began to speak about religion to his few companions. Mr. Evarts held the office of Secretary to the American Board of Missions; to the influence of the elder cousin upon the younger may be ascribed the ardent longing of the latter to devote himself to foreign mission work. To become a missionary was now his most cherished purpose. The road to the ministry lay through college, and young John had resolved from the first to obtain the highest education his country could afford. He hoped for help from the Education Society, but was disappointed. His friends urged him to forego college altogether, or at least to wait till he had accumulated sufficient money to carry him through his course. In the autumn of 1818 he undertook another journey afoot, "with his entire wardrobe under one arm, and his entire library under the other." This time his destination was Newhaven. One afternoon, weary with a long morning's tramp, he reached the town, and immediately sought an interview with the President of Yale College. A brief examination showed that his knowledge was below the usual standard for matriculation. He told his story and promised to apply himself to his studies "with special exertion." The plea was successful; permission to enter the college was granted. His troubles, however, were not yet ended: who would sign the customary bond and be responsible for the payment of the college bills? Dr. Jonathan Todd refused, deeming such a pledge equivalent to

presenting his nephew with the money. John's brother Jonathan possessed more faith or more generosity, and, on hearing of the difficulty, volunteered his signature. The bond thus endorsed was accepted, though the guarantor "was worth not a cent more than" the impecunious person for whom he vouched.

With the following sketch, given by one of his fellow-pupils at school, we may fitly close our account of Dr. John Todd's boyhood. It should be premised that in America very commonly boys and girls attend the same academy:

"In his personal appearance he was *sui generis*. Tall, of a stooping posture, grave countenance and knit brows, he seemed to live in the realm of thought. His dress was unique; a brown corded velvet coat, and stockinet pants, and a blue and white cravat tied with a single bow-knot, his hair brushed to his own fancy, and all the most distant from the fashion. His grandfather wore the suit in the Revolution. He was dignified without superciliousness; and he never put on airs. He was an indefatigable student. He was persistent and independent. He knew that his dress excited the mirth of us all, and that no other like it could be found in Boston; nevertheless he moved straight on, minding his own business. He would have been known anywhere as 'the scholar;' yet was without the appearance of moroseness. He was genial, with a vein of humour. With a battalion of bright faces and audacious smiles, we girls thought to bring down the citadel from its high estate; but all the notice we received was a twinkle of roguery above his spectacles, which said, 'I could be merry if I would.' He was remarkably kind-hearted. He never hesitated to take his own mind from his books to help my brother; and the loving lean, and the pointing to the sentence with his finger as he explained it, I can well remember."

HAPPY JOHN.

(*Concluded from page* 110.)

THE celebrated Vatican Council, at which the personal Infallibility of the Pope was declared, having been made the occasion of a special prayer-meeting at Cork-street,—with the object that God might mercifully confound the politics of Jesuitism, and frustrate its designs,—in thorough sympathy John was present. There was a remarkable and hopeful spirit of unity and fervour in the meeting—a spirit inimical to the position of sitting, now so prevalent, for it brought the people universally to their knees. A brother from Borris implored the jealous God to "turn the counsel of Ahithophel into foolishness." From the audible and general responses it was manifestly a prayer of agreement, (Matt. xviii. 19,) a request made, "with one accord," by a number of devout hearts, filled with loyal solicitude for the "crown rights" of the Redeemer. And have not events which have since transpired shown that "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness"? (Job v. 13.) Has there ever been made a more signal display of fallibility and folly than by those who originated and promulgated that dogma? John's prayer has, if possible, been yet more remarkably answered. "O Lord," he cried, "*send a blessed disagreement among them!*" Has it

not been done? To say nothing of the dissentients in the Council itself, and the alienation—resulting from the "decree"—between the Vatican and Victor Emmanuel, Bismarck, the late Prime Minister of England, the Swiss Confederation and other States of Europe, the "blessed disagreement" is patent to the world in the rupture between the Church of Rome and the State in Germany, the Old Catholic schism, including the consecration of Bishop Reinkens, the marriage of Father Hyacinthe, and the indomitable resistance of a celebrated Parish Priest to ultramontane pretensions and claims in Ireland. "But the end is not yet."

For a good part of the past year it had been painfully evident that dear John was nearing the goal. That impression must have been made on some by his bleached and worn countenance at the open-air services near the Custom-house last summer. "I met him in the street," says a brother, "about a fortnight before his death, and was struck with his feeble appearance. I could not but inquire after his health, remarking that I thought the tabernacle must be coming down. His cheerful smile and cordial response to the observation that we have a better home above, proved that he was 'happy' still as when he 'first received the pledge of love.' Neither of us could divine how near he was to his heavenly home, but clearly he was ready to pass 'over there.'"

When meeting his Class the last time but one, leaning his back against a pillar, he said, "I feel the pins of the tabernacle giving way, but no matter; all is safe." The night before he retired to die, although in suffering, he was at the prayer-meeting in his loved "Gravel-walk." Thus did he—

"His body, with his charge, lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

Singularly enough, that night, at the chapel, he paid his pew-rent, and then went to a few other places, and discharged some accounts, for he was anxious—as all should be—to die out of debt. "Do you owe anything?" said his solicitor, as John neared the end. "Nothing." "Are there any indebted to you?" "Yes, plenty," he replied. Thus successful was he in his endeavour—unless in any instance memory failed—to "render to all their dues."

John's exemplary and useful life would be accepted as sufficient evidence of his eternal safety, had he not uttered a syllable in the form of death-bed testimony; but even this was not withheld, for in his "final hour" he did indeed bring "glory to his God," Who so abundantly sustained him in that hour. Humbling confessions of former failure to rule his own spirit, and of his present need of "grace to help," were mingled with repeated and strong expressions of firm trust in Christ, and exultant hope of being with Him for ever.

To his kind Christian "manager," his language was, "I have no time to doubt." "Is all bright beyond, my brother?" asked Mrs. B—. "All bright," he replied; and then repeated:

"I long from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace when I'm with Thee at home!"

He needed not to repeat the chorus, ending—

"Receive me, dear Saviour, to glory, my home."

to assure his esteemed sister that all was bright beyond. Another friend called, and prayed that he might feel the presence of Jesus all through. John responded audibly, as usual, saying with great earnestness, "I do feel the presence of Jesus with me." To one of his members, who stood over him, unable to speak, he said, with much difficulty of breathing, but with calm and placid look, "God puts His children into the furnace; I'm in it, but He'll take me out." And to an acquaintance, "I am in much pain, but my feet are on the Rock." "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and "Not a cloud doth arise," were his answers to the inquiries of others.

It was seasonably providential—a striking instance of the "tender Shepherd's care"—that a spiritually-minded woman, a member of the Independent Church, having called to ask after his health, offered to sit up with him, which she did two nights, including his last one. Her services in our beloved friend's final conflict, as will be seen, showed remarkable and refreshing sympathy with his tastes and wishes. Soon after she came to him he said, "I'm in the valley," as if revolving in his mind a hymn which he could not now sing, but in which no doubt he had joined with profit in the recent evangelistic meetings. How appropriate the words at that moment:

"Through the valley of the shadow I must go,
Where the cold waves of Jordan roll;
But the promise of my Shepherd will, I know,
Be the rod and the staff to my soul.
Even now, down the valley as I glide,
I can hear my Saviour say, 'Follow Me!'
And with Him I'm not afraid to cross the tide:
There's a light in the valley for me!"

Some time after he repeated, "There is a land of pure delight." Mrs. M'A—, the Christian woman referred to, sung for him the fifth verse, "O, could we make our doubts remove!" "Have you any doubts, John?" she asked. "None," he answered promptly. He listened to her reading the twenty-third Psalm, apparently with great pleasure, and shortly after exclaimed aloud, "All is well!" This was quoted from a hymn in which he delighted formerly, and which, no doubt, his *heart* was singing now:—

"What is this that steals upon my frame?
Is it death?
Which soon will quench the vital flame;
Is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see:
All is well!"

From another quotation, the following verse also seems to have been in his mind:—

"Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory;
All is well!
I'll soon repeat the pleasing story:
All is well!
Bright angels are from glory come;
I hear them whispering in my room;
They wait to waft my spirit home:
All is well!"

Not unfrequently have dying saints seemed conscious of the presence of angels. I remember a dear friend saying significantly, when just "to the margin come," "Angels beckon." The reference to angels in the above-quoted hymn, appears to have suggested to John the line from another, formerly a great favourite with our congregations in this country, which he also repeated aloud:—

"Angels now are hovering round us."

Expressing to me his regret at the omission of this hymn from our last general collection, he

quoted, with appreciative look and manner:—

"This hath set me all on fire;
Strongly glows the flame of love!
Higher mounts my soul, and higher;
Struggles for its swift remove!
Then I'll praise Him
In a nobler strain above!"

Mrs. M'A— having read the twenty-seventh Psalm, sang—

"My Jesus, I love Thee,"

during which his countenance was "all expression." After singing the last verse and taking his hand, she asked, "John, won't you be wearing that crown?" "Mrs. M'A—," he said, "this takes constant looking up." "Have you any doubts or fears?" "None. I have been too long a servant" (of Christ, he meant). "Satan has no power. What o'clock is it?" he inquired, as if eager to be gone; and then cried, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

He was quite sensible to the last. Requesting to be lifted up, "Is it day?" he asked. "It is." "Then," he said, "it won't be long now." This was about half-past eight. At twenty minutes past nine he breathed his last. In this interval, Mrs. M'A— raised the hymn:

"Come, sing to me of heaven,
When I'm about to die;"

but forgot the chorus, *when, by the motion of his lips, he put her in mind of it,*—

"There'll be no more sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more sorrow there."

Such was his love for "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," that "he always wished," says the Rev. J. D. Powell, "to be carried to the grave by his brethren singing. He expressed this to me more than once. Having had another funeral to attend the same morning, I missed the opportunity of joining in this part of the service, though present afterwards. This I regretted, for it seemed like an embargo laid on me to have this wish fulfilled." Few, however, in the large assembly that attended his funeral, "felt like singing;" the drooped head and flowing tear testifying to the deep and general grief that the struggling Church below had been deprived of such an ardent, self-denying, unwearied, and successful worker.

My mournfully pleasing task is done. But were there no written memorial of his life, character and death, all his friends in the Lord would have the fullest, fondest, sweetest assurance that he who found his heaven on earth in fellowship with God and His people, is now, in the eternal fruition of such fellowship, supremely

"HAPPY JOHN."

THE ROYAL ROAD TO RICHES.

CHAPTER II.—A HELPING HAND.

On Christmas morning, Jimmy was strolling through the streets, not quite knowing how to enjoy his holiday, when a pleasant voice wished him a "merry Christmas." He turned in surprise to meet the smiling face of some one who said, "I've been looking for you all the morning, Jimmy. I thought you would be sure to come up this street to look at the toys, and now I want you to come home with me. Charley wants to see you."

Jimmy followed the lady at a respectful distance, feeling more ashamed of his old rags than ever, and wondering who Charley might be, and what he could want with him. The lady stopped at a great boarding-house, and went up four flights of

stairs to a little room almost at the attic.

"This is where I live," she said, motioning Jimmy to enter the door, "and this is my brother Charley."

Jimmy saw a very pale little face looking at him from the pillows of the lounge, and made an awkward bow, before he finished his examination of the room. It was very plainly, almost poorly furnished; but on a stand beside the little invalid were a fine orange, a bunch of hot-house grapes, and a tiny bouquet of bright flowers. They were Charley's Christmas gifts, and to buy them his sister had denied herself of indulgences for weeks.

"This is the little boy who sent you the wild flowers, Charley," said his sister; and Charley held out his thin hand to Jimmy, and gave him a bright smile of welcome.

"What is your name besides Jimmy?" he asked pleasantly; "my name is Charley Fielding, and my sister is Mary Fielding—we take care of each other now."

"It used to be Jimmy Marvin; anyhow, that's what the old man called me, and I reckon he know'd."

Charley drew his sister down to his sofa, and whispered a request in her ear. Whatever it was, she seemed a little unwilling to grant it, for, as she lifted her head she said, in a low tone,—

"O Charley!"

"Do let me, Mary," he went eagerly on, keeping hold of her hand, "you know I haven't anything else to give, and I never shall make any one a Christmas present again."

"You shall do just as you please with the clothes, Charley," said the lady, kissing his little pale cheek, with tears in her eyes. Presently she went to a trunk, and took out, one by one, a complete suit of boy's clothes, a little worn, but still very good.

"The cap, too, Mary," said Charley, seeing his sister lay back the cap, with its band of dark blue velvet.

But she only shook her head, and folded it up in its wrappings. She could not forget how many times she had watched from her window to see that dear little cap come dancing along the sidewalk, with Charley's bright curls under it. She could not forget the dead mother's hand that had shaped it with so many loving thoughts for her darling, and she knew that, very soon, when the sofa was empty, the precious little cap would be a sacred thing to her.

But she took the clothes and brought them to Jimmy, saying,—

"Here, Jimmy, this is Charley's Christmas present to you. I should like it very much if you would make yourself as clean as you can before you put them on. I will place some water for you in the next room."

Jimmy looked over the clothes in perfect astonishment, hardly knowing what to say in acknowledgment. Then he laid them deliberately on a chair, and started for the door, saying,

"I'll be back in a minute or so."

In the course of half an hour he made his appearance, with his ragged locks clipped close to his head, and brushed into quite a comely fashion.

"You see, ma'am," he explained, "I didn't want to disgrace you by puttin' on them things till I'd seen the barber; and Bill Geary, he shampooned me and trimmed me up nice, and only charged me sixpence, seein' 'twas Christmas."

Charley did not think his clothes at all disgraced by the neat-looking boy who came out of the little kitchen, with his brown face shining, and his great, black eyes bright with plea-

sure. He looked at himself with a great deal of satisfaction, and when Mary Fielding brought out the little mirror, which was all the looking-glass she possessed, he turned from side to side and seemed perfectly delighted with the transformation. He took up his old rags, and from some mysterious place brought out an old stocking foot containing his small hoard of pennies and silver coins.

"Give him my marble bag to put them in," said Charley; and the money was soon changed into the neat little bag, and placed in the inside pocket of the new jacket. Jimmy held his old cap doubtfully on his fist a moment, turning it around in silence.

"Wait a minute, Jimmy," said the lady. "I think I can manage it for you," and she put on her bonnet and passed hastily out. She went straight to a large clothing-store in the next block, and walked up to the proprietor, who was sitting by the desk, looking over his papers.

"Good morning, Miss Fielding," he said, "can I do anything for you this morning?"

"Yes, Mr. Neil," said the lady, "I want you to make me a Christmas present."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Neil; "choose for yourself anything that pleases you."

"Charley has a little rag-picker up-stairs, whom he has fitted out with some of his cast-off clothes, but I cannot let him give the cap away, because mother made it; and I want you to give me an old cap that is not worth much—anything will do."

"Here's the very thing," said Mr. Neil, opening a box of warm, plush caps; "these have been out of style these two years, but they are warm, and I dare say Charley's *protégé* is not particular about the style. How is Charley now, any better?"

"No better," said the lady, gravely; and she thanked Mr. Neil for the cap and hurried away.

"Here's the very thing for you, Jimmy," she said, as she came back, "Mr. Neil gave it to me for a Christmas present."

The new cap completed Jimmy's delight. He had never owned a new cap before, and it seemed too much to believe that he really was to be the owner of a whole suit, from top to toe.

"Now," said Charley, almost as well pleased as he, "you can bundle up your old clothes, and throw them into the gutter—they've done *their* duty."

"Not by a long shot, Mr. Charley," said Jimmy, with a funny twinkle of his eye; "them clothes is worth money in the market. I shall sell 'em to old Judy, to-morrow."

"What in the world are they good for?" asked the lady, in astonishment.

"Good to make *broadcloth!*" said Jimmy. "They'll grind 'em up into shoddy, and make 'em up into cloth, and some grand gentleman 'll go struttin' about with Jimmy Marvin's old rags on his back! Wouldn't he squirm, though, if he knew it?"

Jimmy tied up his bundle, and then suddenly opened it, saying,—

"I've forgot my card."

"What is that?" asked the lady, as he took a bit of dirty pasteboard from the pocket.

"My card, ma'am—the one you read to me on the street, one morning. I can read it myself now: '*The hand of the diligent maketh rich.*' I haven't forgot what you said about it, neither."

"I wonder if you couldn't find some better work than rag-picking, Jimmy," said the lady; "to be sure, it is an honest way of getting a living, but it must be dirty and disagreeable."

"Yes'm, it's dirty enough," said Jimmy; "and I've been thinkin' about startin' in the newspaper business, only it ain't so *sure* as the rag trade, takin' one day with another."

"But if you sell papers, Jimmy, they'll let you into the newsboys' lodging-house, and you'd have a comfortable place to sleep, and a chance to learn a great many things, if you choose."

Jimmy's black eyes sparkled at the thought, and he got right up from his chair, saying,—

"I'll go in for to-night, ma'am, so's not to bring my new clothes into bad company."

Miss Fielding thought of the ragged little newsboys she had met on the streets, and could not help smiling to think of their being any more respectable than Jimmy, but she promised him a note of introduction to a gentleman who had control of one of the lodging-houses, and recommended him to start with the evening papers.

"I expect you'll succeed, Jimmy," she said, hopefully, "and maybe I shall live to see you sent to Congress. Do you know what that is?"

"No, ma'am," said Jimmy, innocently, "but I reckon 'tain't to the lock-up, is it?"

"Not exactly; if you'd only make up your mind to be honest and industrious, I don't know of anybody that has a better prospect of growing up to be good for something in the world."

"I never cheated but once, ma'am, and I settled it once for all that time," said Jimmy, with a very decided shake of the head. "That was when another cove and me sold some ashes to the soap factory. A woman gave 'em to us if we'd cart 'em off, and the other chap he showed me how 't we could mix coal ashes in, and make 'em weigh heavier, and we made 'bout a shillin' more, I reckon; but every time it rattled in my pocket I thought of what the old man said. Says he, '*Jimmy, don't never touch a dishonest penny; it'll be sure to burn a hole in your pocket.*' Thinks I, 'twon't never do to keep that shillin'; made me feel kind o' mean, too, and I couldn't look a p'liceman in the face, for fear he was goin' to jerk me up; so I just took and flung it in the river. You don't catch me try any dodges ag'in."

"The best way would have been to take it back to the soap factory, and tell them about it," said Charley.

"That shows how much you know about folks," said Jimmy. "They'd a called in the p'lice, and sent me right up."

"It's always best to be *honest*, though," persisted Charley.

"*That's so*," assented Jimmy, readily; "and now I guess I'll go and get my papers."

He went out at the door with his bundle of old clothes, and then came back to say,—

"You jest take notice to-night, and you'll hear some pretty loud yellin' under your winder—I've got a screecher of a voice;" and he astonished the lodgers all down the long halls by yelling as he went down the stairs,—

"'Ere's the New York Lightnin' Express; 'count of the Explosion of the City Park, and great fire in 'Lantic Ocean!"

"I mean to keep a look-out for that boy," said the lady, laughing; "I believe he's a born genius."

"I shall keep a look-out for him, too," said Charley, thoughtfully; "he goes to work on the right plan, at any rate."

His sister looked at his wasted form, with a sharp pang at the thought that Charley's earthly watching was almost done, and she should soon be left alone.

"I'm so glad you thought to bring him here," said Charley, presently; "because it is so long since I've felt as if I was of any use to anybody—and it seems so good to make a merry Christmas for somebody, once more."

"You make all days good to me, Charley," said his sister, forcing back the tears, with a bright smile; "so don't talk about not being of any use. I am sure I couldn't live without you."

"*God knows and He loves us,*" said Charley, in a whisper, leaning back wearily on his pillows.

The letter of introduction gained Jimmy ready admittance into the lodging-house, and he was invited to remain and share the Christmas dinner which was served for the newsboys at two o'clock.

The boys received him with a chorus of shouts and jokes that would have frightened a timid boy, but Jimmy stood his ground bravely.

"If you're goin' to live here," said a tall boy, "you'll have to be shaved; we shave all the greenies."

"Come on, then," said Jimmy, defiantly; "just try it on, if you think it'll be healthy."

But the boys rushed upon him like so many tigers, held his hands behind his back, forced him into a chair, rubbed strong soap over his face and eyes, and then roughly scraped his cheeks with an old jack-knife. In the midst of the shouts and laughter, a gentleman came to the door, and asked mildly,—

"Boys, what are you doing?"

"Only 'nitiating the new boy," said a sturdy little fellow, releasing Jimmy's hands. Jimmy went quietly to the wash-bowl and washed the soap from his face.

"That's rather a rough way to welcome a friend," said the gentleman, smiling at Jimmy.

"I don't complain, Sir," said Jimmy; "I've seen a sight of rough handlin' in my day."

"He's good grit," said the tallest boy, "and I'll see that he ain't put upon ag'in."

The sound of the dinner-bell started them all, with a whoop, towards the dining-room, but as soon as the gentleman raised his hand, they subsided into quiet, and marched in procession to the table.

The dinner, which had been provided partly by some ladies who were interested in the enterprise, and partly by contributions from the boys themselves, was in every way abundant and tempting. There were roasted fowls, vegetables of all kinds, and pies and puddings in great variety.

The boys did full justice to it, and it was amusing enough to hear their comical remarks, and see how every one was fairly running over with fun and satisfaction.

"Sorry I haven't anything better to offer you, Sir," said a fat boy, passing a plate of roast turkey to Jimmy; "but the fact is, you took me so by surprise I hadn't time to get up a swell dinner, and the servants drank up all my champagne."

"Don't make any apologies," said Jimmy, "I'm used to frugal fare.

Since my rich father turned me out of doors, and the p'lice stole my watch and diamonds, I've had to rough it considerable."

"Boys," said the gentleman who had led them to the table, "shall I read to you while you eat?"

"*No!*" said one or two, bluntly. "*Yes!*" said others; and the confusion was worse than ever.

"It's a funny story," said the gentleman, "about a boy that hung up his stocking on Christmas-eve, and got a policeman in it."

"Go ahead, then," said a rude boy; "but don't read us nothin' with a morrul to it."

Jimmy saw a funny twinkle in the gentleman's eye as he began to read, but the boys seemed greatly delighted with the story, and made no interruptions, swallowing the liberal dose of moral at the end, with their plum-pudding, without making any wry faces.

"Must have been a precious greeny," said one of the boys, "to hang his stocking on the outside of the door."

"I wish I'd come along there," said another, "and seed the notice to Santa Claus to stop and fill it; I'd a put something jolly in."

"But it *did* effect just what he wanted," said the gentleman; "for you know the policeman felt so sorry for the poor little fellow, that he couldn't rest till he'd sent a basket of nice things to the poor hovel."

"I never know'd such things only in stories," said the tall boy; "folks mostly take of theirselves, or else go without."

"I've known such things," said Jimmy, bravely; "I've seen 'em to-day. A lady called me in from the street, and gave me these clothes in place of my old rags."

"Somebody outgrowed 'em, I reckon," said the tall boy, with a sneer; "that's the way rich folks afford to be generous."

"They ain't rich folks," said Jimmy, indignantly; "they're real poor, for Miss Mary said so, and she has to work hard for a livin'; the boy he's sick—got the consumption or something—anyway, he and his sister give me the clothes, and I heard Charley say something about goin' where the inhabitants should not say, 'I am sick.' I reckon they're goin' to move to the country, but it's my mind he'll die first."

"He'd better die, 'nough sight, if he's poor," said the tall boy, gloomily.

"There's only *one* country where the inhabitants never say '*I am sick*,'" said the gentleman, "and if Charley is going there it will be a glorious exchange for him. But I don't think people ought to wish to die. I had a great deal rather live and help to do the work of the world."

"Do you s'pose anybody wants us to help?" asked a shrewd little fellow with a very old face.

"God wants you," said the gentleman. "He has some special work in the world for every one of you; and He'll show it to you, if you only try to find it."

"I don't know about that," said the tall boy, who seemed to be a sort of sour philosopher, "I like to see the good of what I work for, and not take all the hard knocks, and rough jobs, without any pay."

"God always pays us for what we do for Him, but I don't see that He is bound to pay us for working for *ourselves*. The city doesn't pay men for clearing the snow away before their own doors."

Jimmy noticed that all around the walls of the dining-room were large cards, with Scripture mottoes on

them; such as, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge." "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

His eyes lighted up with pleasure as he recognised his own verse, and he read it over to himself with a determination he had never felt before.

"We have lessons in the evening, if you like 'em," said the tall boy to Jimmy, "and somebody reads history to us. There's a Savings Bank, too, and most of the boys put in something every week."

"That's good," said Jimmy; "I never had any chance to learn, and if there's anything for me to do in the world, I should like to know it."

"Should you?" said the tall boy, gloomily.

"Why, of course," said Jimmy, laughing; "I should hate to stand in anybody's way, when I might just as well be getting on."

"It's a mighty hard world for poor folks," said the tall boy.

"Is it?" said Jimmy; "why, I've always had a jolly time in it. When anybody gives me a kick, it always seems to send me just the way I wanted to go."

That evening a short lesson in reading and writing was given to the boys, and an interesting chapter in history was read to them by the same gentleman who read them the story at dinner. I am sorry to say Jimmy fell fast asleep during the reading, but then he was tired, and did not quite understand what it was all about. He was wide awake enough when another gentleman began to lead the boys in singing a lively song with this chorus,—

"Then work, my boys, with heart and hand,
Until your work is done;
There's work for you and me to do,
There's work for every one."

"When I was a boy," said the gentleman, "I used to write in my copy book, '*There is no royal road to knowledge*,' and I often wondered what it meant. I suppose it meant that everybody had to get knowledge in the same way, whether they were rich or poor, and that way is by *hard, honest work*. I call that a 'royal road,' don't you, boys? It's good enough for anybody to walk in; and it's a royal road because it leads to almost everything worth having. It's the royal road to *riches*, and the royal road to *fame*, and the royal road to almost everything that men can win in this life."

The white room where the boys slept was long and narrow, and had rows of small, clean beds on each side. The beds were numbered, and number twenty-three was assigned to Jimmy. He hardly knew how to go to bed in any respectable style, he had so long been used to sleeping in his clothes on a pile of loose straw, but when he did go to sleep, it was to dream he was climbing on his hands and knees up a very steep hill, while far at the top shone the magical words, "ROYAL ROAD TO RICHES!"

The next day began in good earnest the new work of selling newspapers, and Jimmy soon "got the hang of it," as the boys say, and was quite successful at his work. But he enjoyed more than any of the others the comfort of a respectable home, and no one gave closer attention to the evening lessons, or seemed more determined to make the most of every opportunity for improvement.

"What's the good of studying?" the tall boy would sometimes say to him. "May as well have a little fun, evenings; we'll never come to no good, anyhow."

"I mean to come to something," Jimmy would answer; "shouldn't wonder if they'd be appointing me to the legislature one of these days; I'm bound to beat those Foster boys, anyhow, and let 'em see I'm just as smart as they are."

And then Jimmy would tell him about Benjamin Franklin, who was only a poor printer, and Roger Sherman, who was a shoemaker; and whenever he talked about them, his brown cheeks would glow, and his eyes would flash with the fire of resolute determination, and he would take up his book in a way that made one feel sure that if there *was* any royal road to riches, the earnest boy would be sure to find it.

THOUGHTS ON A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

Lighter than air, Hope's visions fly,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober reason play
Lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away.
But can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings his flight,
Pour round his path a stream of living light,
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

—*S. Rogers.*

HYMN.

Jesus, Thy favour let me find;
I come, a sinner, unto Thee:
Thou art the Saviour of mankind—
My Saviour be.

Thou know'st how dark the way doth seem,
How snares lie hidden from my sight;
Light of the World, the Light Supreme—
Be Thou *my* Light.

How shall I know the path to tread,
As doubts my trembling heart divide?
Thou all the sainted ones hast led—
Be Thou *my* Guide.

Oft lone and cheerless, unconsoled,
No hands of love to me extend;
Thou wast the sinner's Friend of old—
Be Thou *my* Friend.

Oft seems the journey rough and long,
And I grow weary by the way;
O Christ! the gentle and the strong—
Be Thou *my* Stay.

And when my toil and pain shall end,
When with Thy presence I am blest,
Saviour, for ever condescend—
To be *my* Rest.

Walter Hawkins.

PORTLAND.

BY JOSEPH JONES.

The island* of Portland is situated opposite the port of Weymouth, from which it is distant about three miles. It is about nine miles in circumference, four-and-a-half in length, and two in width. At the last census there were fourteen hundred and eight houses, and a population of nine thousand nine hundred and seven. The island has within the last few years been connected with the mainland by a line of railway.

There is a castle situated on the north side of Portland, which was built by Henry VIII., near the site of a former castle of Saxon architecture, portions of the walls of which are still visible. One of the late Governors of this island, who had an official residence at the castle, was John Penn, Esq., grandson of William Penn, the founder of the colony of Pennsylvania. A tablet to his memory is found in the parish church, from which it appears he was appointed Governor in 1805, and died in 1834, aged seventy-

* "All the best authorities," says Charles Knight's "Land we Live in," "agree that Portland was really an island in remote ages; but at some period, the determination of which baffles geologists as well as antiquaries, it became united to the mainland by one of the most extraordinary ridges of pebbles in Europe."

four years. Governor Penn seems to have erected a private mansion on the island, at a cost of £20,000, which is still called Pennsylvania Castle. It is near an old ruin, known as Rufus, or Bow-and-Arrow, Castle, built long before the use of fire-arms was known, as the name indicates. In this, the southern part of the island are also two light-houses well worthy the attention of strangers.

One of the most interesting natural curiosities in the world exists in this locality,—the Chesil Bank, which is thus described by the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., in his useful little work, "The British Islands," published by the Religious Tract Society:—"It runs in a remarkably straight line north-west from Portland, parallel to the coast, from which it is separated by a narrow arm of the sea, called the Swannery Fleet, from the immense number of swans that harbour in it. It extends as far as Abbotsbury, where it joins the shore, a distance of ten miles. The bank is in some places nearly a quarter of a mile wide, but commonly much less, and has its name from the German *Kiessel*,—a pebble. The base is a hard blue clay, which is covered to the depth of from four to six feet with a coating of smooth round pebbles, chiefly of white calcareous spar, but partly of quartz, chert and other materials. So loose are they, that a horse's leg sinks almost knee-deep among them, rendering travelling on them impossible. Near to Portland they are as large as a hen's egg, but gradually diminish in size from thence, till at Abbotsbury, the opposite extremity, they are not larger than horse-beans. This diminution is so regular and invariable, that it is said the smugglers who land in the night can at once determine on what part of the bank they are by examining the pebbles. There can be no doubt, from the direction of the ridge, with the fact of the larger stones being at one end and the smaller at the other, that they are washed up from the bottom of the sea by the south-west storms, which are peculiarly prevalent and violent on

this part of the coast, the waves carrying the lighter material the farthest. Sometimes, with north-east winds, the waves completely remove portions of the pebbly covering of the bank, and expose the substratum of blue clay in patches, but the denuded spaces are re-covered when the south-west gales roll up heavy seas."

Upon this remarkable phenomenon, Sir John Coode, Knight, M.I.C.E., whose name will ever be deservedly associated with the Portland Breakwater, read a most exhaustive Paper, several years ago, before the Institution of Civil Engineers, which called forth a discussion extending over two evenings. The Paper, with an abstract of the discussion, was afterwards published in pamphlet-form, accompanied by diagrams, entitled, "Description of the Chesil Bank, with Remarks upon its Origin, the Causes which have contributed to its Formation, and upon the Movement of Shingle generally."

Another object of interest at Portland is the Convict Prison, situated on an elevated position. It was opened in the year 1848. Here from fourteen hundred to sixteen hundred convicts are always at work, generally in gangs of twenty-five or thirty, most of them being employed in the adjacent stone quarries. Whilst the Harbour Works were being constructed, great numbers of the convicts were engaged upon them in conveying thousands of tons of useless waste stone to form the Breakwater. The discipline of this large prison is said to be admirable, as compared with similar establishments.

A passing remark or two may be necessary on the stone quarries to which we have referred. The island is one mass of stone, of which about fifty thousand tons are carried away annually. It is in great request on account of its durability and beauty, and it has been used for the New Royal Exchange, London, and for some parts of the Houses of Parliament. Blocks are frequently dug out from five to sixteen tons in weight. When Charles Wesley visited the Island in 1746, and witnessed the quarrymen at work, it suggested to his mind thoughts which at once found expression in Hymn 84 of the Wesleyan Hymn-Book :—

> "Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord!
> Thy power to us make known;
> Strike with the hammer of Thy Word,
> And break these hearts of stone."

It remains now for us to glance at the noble Breakwater and Harbour Works at Portland, in many respects the greatest attraction of all, which, after nearly a quarter of a century's labours, were successfully completed four years ago. They reflect great credit on those who have had the direction and superintendence of this important national undertaking. The late Prince Consort deposited the first stone of the Portland Breakwater on the 25th July, 1849, and upon the same spot, on the 10th August, 1872, his son, the Prince of Wales, laid the last stone, and declared the work complete. Mr. (now Sir John) Coode* was throughout the Resident Engineer, and as recently as the year 1875 delivered an excellent Lecture at the Royal United Service Institution, "On Military (or Strategic) and Refuge Harbours," in which he has given us the following account of the works at Portland, which will be read with interest. It is taken from a report of the Lecture printed for private circulation :—

"*Portland.*—The formation of a large Harbour at Portland appears to have been first agitated in the latter part of the last century. In the year 1843 a Select Committee of the House of Commons on 'Shipwrecks' recommended the immediate attention of the Government and Legislature to the subject of the formation of Harbours of Refuge. In April, 1844, a Commission was appointed to inquire into the subject so far as regarded the English Channel; of this Commission, Admiral Sir T. Byam Martin, G.C.B., was Chairman. The

* This gentleman was knighted in the year 1872, and is described as "an eminent Civil Engineer, and a Member of the Royal Commission on Harbours in 1858-9."

New Harbour Works at Portland were undertaken in accordance with their recommendations. The preliminary works were commenced in August, 1847, and the Breakwater was finished in 1871.

"The Harbour is formed by an inner Breakwater Pier, 1,900 feet in length, connected with the shore near the most salient point on the eastern side of the island, and an outer or isolated Breakwater 6,200 feet in length—the two being separated by an opening or passage 400 feet in width; the outermost head is distant from the shore 8,500 feet, equal to a mile and five-eighths. The greater part of the work is in rather more than nine fathoms at low water of ordinary spring tides. The areas of sheltered anchorage within the Breakwater are as follows:—

Depths at Low Water.	Areas.
3 fathoms and upwards	1,590 acres.
4 „ „ „	1,430 „
5 „ „ „	1,290 „

"The total cost of the Breakwater and Harbour Works was £1,033,000.

"The defences of the Harbour of Portland comprise several powerful works. The Verne Citadel, at the summit of the island, is a fort of extraordinary strength. The cliffs on the north and east render it inaccessible on these sides. On the south and west all approach has been cut off by the excavation of an enormous ditch 120 feet wide and 80 feet deep for a portion of its length. The guns of this Fort will command the waters of the Harbour and of the West Bay.

"Below the Verne, on the eastern slopes of the island, are some earth-work batteries mounting heavy guns, and furnished with modern appliances.

"At the end of the outer Breakwater a powerful iron fort is being constructed to guard the entrance to the Harbour. A small granite work has been placed on the extremity of the inner Breakwater to defend the Passage. This Passage is also protected by the batteries on the eastern slopes of the island, just adverted to.

"Further, to deny the Harbour to an enemy, and to support the Breakwater Fort, a strong casemated work has been built on the Nothe Point, above the entrance to Weymouth Harbour; this work is armed with modern heavy ordnance, protected by iron shields."

It is said that upwards of five million tons of stone were used in the construction of the Breakwater. One of the Correspondents of a London paper, in speaking of this great national work, and also of the Convict Prison at Portland, makes the following remarks:—

"The island strikes due south from the Dorset seaboard, near Weymouth, and on the Ordnance Map it bears a curious resemblance to a sort of miniature of South America. Broad and expansive at the northern or landward extremity, with a height of about four hundred feet, it narrows gradually down to a sharp-pointed and low-levelled promontory that strikes out into the Channel waters under the name of the Bill. The occupation of the summit of the island on the eastern side by a large convict prison, was quickly followed by the Portland Harbour Act of 1847. By this Act the convicts—whose entire number reaches fifteen hundred, though scarcely two-thirds of these have at any given time been engaged in the quarries—were utilised, not in working the fine, merchantable stone, but in shovelling up the vast mass of rubbly *débris* which had been lying useless on the top of the island. Of these loose layers, consisting of the fossilized remains of an ancient forest . . . . . no less than twenty million tons were overlying the regular Portland beds when the Breakwater was actively commenced in 1849, about two years after the passing of the Act. The rubble on the hill-top being shovelled into small trains of strong iron wagons by the convicts, was then sent down the hill-side on carefully-constructed tramroads, and finally run out over the sea on a railway laid over an elaborate timber-staging, of which every month witnessed the very gradual but steady extension. As each wagon passed over

the proper spot of discharge, the iron floor was tipped up by the removal of a catch; and thus, from wagon after wagon, about three thousand tons—in a long day's work—could be emptied into the sea. The bank was constructed with a breadth of five hundred feet at its base." The late Richard Cobden is reported to have pronounced this great Harbour Refuge at Portland to be the cheapest public work ever undertaken in England.

(*Chesil Bank.*)

CAIN AND ABEL, AS TYPES OF THE LEGAL AND THE EVANGELICAL IN RELIGION.

BY THE REV. JOHN TESSEYMAN.

"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain."—HEBREWS xi. 4.

IT has always been an interesting inquiry, What constituted the value of Abel's sacrifice over and above that which appertained to the offering of Cain? It is evident that there was a radical difference between the two; hence the acceptance of the one, and the rejection of the other. What, then, was that characteristic difference which gave the offering of Abel its value in the sight of God?

We do not think it sufficient to attribute it solely to the improper *spirit* in which the sacrifice of the elder brother was made. Without doubt this affected the merits of the case; and no offering, no act of religion whatever, can be acceptable to God unless it be prompted by a motive of which He can approve. "If thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness." Religious acts performed in an improper spirit, can be neither acceptable to God nor profitable to ourselves. Motive *is* a very important consideration in all acts of a religious nature; still, there is more to be weighed than motive alone.

In the *meaning* of the offering made by Cain lay its radical defect. In the narrative in Genesis (ch. iv.) we read that he brought as an offering to the Lord, the fruits of the ground; whereas Abel brought of the firstlings of the flock. The sacrifice in the latter case was accepted, whilst in the former it was rejected. But why? Why should not an offering of fruit be altogether as acceptable to God as a firstling from the flock? Would it not seem, to human reason at least, that Cain's offering ought to be accepted rather than the other? There appears something repulsive in the very idea of Abel's sacrifice —in the slaughter of an innocent victim,

and bringing that as an offering to the Lord. Thus, prior to any revelation upon the subject, it might certainly appear; but Cain's choice was in direct contravention of a Divine command.

Sacrifice was, without doubt, instituted by God shortly after the fall. True, this is not stated formally and in so many words in the Scripture narrative, but it is a very prevalent and a very ancient belief, and the *implied* teachings of many passages point plainly in the same direction. Gesner's "Death of Abel" is based upon this assumption, which Milton countenances in his "Paradise Lost." It was the almost unanimous opinion of the early fathers of the Christian Church.

This unanimity of thought and belief is evidently due to the inferred testimony of Holy Writ, as well as to a uniform tradition. When the Almighty gave promise of a Saviour, sacrifices were commanded to be offered, and were intended to prefigure the Sacrifice of the Cross.

It might be inquired, Whence came the skins by which our first parents were clothed after the fall? Were they not the skins of animals slain in sacrifice? This seems, to us, at least, the natural inference. Animal sacrifices were no doubt offered by Adam, and were therefore well understood by his sons.

At the outset, it would thus appear that Cain's offering was in direct disobedience to the heavenly precept, which required that a slain victim should be presented as a propitiation for sin. The sacrifice of a rebellious spirit could not be accepted in his case, any more than in the case of Saul, king of Israel, in after-times.

Cain brought as an offering to the Lord the fruits of the ground—that which was the result of his own personal efforts, and thus sought acceptance at the hands of God. Abel, on the contrary, brought a lamb, so that in his sacrifice we recognise all the elements of propitiation for sin. He looked for acceptance through another, even Christ, the "Seed of the woman," Who, in due time, should "bruise the serpent's head." He by "faith" offered his sacrifice.

Now, faith must have an *object;* and what *other* object could stand before the vision of his mind, save that of "Christ, and Him crucified?" Cain's offering, therefore, was an attempt at salvation by works; Abel's recognised the doctrine of salvation by faith. The former was an example of the legal, the latter of the evangelical, in religion. The one represented the spirit of the Pharisee—proud, self-complaisant, supercilious; the other, that of the publican—humble, diffident, self-abnegating. Cain ignored the fact of sin, while Abel acknowledged the existence of personal guilt, and used the Divinely-appointed means to secure exemption from its penalty.

If we translate the conduct of Cain into words, it means, "I can save myself." The conduct of Abel bespeaks mistrust of self, and felt inability to set himself right with the immutable law of rectitude, of the violation of which he has the consciousness within himself. He approaches the Almighty through the medium of another. He has caught the Evangelical idea, "without shedding of blood is no remission." Cain's, then, as we have already said, was a bold attempt to work out salvation by his own unaided efforts; whilst Abel looked for acceptance through the medium of atonement, even the "Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world."

We regard these two brothers as types of the legal and the evangelical in religion. Each of them has had successors in every age. "Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord" (Genesis iv. 3). Thus early did men begin to depart from the covenant of mercy, and turn aside to that of works. In these two were laid the foundations of the religion of man and the religion of God. Abel was the earliest representative, the first distinguished witness, of evangelical religion: with him the history of God's true spiritual Church commences; against which the gates of hell shall not prevail

The line of separation was drawn between the Church and the world; and from this hour he who was "after the flesh" persecuted him who was "after the Spirit." A still broader line of demarcation was drawn between the Church and the world some time afterwards, for we read at the close of the fourth chapter of Genesis, "Then began men to call upon the name of the Lord." Possibly from this period idolatry dates its commencement on the earth, for men began to "call themselves *by* the name of the Lord" (see Margin), in opposition, it may be, to those who began to practise the various rites of idolatry. Evidently those impious builders who united to rear the tower of Babel, were followers of Cain, inasmuch as they purposed an erection for their own honour only (Genesis xi. 4).

The two characters of Cain and Abel were repeated, so to speak, in the persons of Jacob and Esau:—"Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." Why? Because they represented different and opposite interests—one the Church, and the other the world. In the first chapter of Isaiah a severe rebuke is administered to those who sought by "oblations" and ceremonies to obtain the favour of God. It is certain that at the time the prophet wrote, there was a great declension of religion in his country. Men always resort, under such circumstances, to legalism and ritualism; their religion becomes a bare formalism, destitute of spiritual life and power. The Pharisees of our Lord's day were pure legalists; they made the whole of piety to consist in the observance of a multitude of minute regulations, and in an outward conformity to the law and ritual of Moses. They paid tithes with strict punctuality and scrupulousness; they prayed frequently at the corners of the streets; they distributed their benefactions with ostentatious display, and presented themselves with due propriety at the temple of the Lord. The Evangelists give us many examples.

"What good thing shall I *do?*" This is the eager question of the legalist, who vainly fancies that by much *doing* to crane himself up to a sufficient standard of rectitude, and to merit a place in the house of the Lord. Vain hope! He undertakes that which is morally impossible of accomplishment, and assumes that which is demonstrably false.

(*To be concluded.*)

TALKS ABOUT MINOR MORALS:

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

III.—GOSSIP.

Occasionally we meet with, or hear of, people who are never known to say anything but good of their neighbours. This does not imply that their neighbours are perfect, all compact of solid goodness; it merely proves that these particular individuals are not good at reading character, or that they keep some of their opinions in regard to other people to themselves, on principle, or that they have a habit of complimenting everybody; which creates a mental sensation akin to tickling the cheek with a feather.

I would not wish to see you spread your complacency like treacle on fly-paper to catch the good-will of all sorts and classes of persons, and thus win a cheap popularity. If you make people out better than they are, and praise them beyond their deserts, doing it consciously and deliberately for your own private ends, as I have seen it done, you are often led to say what is not true, to tell an agreeable lie, which, though not quite so bad as a disagreeable one, still undermines character, like every species of falseness and insincerity.

It is not often that we are absolutely forced by necessity into saying just exactly what we think of people, but if we then give an honest opinion adverse to the subject of it, it is not evil speaking, it is our honest opinion. Perhaps it had better not be given; we may be unwise in speaking out; we may be indiscreet in choosing the time and place to speak; but we are not speaking evil.

It is a good thing to be able to read character, to know what values to place against the minds and hearts of those about us. This knowledge of others leads us to self-knowledge. It helps us in a great many practical ways—tells us whom to trust, whom not to trust, and is the basis of all permanent friendships.

The people to whom all the world is lovely, who see only the rosy side of human nature, or affect to do so, are not as amiable as they appear. Some of them, experience has taught me, are merely devoid of discrimination, while others do not like to acknowledge the existence of disagreeable things. They want life to be padded and stuffed with feathers for their own comfort, and it is easier to accomplish this by calling everybody sweet and lovely and delightful than in any other way. Such persons' opinions are of no moment. They are tickling their own palates, and holding perfume-bottles to their own noses, while they claim to be giving sugar-plums and burning incense to their friends.

They are too softly and indolently selfish to make good friends. All they are ever likely to give to others are honeyed words and epithets of endearment. You would not go for aid in the day of trouble to such a mere bundle of pleasurable emotions, devoid of reflection and discernment.

Though we may sometimes be led into giving an opinion which would not flatter the subject of it were he or she by to listen, the safe rule is to say nothing unless it be a good word. Silence is always golden when unpleasant personal criticism is being indulged in.

Mischievous gossip is a very different and much uglier thing than I have described. The worst form of it, it seems to me, is an utter disregard, an entire absence of pity for the sorrows, humiliations, weaknesses, and sins of others—a heartless delight in tearing open and exposing to the public gaze that which should be reverently kept out of sight. There are things it is wicked to drag out to the day, while hearts are torn and bleeding, in order to gratify an idle and vulgar curiosity. If we know them we should put padlocks upon our lips; we should torture ourselves before we betray so sacred a trust, though it be merely self-imposed.

Among these I may name family discords, family secrets, the private histories of the people with whom we happen to associate—which we know because our eyes cannot help seeing or our ears hearing, but over which we should draw a veil of silence and secrecy, remembering that in this, more, perhaps, than in anything else, we are doing as we would be done by.

In order to illustrate my meaning, I will imagine that you have an acquaintance named Mary, who lives just across the way, in your village street. Through your intimacy with Mary, I will suppose, you happen to find out that her father is dissipated, or that her parents live unhappily together, or that the family is pinched for money and obliged to make many petty humiliating shifts to live. Now, instead of keeping all this painful knowledge in your own breast, and sealing your lips in order to screen poor Mary from the sorrow of knowing that those who are dearest to her have become a common scandal and the town talk, suppose you were to run to the other end of the village where lives your friend Susan, and pour the whole of Mary's private affairs into her ear. You do it not because you are bad-hearted and malicious, but because you are idle and empty-minded. You have nothing better to do and to think of. Not for an instant do you reflect on the painful consequences of your act; and Susan goes and does just as you have done, and from like impulses, and in a very short time Mary's private matters are published from one end of the town to the other. Her family's wants and woes, their mistakes and failures and backslidings, which call for the deepest pity and commiseration, are

hung out, as it were, on all the clothes-lines of the village. This public exposure, this rude fingering and pulling over of private griefs by coarse hands, often leads to disastrous results.

Family difficulties are not mended by being made the staple of talk in all the neighbours' houses. On the contrary, people are driven deeper down into degradation by a clatter of tongues. The breach is fatally widened which a little delicate kindness and forbearance might have helped to heal.

This kind of gossip is the result of heedless cruelty, and springs from the lack of compassion for the sorrow, and failings, and weaknesses of poor human nature.

But there is another and a worse kind, that delights in picking holes in the reputations of others. It may be done with a pin or with a cambric needle—a slight word, a little look—but it is to be hoped that few readers are adepts in this bad black art, which imparts to those who practise it the fabled qualities of the basilisk, so that the very glance of the eye becomes deadly with the poison of suspicion.

Try and believe that people are what they pretend to be, until you have the best reasons for thinking otherwise. Don't spoil your mental eyesight by peering about for petty faults and foibles, but make your mind long and far-sighted by looking at the grand ideal virtues, and striving to find some of them embodied in the human beings you come in contact with. This will put the most effectual check upon all low gossip, because you will look over and away from its objects.

A philosopher was once visited by a friend, who, on glancing out of the window, remarked upon the dismal prospect. There was little to be seen but a vacant space, strewn with old rusty iron and other rubbish belonging to a dealer in marine stores.

"O," replied the philosopher in return, "I never saw that before. Whenever I happen to cast my eye out of the window I look at the sky." So with you; if you look at your neighbour's sky—the higher possibilities of her nature—you will not discover the pig-sty and the litter about her back door.

There is one small social vice from which I beg you to keep clear, or if you have unwittingly fallen into it, get rid of it as soon as possible. Don't accept the hospitalities of people, and then go away and babble about them to the first chance acquaintance you meet. I think, from my own observation, that tales are carried in this way very frequently. I have known people to go into houses and pick up stories from the servants which afterward became the ground of unhappy gossip.

Hospitality is a very sacred thing. People do not think that in accepting this sort of kindness they are, so to speak, put upon their honour. Suppose a friend of yours were to leave you alone in a room with a pile of gold pieces, trusting to your honesty to guard the treasure: you would not only keep your own hands from picking and stealing; you would see to it that by your heedlessness no one else should be permitted to rob your friend. Now, people in inviting you to their houses open to you their lives, their most sacred relations—not unfrequently their griefs and disappointments. Is it not as ignoble, in fact more so, to betray this sacred confidence, than it is even to take their money?

I have known of a person's coming away from a certain house, and spreading abroad the news that her friend was a poor housekeeper, and neglected to force the maid to sweep under beds and bureaus. I would advise you not to spend your time peering about under the furniture, or trying to discover weak spots in the domestic management of those you visit. There is a blessed faculty of not seeing as well as of seeing, which should be exercised to save the sensitiveness of others, and hinder us from treading on their pet corns. You are not on any special police force detailed to report on your friends'

housekeeping; and remember that curiosity of this sort about things that do not concern you, is vulgar and low-bred.

Not less vulgar, and more mischievous even, is the habit of picking up tales from ignorant, idle and maliciously-disposed persons, and giving them circulation. Half the gossip there is was first started by ignorant, credulous people, who are easily imposed upon, and allow their fancy to colour what they have heard and seen. They pass on the mixture they have brewed out of suspicion and evil-mindedness to others, who shake it well, and take it in large doses.

Women have a bad name as regards scandal, but for my own part I do not believe they love gossip inherently any better than men do. Their occupation, or want of occupation, gives them more opportunity to watch their neighbours, and they do not often suffer materially for what they say. Men, owing to their business connections, and the necessity of keeping friends with all classes, are more cautious about speaking evil of others. The greatest scandal-monger I ever knew was a man, and a blind man at that. His infirmity seemed to be, that there was nothing to limit the activity of his imagination.

Don't pick up little stale crumbs of hearsay, and roll them as sweet morsels under your tongue. Brush them carelessly out of your way, as you brush fallen leaves from the path. Reports that are floating about like feathers through the air, quite independent of their source, can never safely be touched. A naturalist by his science might discover what bird the feathers came from, but all anybody can say of the rumour is that it is probably of the devil.

I once heard of a whole village set by the ears by picking up floating stories, and choosing sides in regard to a matter of which only two persons knew the facts, and they were bound not to reveal them, and never did reveal them. In this village the shoemaker would not speak to the blacksmith, nor the merchant to the druggist; the lawyer's wife passed by the doctor's lady with a frown, all on account of something that concerned none of them any more than it concerned the man in the moon. For the privilege of choosing sides in a matter that was no business of theirs, they sacrificed religion and brotherly love.

You will find that the best defence against gossip is to fill your mind with higher and better things, to keep your brain and your hands busied with useful and ennobling work. Then you will not feel the necessity of blighting your neighbours' reputations in order to kill time. The dish of your life will not be so stale and flat that you will have to pepper and salt it with piquant gossip.

It is hard to live in a small community, because petty people, who lead petty lives, will peck at each other for entertainment, like so many game chickens. Determine at the outset that you will be above all this. Treat all people honourably and justly, and do not be afraid to show your honest scorn for everything base and ignoble. In this way you will help the society in which you are to redeem itself. Keep yourself individually free from this low, debasing practice, and remember you are not ennobling your own nature alone, —by your very abstinence you are helping to cure your fellows of this shameful failing.

JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN.

(*Concluded from page* 124.)

Oberlin was a zealous phrenologist, as well as physiognomist. Having cut for one of his English visiters his own profile, he wrote this description of his own character to accompany it:—

"A strange compound of contradictory qualities. I do not yet exactly know what I am to make of myself. I am intelligent, and yet possessed of very limited powers: prudent and more politic than my fellow-clergymen; but also very apt to blunder, especially when in the least excited. I am firm, yet of a

yielding disposition; and both of these, in certain cases, to a great degree. I am not only daring, but actually courageous; whilst, at the same time, I am often in secret very cowardly. I am very upright and sincere, yet also very complaisant to men, and in a degree, therefore, insincere. I am a German and a Frenchman; noble, generous, ready to render service, faithful, very grateful,—deeply affected by the least benefit or kindness, which is ever after engraven on my heart; and yet, again, flighty and indifferent. I am irritable to a formidable degree. He who treats me generously soon gains the ascendency over me; but opposition creates in me an astonishing degree of firmness, especially in matters of conscience. I have a lively imagination, but no memory, properly speaking. The histories which I have taken pains to impress on my mind remain with me; but dates and the names of persons I often forget the next day, notwithstanding all the pains I have taken to remember them. I used to speak Latin fluently and even elegantly, but now I cannot utter three or four words together. I make selections from books, and instruct others in some branch of science for a long time; but, a few years after, my scholars, even if they know nothing more than what I taught them, may in their turn become my teachers, and the books from which I made extracts (with the exception of those of a certain description) appear wholly new to me. I habitually work my way through my studies till I obtain clear ideas; but if I wish to penetrate deeper, everything vanishes before me. I have a great talent for removing difficulties in order to render everything smooth and easy to myself, and to everybody else. I am so extremely sensitive, tender and compassionate that I can find neither words nor expressions corresponding to my feelings, so that the latter almost overpower me and occasion me acute pain. I am always busy and industrious, but also fond of ease and indolence. I am generally quick in resolving, and equally so in executing. I have a peculiar esteem for the female sex. I am a very great admirer of painting, music and poetry; and yet I have no skill in any of them. Mechanics, natural history, and so forth, constitute my favourite studies. I am very fond of regularity, and of arranging and classifying; but my weak memory, added to constant employment, renders it difficult to me. I am given to planning and scheming, and yet endeavour, in my peculiar way, to do things in the best manner. I am a genuine soldier, but I was more so before my bodily powers were so much weakened: I was formerly anxious to be the foremost in danger, and the firmest in pain; but have now lost that desire. From my childhood I have felt a longing and preponderating desire for a higher state of existence, and therefore a wish for death. I am the greatest admirer of military order and subordination; not, however, in a spirit of slavery, but of that noble, affectionate attachment which compels the coward to show courage, and the disorderly to be punctual. I feel no obstinacy or disinclination to yield to strong internal conviction; but, on the other hand, a fervent, heartfelt joy, in yielding to both great and small, high and low, gentlemen and peasants, children and servants, and thence a willingness to listen and an inclination to suffer myself, if possible, to be convinced. But when I feel no conviction, I can never think of yielding. I am humorous and a little witty or satirical, but without intentional malice."

Characteristic as this is, it contains rather the confession of an ingenuous mind than the self-eulogy of a conceited one. None are so ready to censure others for egotism as those who, in their own feelings, are most intensely egotistic. If Oberlin was not unwilling to speak of himself and of what he had done, it was in the pure simplicity of his character: few, we are assured, "could be more truly humble, or disclaim with more sincerity all merits of their own." And although it were absurd to suppose

that he could be insensible of his own deserts towards his fellow-creatures, or of the distinction which he had obtained in his own and other countries, it may be believed that every individual in his parish thought far more highly of their pastor than he did of himself. To his parishioners the visit of a deputy from the Bible Society must have appeared like the arrival of an ambassador from some foreign power.

Old age came gently on this venerable man. His strength failed, so that he no longer left his home, except from urgent motives; but his body was not bent, neither were his senses dulled: he devoted more time than he had done during his more active years to composition; and the last essay on which he was engaged was for the purpose of giving a more cheerful and consolatory picture of old age than Cicero's. At length, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he was seized with shiverings and faintings: fit succeeded fit during four days; on the fifth morning he lost his speech; he was still able to take off his cap, join his hands, and raise his eyes for the last time toward heaven, "his countenance beaming the while with faith, and joy, and love;" he then closed them for ever, and soon afterwards departed in peace.

During the four days that intervened between his decease, and the simple and affecting ceremony which consigned his remains to their last home, heavy clouds rested on the surrounding mountains, and the rain poured down in incessant torrents. This circumstance did not, however, prevent the inhabitants of the Ban de la Roche, of all ages and conditions, nearer or more remote, from coming to pay a last tribute of respect to the remains of their "dear father," whose venerable countenance they were permitted to see through a glass lid, which, under the direction of Mr. Legrand, covered the coffin, which was placed in his study.

Early in the morning of the day fixed on for the interment, the clouds cleared away, and the sun shone with its wonted brilliancy. As they left the house, the President of the Consistory of Barr, the Rev. Mr. Jaegle, placed the clerical robes of the late pastor on his coffin, the Vice-President placed his Bible upon it, and the Mayor affixed to the funeral pall the decoration of the Legion of Honour. At the conclusion of this ceremony, ten or twelve young females, who had been standing around the bier, began to sing a hymn in chorus; and at two o'clock the procession took its departure, the coffin being borne by the Mayors, Elders, and official Magistrates. In front of it walked the oldest inhabitant of the Ban de la Roche, carrying a cross, which Louisa had given him, to plant on the tomb, and on which the words "Papa Oberlin" were engraved in open letters.

So numerous was the concourse of people assembled on the occasion, that the foremost of the train had already reached the church of Foudai, where the interment was to take place, before the last had left the parsonage, although the distance was nearly two miles. The children of the different schools formed part of the mournful procession, chanting, at intervals, sacred hymns, selected and adapted for the occasion. At the moment of their approaching the village, a new bell, presented by Mr. Legrand, in commemoration of this day of general mourning, was heard to toll for the first time, and to mingle its melancholy sound with that of all the bells in the valley. The burying-ground was surrounded by Roman Catholic women, all dressed in mourning, and kneeling in silent prayer. On arriving at the church, the coffin was placed at the foot of the altar, and as many persons entered as the little edifice would contain, though more than three-fourths of the company had to remain in the churchyard and the adjoining lanes. Notwithstanding the pressure of so immense a multitude, the utmost order and solemnity prevailed. Several females, who could find room nowhere else, sat down on the steps of the altar, leaning with melancholy affection against the coffin, as though anxious to cling to the

very ashes of one whom they had so much revered and loved. Many distinguished individuals were present on the occasion; and several Roman-Catholic priests, dressed in their canonicals, took their seats among the members of the Consistory, and evidently participated in the general grief. Mr. Jaegle then mounted the pulpit, and commenced the service by reading a manuscript of Oberlin, dated 1784, and found among his papers after his death.

He had recommended Louisa to his children in a paper written some years before his death, charging them both individually and collectively to be to her, as far as their means, situation and opportunities permitted, all that she had been to them. They offered her an equal share of the little property he left: this she refused, requesting only that she might remain an inmate of the family, and be allowed to add the honoured name of Oberlin to her own. This excellent woman had soon an opportunity of showing still further her noble disposition. A "reward of virtue," which the *Academia Français* annually distributes, in pursuance of a bequest by M. de Monthyon, was awarded to her. It amounted to five thousand francs; and she appropriated nearly the whole to benevolent purposes, chiefly among the poor of the Ban de la Roche.

Oberlin overcame all obstacles by Christian benevolence; by that charity which "seeketh not her own,..beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things;" for that "charity never faileth." Even the heathen philosopher can tell us, that the wildest animals are to be tamed by kindness; how much more then, as he argued, may this be affirmed of man! This was the course which Oberlin pursued from a higher motive than philosophy can supply, a motive which no failure can abate or disappoint,—the love of God. Philanthropy may be chilled, may be soured, may be perverted, may change its nature, even as it may vaunt itself, and be "puffed up," and be "easily provoked;" men may deceive themselves with it, as easily as they deceive others, and more perilously: but he who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength, is safe; of necessity he will love then his neighbour as himself. Thus we are commanded to do, and "on these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets."

PSALM XVIII. 10—13.

The glorious Cherubim, whose mighty wings
Sound like the rushing winds, when forth they fly;
They drew the chariot of the King of kings
Along the cloud-paved pathway of the sky:
In secret darkness for awhile He rode,
Then lightnings flash'd more vividly than day;
The thunder spake of a descending God,
And hail-stones carpeted a royal way.
Majestic God! I in Thy presence fall,
And call Thee Father, Saviour, and my All.

John Randerson.

THE POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

Ye little drops! pray, what are you?
O what can drops of water do?
Had you not better stay at home,
In dew and clouds to freely roam?

We drops of water, even we,
Can do great things, as you may see;
When all the ground is parch'd and bare,
We then fall down, and everywhere
We make the ground most rich, to bring
The buds and leaves of lovely Spring.
We downwards go, right to the roots,
Then upwards spring in flowers and fruits:
We go right through the lofty mountains,
And feed the springs that feed the fountains.

We make the brooks to rivers spread,
Which sometimes flood the land with dread;
The mighty wheels that turn the mill,
Why! but for us they would stand still;
And yon bright bow, it ne'er appears
Until we shed our little tears;
The sea also, which rolls its tide,
Is by our little drops supplied.
Take every drop the sea contains,
And then no more a sea remains;
We little drops must not be slighted,
Our power's resistless when united.

JOHN RANDERSON.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MRS. JOHN DYSON, OF PENISTON.

THE subject of our sketch was born on the 20th of April, 1851. The place of her birth, and her residence till the time of her marriage, was Ulverstone, a prettily-situated town of North Lancashire, where the high hills of the Lake District rapidly decline to the shores of Morecambe Bay.

The family to which she belonged was not large, consisting only of her parents and an elder sister, and a brother who died in early life. She had the advantage of a home where happiness largely abounded, which parental care strove to surround with the best safeguards against evil, and the highest incentives to the attainment of moral worth. Under such influences the years of her childhood glided away, preparing for the unfolding of a character which all who knew were constrained to admire and respect.

At the age of fourteen she manifested a deep religious concern, and, as an inquirer after salvation, joined a Methodist Class-meeting conducted by the Wesleyan minister then residing at Ulverstone. In a letter to the bereaved family, he expresses his high admiration of the intelligence, earnestness and conscientiousness she displayed. About a year after joining the fore-mentioned Class, her pursuit of religion was rewarded by a conscious reception of the Divine favour, through a personal reliance on the merits of the Blessed Redeemer. In her diary, under the date of June 10th, 1866, she refers to this most important and happy event, in the following brief, but clear and expressive record, "Found peace with God."

Her parents having decided, in her fifteenth year, to send her from home for educational purposes, used great care in the selection of a school where they thought her Christian character would be developed along with her mental powers. Their choice proved to be judicious, so that her training at school supplemented her previous training at home. She made encouraging progress in learning and in the accomplishments that give grace to the feminine character, and what is still more important, when we view life from a Christian standpoint, her religious and moral excellencies became more enlarged and confirmed.

After leaving school she undertook, in her own home, various household duties. By this means she was relieved of those temptations that are common to young persons whose time is largely unoccupied, or whose activities are of little practical service. The discharge of such duties was a useful domestic training, which gave her thorough competence in due course to assume the management of her own home. In these matters, as in all others, religion governed her conduct. She was greatly aided in such duties by her attention to method and order, and by the habit of early rising. By means of these excellent domestic qualities her work was done easily and efficiently, and ample time was secured both for religious studies and labours, and also for attention to the claims of society.

One of her notable excellencies was a proficiency in Scriptural knowledge. Her deep interest in the study of the Bible appears to have been awakened in her twelfth year by her endeavours to answer Scripture questions and enigmas

proposed in a religious magazine. The result of such an early study of the Sacred Volume was that, on attaining womanhood, she possessed an intimate, correct and very extensive acquaintance with the doctrines, duties and historical evidences of revealed religion. In this respect she strictly and pleasurably obeyed the Divine command, "Grow in..knowledge." (2 Peter iii. 18.)

Soon after her return home, she was invited to become a teacher in the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school of her native town. Her natural diffidence made her somewhat reluctant to consent, but her conviction of duty and her desire to do good eventually prevailed. She gave herself to the work thoughtfully, and with a firm determination to be faithful to the responsibilities she had undertaken. Her progress in religious knowledge, allied as it was with a high Christian character, pre-eminently fitted her for the duty upon which she now entered. She prepared her lessons with much care, reading extensively and largely, exercising her own thoughts on each subject. Having thus studied her lessons, she succeeded in making them interesting to her scholars, and having also a most winning method of teaching, she secured their attention and love. This office she discharged for several years with a highly commendable regularity and punctuality.

The young lady of whom we are writing did not limit her Christian activities to the Sunday-school, but took upon herself an additional form of usefulness in the visitation of the aged, the sick and the poor. She had an extensive acquaintance with the needy and suffering population of Ulverstone, arising from the frequency of her visits to their homes. Her interest in them was not fitful, but constant; and being touched with the feeling of their infirmities, she not only manifested her sympathy by kind words, but also by benevolent deeds. The admirable manner in which she discharged these duties increased the value of the services she rendered, and raised her very high in the estimation of those whom she served. When the intelligence of her death was received, none seemed to manifest deeper sorrow than those who had shared her bounties. Many were their lamentations at their loss, and strong were their declarations of her worth.

The amiability of her manners was one of her most marked characteristics. To this almost all her friends made reference, who, after her death, either verbally or by letter, expressed their sympathy with the bereaved family. She demeaned herself towards all with a mildness of disposition and kindness of conduct which won their goodwill and esteem. To her friends she acted with that refined courtesy which makes social intercourse attractive, and adds the highest charm to real friendship. In order to please others, she would often subject herself to great personal inconvenience, thus showing an unselfishness of nature akin to that which dwelt in the Divine Master, of Whom it is written "He pleased not Himself." Towards her parents she was particularly affectionate, and manifested a promptitude and cheerfulness of obedience which did honour to her religious profession. Such was the kindness of her nature, that it gave her much distress to see dumb animals in pain or want, or suffering from neglect. Even the birds shared the benefit of her thoughtful care, for during the winter she never forgot to serve them with crumbs. As their songs abounded in spring, she would pleasantly remark, "They are singing now to repay me for my care."

Cheerfulness was another noticeable feature of her character. Such a state of mind well becometh Christians, seeing they are bidden to "rejoice." She had a fine appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature—a taste which tended to the augmentation of her pleasures. She had also a keen perception of the grotesque, and by sallies of innocent pleasantry often added to the entertainment of her friends. In her moments of relaxation she always appeared careful to avoid saying or doing what would

compromise her religious character or wound the sensibilities of her friends.

Possessing so many excellencies of mind and character, it is not surprising that her hand was early sought in marriage. The auspicious event took place on the 26th of August, 1874, in the Wesleyan chapel, Ulverstone, amid the congratulations of numerous friends. The union was not an "unequal yoke," but in harmony with Christian requirements. But a scene so bright was soon to be darkened. The descent from this meridian of earthly joy was extremely rapid. She had, on two occasions before marriage, suffered from rheumatic fever, and unhappily, about five weeks after marriage, another attack came upon her. From this attack she never recovered, though hopes of her restoration were held to the last day of her life. The doctor saw her for the last time at one o'clock on Monday morning, the 26th of October, 1874. She then thought herself to be somewhat better, and asked her mother to lie down by her side, saying by way of encouragement, "I shall be better in the morning."

About two o'clock her mother was startled to see a great change come over her, which showed that she was smitten with death. The husband of the dying wife was immediately called, who hurried to her bedside, but only to find that, though just alive, she was unable to recognise the last affectionate adieu. She had fallen into a sleep soon after her mother lay down, which it was hoped would refresh her; but it was soon found that a more profound slumber than they supposed had seized her. From this she never awoke, but peacefully passed away to her eternal rest. The immediate cause of her death was heart disease.

The grace that our departed friend enjoyed in health, prepared her in some measure to endure in a Christian manner the pains of her final affliction. Her amiability of disposition did not, under her adversity, relapse into murmuring, nor did her cheerfulness degenerate to gloom, nor yet did her severe sufferings lead her to "charge God foolishly." But, on the contrary, she displayed great fortitude, resignation and gratitude to the very close of life. On the last evening in which she joined in family devotions, she was asked what portion of Scripture she would like to have read, to which she replied, "Read the 103rd Psalm; it is my favourite." The selection of a Psalm so expressive of thankfulness, reflected the true state of her mind towards God. Her overflowing gratitude Godward led her thankfully to appreciate the service of others. Every one that ministered to her wants felt it a pleasure to serve one who so readily acknowledged kindness.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For May, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
April 30	4 33	7 22	8 20a	11 48a	10 25a	8 50a	2 51m
May 10	4 16	7 38	9 35	11 52	10 20	8 4	2 13
						Sets.	
20	4 1	7 53	10 4	11 44	10 12	4 12m	1 35
30	3 50	8 6	9 43	11 25	10 2	3 29	0 57

PHASES OF THE MOON.

8th, Full Moon	9h. 53m. morn.	23rd, New Moon	3h. 25m. after.
16th, Last Quarter	1h. 27m. after.	30th, First Quarter ..	5h. 48m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 12th	noon, Apogee; distance	251,956 miles.
„ 24th	7h. after., Perigee; „	223,276 „
Mean distance for the month		237,616 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

May 1st.....	92,440,540 miles.
June 1st	93,008,250 „
Increase of distance for the month	567,710 „

At the beginning of the month *the Sun* is in the *constellation* Aries and sign Taurus. He will be in conjunction with the Pleiades about the 10th, and with Aldebaran about the 28th. The declination increases from 15 deg. 16m., to 22 deg. 8m. north. The apparent diameter diminishes from 31m. 48s., to 31m. 36s. A well-regulated clock would be 3m. 5s. behind a good sun-dial at noon on the 1st, 3m. 50s. on the 11th, 3m. 37s. on the 21st, and 2m. 32s. on the 31st.

The Moon's least apparent diameter, at noon on the 12th, is 29m. 31s.; her greatest, on the 24th, at 7h. in the afternoon, is 33m. 18s. She attains her greatest southern declination, 28 deg. 32m., on the 11th, at 8h. in the evening; her greatest northern declination, 28 deg. 29m., on the 25th, at 10h. in the morning. On the 10th, at 1h. in the morning, she will be very near *Antares* (Alpha Scorpii); on the 17th, about noon, very near *Saturn;* on the morning of the 2nd, she will be in the neighbourhood of Regulus; on the morning of the 23rd, among the Pleiades, but quite close to the Sun, and of course invisible; on the evening of the 26th, she will be near Castor and Pollux.

Mercury will be visible to the naked eye in the evenings after sunset throughout a considerable part of the month. The greatest elongation from the Sun occurs on the 21st at 4h. in the afternoon, when the planet's distance from the Sun's centre will be 22 deg. 29m. eastward. On the morning of the 24th it will be near the Moon. The apparent diameter increases during the month from 6s. to 10s. After the 21st, it begins to assume the crescent form.

Venus is visible till after 11h. in the evening. As it is nearing the Earth, it is increasing in size and brightness. The apparent diameter is 23s. on the 1st, and 33s. on the 31st. On the 5th, at 3h. in the morning, it attains its greatest elongation from the Sun, 45 deg. 26m. eastward; the form is then semi-circular, afterwards crescent. On the evening of the 26th it will be near the Moon, and both in the vicinity of Castor and Pollux. The four objects will form a very fine group.

Mars is another evening star. On the 11th it will be 4 deg. south of *Beta Tauri*, and on the morning of the 25th not far from the Moon. It attains its greatest northern declination, nearly 24 deg. 28m., on the 27th. The distance from the Earth is slightly increasing.

Jupiter will be in opposition to the Sun on the 17th at 6h. in the evening, consequently visible at any time of the night throughout the month. It will be in conjunction with the Moon at 8h. on the morning of the 9th, distance 6 deg. It will be at its least distance from the Earth, a little over four hundred millions of miles, on the 19th, when the apparent diameter will be 46s.

Saturn is a morning star. It will be in quadrature with the Sun on the 28th, at 8h. in the evening. On the 15th the extreme length of the ring is 38s., the breadth 4s., the diameter of the globe 16s.

Uranus sets on the 4th at 2h., and on the 19th at 1h. in the morning. It will be in quadrature with the Sun on the 6th, at 5h. in the morning.

Neptune rises shortly before the Sun.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THE SANHEDRIN.

Our Engraving represents the Sanhedrin in session. This, the highest judicial court of the Jews, held its sittings in a hall or rotunda called *Gazzith*, or the paved chamber, built half within and half without the outer wall of the Temple. In the external portion sat the judges, while the criminal and the officers of the court stood within the sacred building. The reason of this singular arrangement was because no one might sit down in the Temple for any purpose; as the judges sat, of necessity they occupied the less honourable part of the chamber. The full court is generally supposed to have consisted of seventy-one members, though some scholars question the correctness of this assertion.

It was not easy to obtain a seat in this Great Council. Any physical defect, however slight; any admixture of foreign blood in the immediate ancestry, formed an insuperable barrier. Great learning was indispensable, proficiency both in the "Law" and in "Science." By the "Law" was meant the Mosaic code, together with a species of unwritten jurisprudence not unlike our English "common law," the basis of which is the recorded decisions of judges in particular cases. "Science" included all knowledge necessary to elucidate the "Law," and to qualify a man to decide, without the assistance of experts, every point that could possibly be brought before him. "The Mosaic code has injunctions about the Sabbatical journey; the distance had to be measured and calculated, and mathematics were called into play. Seeds, plants and animals had to be studied in connection with the many precepts regarding them, and natural history had to be appealed to. Then there were the purely hygienic paragraphs, which necessitated for their precision a knowledge of all the medical science of the time. The 'seasons' and feast-days were regulated by the phases of the moon, and astronomy, if only in its elements, had to be studied. And—as the commonwealth successively came in contact, however much against its will at first, with Greece and Rome—their history, geography and language came to be added as a matter of instruction to those of Persia and Babylon."* As he must not employ the services of an interpreter, the member of the Sanhedrin must be familiar with many languages; and that he might be able to estimate their effect upon their devotees and upon the populace, he must also be acquainted with such bastard-sciences as magic and astrology. Mature age was necessary to ensure a sober judgment; but the candidate should not be too old, lest his intellect should not be sufficiently vigorous. He must have passed with repute through the inferior ranks of judgeship, and finally, must be the father of a family, that he might sympathise with domestic troubles.

The president of the court was called *nasi*, or prince; on his right hand sat the vice-president, *ab-beth-din*, father of the house of judgment; on his left hand was stationed a second vice-president, *chacan*, the wise, though the existence of this functionary is doubted by several competent authorities. The ordinary judges were entitled *tzekanim*, elders. Usually the office of *nasi* was filled by the high-priest, though exceptions were not unknown. Probably such an exception existed in the time of our Lord, for Caiaphas was certainly the high-priest, while it appears that the President of the Sanhedrin was his father-in-law, Annas. About a year before the crucifixion, the

* Emmanuel Deutsch: The Talmud.

Supreme Council ceased to meet in the Gazzith, and assembled at a place on Mount Moriah called *Chanoth*, or the Sheds. The court that condemned Jesus Christ to death evidently sat in the house of the high-priest, probably because it was more convenient for the purpose of a hasty nocturnal gathering. Some scholars, however, contend that the high-priest's residence, and not the Chanoth, was the ordinary place of meeting. This, however, could hardly be the case, as during the day the chief priest never left the precincts of the Temple.

The Sanhedrin exercised most extensive jurisdiction. The highest civil and ecclesiastical officers, even the king and the high-priest, were subject to its authority. It examined the credentials of all who claimed to be prophets, and silenced or permitted them to speak according to its own discretion. It could inflict any punishment upon an offender it deemed suitable, even that of death. When Palestine became part of the Roman empire, and was under the government of a procurator, the Council was shorn of a considerable portion of its power. It could no longer execute a sentence of death. Crimes against the Jewish law could still be tried and punished, but if the criminal were adjudged worthy of death, the Roman governor must both approve and carry out the penalty. Thus it happened that Jesus was first examined by the Jews, and afterwards tried before Pilate. In pronouncing His condemnation, the Roman judge manifestly regarded himself as only the instrument whereby the sentence decreed by the Hebrew tribunal was performed. On this ground it was that, although he permitted Him to be slain, he declared his innocence of Christ's blood. Perhaps a more lenient court of law than the Sanhedrin never existed. Not only were the judges always supposed to be on the prisoner's side, but the undue rigour of the cross-examination and numerous technical difficulties must have been a substantial hindrance to justice. When, spite of every obstacle, a charge was proved, the smallest possible measure of punishment was inflicted. The common penalties were fine, imprisonment, flogging, and death. No more than thirty-nine stripes might ever be laid on a criminal, nor could he suffer a second time for one offence. The instrument of flagellation was a whip of three strands, thirteen lashes of which constituted the thirty-nine stripes. The mildest whipping awarded by our English judges is twelve lashes by a cat-o'-nine tails, causing the offender to receive one hundred and eight strokes. No sentence of death could be carried out until it had been confirmed at a meeting held on the day following that on which it had been passed. While actually on the road to the place of execution, the culprit might allege any circumstance in his favour which had been omitted at the trial, and arrangements were

made for immediate stay of execution, if at the last moment fresh evidence should be available.

"There were four kinds of capital punishment,—stoning, burning, slaying with the sword, and strangling. Crucifixion is utterly unknown to the Jewish law. The 'house of stoning' was two stories high, 'stoning,' in the Mishnah,* being merely a term for breaking the culprit's neck. It was the part of the chief witness to precipitate the criminal with his own hand. If he fell on his breast, he was turned on his back; if the fall had not killed him on the spot, the second witness had to cast a stone on his heart; if he still survived, then and then only the whole people hastened his death by casting stones upon him. The modes of strangling and burning were almost identical: in both cases the culprit was immersed to his waist in soft mud, and two men by tightening a cord *wrapped in a soft cloth* round his neck, caused instantaneous suffocation. In the 'burning,' a lighted wick was thrown down his throat when he opened his mouth at his last breath. The corpse was buried in a special place appropriated to criminals. After a time, however, the bones were gathered together and transferred to the burial-place of the culprit's kin. The relations then visited the judges and the witnesses, 'as much as to say, We bear no malice against you, for a righteous judgment have ye judged.' The ordinary ceremonies of outer mourning were not observed in such cases, but lamentation was not prohibited during the first period of grief—'for sorrow is from the heart.' There was no confiscation of the culprit's goods."†

Very rarely was the punishment of death inflicted. The meshes of the net were purposely left so wide that very few were the prisoners who did not contrive to slip through. Where the guilt was too glaring and the law would not allow a smaller penalty than loss of life to be awarded, a flaw in the indictment or the process almost invariably came to the criminal's relief, and perpetual imprisonment was allotted to him instead of death. Many of the chief Rabbis were in favour of the formal abolition of capital punishment. That a court that usually displayed so sensitive, we might even write so sentimental, a regard for human life, that tested testimony so severely, that adjured witnesses with the most awful adjurations to speak no more than the truth, lest the life of the prisoner should be demanded at their hands at the day of judgment,—that such a court should even condescend to listen to the apology for evidence offered against our Lord, should actually clamour for His blood, shows how strongly their

* The Mishnah may be described as a code of laws founded upon the Mosaic regulations, wherein the rules of the inspired legislator were systematized, expanded and expounded.

† Emmanuel Deutsch: The Talmud.

passions must have been moved, how powerful the Satanic influence brought to bear upon them.

The origin of the Sanhedrin is matter of dispute. The Jews generally trace it to the direct command of God recorded in Numbers xi. 16, etc. According to the same tradition, *this* Council was only the revival of a pre-existing institution, see Exodus xxiv. 9—11. But it is difficult to reconcile the judicial functions of the Sanhedrin with the duties of the seventy elders, who, whatever they may have been, were certainly not judges and did not constitute a court of appeal. At that time the judges, appointed upon the suggestion of Jethro, numbered, according to Dr. Kitto's computation, between sixty and seventy thousand men. At that early date those nice questions could not have arisen that necessitated the creation of a Supreme Court, which, indeed, could only have usurped the position Divinely assigned to Moses. No vestige of the Sanhedrin can be discovered in the Old Testament—a decisive argument against its existence. The same consideration militates well-nigh conclusively against the opinion, more probable in itself, that the priests and chief fathers of Israel set in Jerusalem by Jehoshaphat "for the judgment of the Lord" formed the first Sanhedrin. The name itself is of Greek derivation, a fact which seems to indicate that the Council took its rise at some period during or after the rule of the Macedonian kings. The common opinion of the learned is that its establishment was the work of the Maccabees, probably of Judas Maccabæus, who died B.C. 161, or of Jonathan, who died B.C. 144. The final seat of this Council was at Tiberias, where it seems to have subsisted till the Jewish polity was completely destroyed by the Romans.

GAMMA.

HOLY DAYS AND HOLIDAYS;

OR, MEMORIES OF THE CALENDAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

I.

MANY a goodly volume has been written on the subject of the superstitions, customs and games, in some way connected with the Calendar, which prevailed amongst our forefathers in the olden time, and especially during those dark centuries when Britain bowed her head to the domination of the Romish Church. Though much has been said on these topics, much remains to be said, not only because the subject is one not easily exhausted, and one suggesting various considerations, but also because renewed historical research, in our day, is frequently bringing interesting facts to light hitherto unperceived. Can there be a doubt in the mind of any thoughtful person that by the investigation of the habits of the people we gain more real knowledge of the history of a nation, than from dry details of battles fought and cities taken, or from the bare mention of warriors and states-

men who moved across the scene? Not that these things are to be overlooked, yet it is from the little incidents of the daily domestic, or the occasional holiday-life of our ancestors, that we may picture to ourselves most easily "what manner of men" they were, and also in what respects we surpass them. That we do excel them is a settled conclusion in the minds of many, but something could be stated on the other side.

Although we thankfully acknowledge that the influence of the Bible and modern civilization have done much for the elevation of our people, and towards the chasing away of superstition and childish prejudice, not yet has Britain become what she ought to be with regard to national habits, customs and beliefs. Certainly the Calendar is not, to the majority of us, what it was to our forefathers, even of three hundred years ago; but there is unfortunately a spirit abroad, in this age when amusement and variety are so much in vogue, which tends to the re-introduction of some of those gross superstitions connected with saints' days, which are only worthy of the dark ages. Those who would Romanize our creed and our worship, necessarily assist to bring in all that appertains to the religion our Puritan ancestors protested against, and which infected social and domestic life, though they may pretend that the Papacy and its appendages have undergone such refinement and purification as to render them adequate to the demands of the nineteenth century. We are coming to a singular crisis when in an Episcopal church in London, on the first Sunday of the year, the congregation could join in singing a canticle, containing a ludicrous account of a supposed miracle, beginning thus:

"Joseph was an old man,
An old man was he;
He married sweet Mary,
And a virgin was she.

"As they went a-walking
In the garden so gay,
Maid Mary spied cherries
Hanging over yon tree."

Sad stuff in this era of School-boards, not to remark on its theological aspect. Between the words "holy-day" and "holiday," what a difference there lies! and yet the two had first their origin in the same idea; namely, that of a day dedicated to sacred uses. It suited the Church of Rome to introduce into the Calendar a number of days of religious observance, since from several of them sources of income arose, and by their means the power of the priest could be advanced.

Though that Church wished to give these days of her ordaining an ecclesiastical colouring, she was willing to bid for popularity by allowing various freedoms in connection with them. Therefore on the saints' days, (and, indeed, on Sundays as well,) after the routine of service had been performed, the people, freed from their ordinary employments, followed any pursuit or game they might fancy. If there was a semblance of "holiness" attaching itself to the morning service, it was wofully counteracted on several of these days, by the "unholy" tendency of the afternoon engagements. At least, there came over the minds of men a feeling that the amusement of such a day was the chief object of it, and so the holy-day sank down to be nothing beyond a holi-day, and we use the word familiarly, without thought of what it once meant. It is observable,

however, that in former times persons engaged in business and other avocations, appear to have had no idea of taking an interval for the sole object of rest or recreation.

New Year's observances still linger in some districts of Britain, but for the most part they have died out. It may be due to the fact that we begin the year at a season when there is nothing very inspiriting out of doors, and there is some truth in the assertion that there would be an appropriateness in our making the year to begin in Spring, when Nature is re-clothing herself in her garb of green. For a certain period the year was actually commenced in our Calendar at Lady-day, which has caused some confusion in dates.

In anticipation of the New Year's first morning, our ancestors went round to each other on the last night of the Old Year to utter good wishes and friendly congratulations. Small parties of young people would go from house to house, not entering, but singing at the doors a rude versicle, a modification of the Christmas carol, receiving in return a small gratuity. Or sometimes the wassail-bowl was circulated, the very name being significant, equivalent, according to the highest authorities, to the Anglo-Saxon *Vaes hael*, that is, "Be in health." Unfortunately, from this bowl potations were often indulged in far from conducive to the health of either the body or the mind.

Though there was in this wassail-bowl a relic of an old Pagan custom, the Roman Catholic clergy did not discourage the practice of passing it about at New Year's tide, only, with their usual policy, they gave the bowl a different name, and called it the "Cup of Charity." A wassail-bowl was even set on the Abbot's table in most monasteries, of which all comers were allowed to taste. Probably we have in the "Grace Cup," or the "Loving Cup,"—still formally presented at a few ceremonial dinners,—a reminiscence of this wassail-bowl. Doubtless the wassailers were expected to contribute something to the revenues of the Church, and in return they had the priest's blessing,—if that availed them anything!

In one particular our ancestors, both rich and poor, seem to have shown more generosity than is commonly exhibited in modern times,—they were very ready to distribute New Year's gifts. The phrase, "A Happy New Year," is current on the lips of many who do little to make the New Year bright or cheerful to those with whom they come into contact.

In France, though the national caprice of character is well known, the people generally still adhere to the custom of transmitting New Year's presents. There was a time in this country when these expected gifts were a serious item in the outlay of some persons who had many dependents, especially as Christmas gifts must also be disbursed. And what seemed rather unreasonable, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, those in attendance on the Court were required to offer a New Year's present to the monarch, while royalty was free from any reciprocal obligation. "Queen Bess" almost clothed herself, so it is said, from the proceeds of the various and costly gifts brought to her palace at New Year's tide by the courtiers, gentry, and even by citizens.

A New Year's token of remembrance might, according to the chroniclers, be given as late as the 6th of January, which day formed

the close of the Christmas festivities. In some country places, a century ago or more, it was highly advisable for those who could give presents to make sure that they had met all reasonable demands on them by Twelfth-Day; for parties of lads were accustomed then to inflict summary justice on those who had acted in a miserly manner. If the offender were a man, he was mounted on what was called a *stang*,—an uncomfortable horse of wood,—and so borne along, until his cries for mercy, or a money bribe, procured his release. A woman was placed in a large basket, to receive the like treatment.

We may be thankful that, in our day, it is scarcely possible for outrages of this kind to be committed without the due punishment of the offenders. Certainly the process was not one likely to be conducive to the reformation of the ungenerous individual.

As singular, or perhaps more singular, was the custom once prevalent in districts which abounded in fruit-trees. The farmers went out at sunset on Twelfth-Night, and after they had repeated some quaint rhymes, drank a health to the apples and pears from the wassail-bowl, flinging a portion of the liquor over the trees. There is in this a manifest connection either with the Greek and Roman usage of offering libations, or else with the Druidical rites of the early Britons.

A Herefordshire custom (said also to have been observed in other Midland counties) associated with this night, was the kindling of twelve small fires, with a larger one in the centre, in a field of growing wheat, and around these an uncouth dance was performed, with much noise and shouting. This appears rather suggestive of the ancient worship of Baal, which has left its impress in some districts of England; while in Ireland traces of it, as exhibited in some superstitious observances, lingered until the beginning of this century.

The Romish clergy, in Saxon and Norman times, did not, as we have observed, uproot old superstitions, but put a new face upon them. The wassailing of the apples just referred to, seems a practice akin to the blessing of animals even now practised in Roman Catholic countries, however it took its origin; and as probably the parish priest blessed the bowl ere it was used, he afterwards had his share of the autumn fruit.

But Twelfth-Day is also designated the festival of the Epiphany. This festival had undoubtedly a purely Christian origin, commemorating the manifestation of our Saviour to the Gentile nations, in the persons of the three representative Magi, or "Wise Men of the East." The Church went so far as to specify the names of these men, and the nature of their gifts. Melchior, says tradition, was an old man, he brought gold; Jasper, a youth, presented frankincense; the third, Balthasar, who was middle-aged, offered myrrh.

A Dutch painter, in delineating the group, went ludicrously beyond the tradition, for in his painting of the Visit of the Magi, one of the three who are bending in reverence, has in his hand a model of a man-of-war, intended for the amusement of the Sacred Infant! Probably, however, the Church was mistaken in the date assigned to the visit of the Magi: it is almost certain that the Magi did not visit

Him Who was the "Light of the Gentiles," until some months after His birth.*

The election of a king and queen on Twelfth-Night had in it a reference to the Three Magi; though the connection of a cake with the celebration is not so readily explicable. An "original recipe" for an Epiphany cake is to be read; the chief ingredients being honey, flour, ginger and pepper, so that to our tastes it would scarcely be agreeable. Drawing paper characters is a modern custom; our ancestors, instead of that, put in the cake a bean and a pea, and when the slices were distributed, the gainers of these became king and queen, or they had the privilege of nomination. Sometimes a child was placed under the table upon which the cake was being cut, to name the persons who were to receive the slices as they were taken off, so that there should be no possibility of unfairness.

One author, belonging to the seventeenth century, mentions a comical custom observed in some places: They introduced also a piece of rag and a bit of crooked stick into the cake. The stick was to point out the most cross-grained fellow in the party, and the rag was for the slattern! This sham regal dignity did not always cease with the evening, but the appellation of "King" and "Queen" was occasionally held by the individuals obtaining the honour for a number of days after. Following the Twelfth-Day was an anniversary called, quaintly, "St. Distaff's-Day," with which are associated some rustic rhymes, advising people to "partly work and partly play," and after that, "every one to his own vocation,"—the best thing, no doubt, for us all to follow throughout the year.

* Greswell has shown the high probability that the visit of the Magi took place about the beginning of August.

SOPHIE'S DIFFICULTY, AND HOW SHE GOT RID OF IT.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

In one of the by-streets not ten minutes' walk from the grand old Abbey at Westminster, there was an old-fashioned grocer's shop, and over its front, in large yellow letters, the name of its owner appeared thus, "Joseph Faithfull." He was not a successful man, although he toiled from early morn till late at night; nay, more than this, "to oblige people," as he said, he opened his shop on Sunday morning as well as during the whole of the six days that preceded it. And yet, with a weary shake of the head, he would say, "It don't pay as it should do! it don't pay as it should do, after all my trouble."

Joseph Faithfull had one daughter, a gentle, quiet little girl, who delighted to go to the neighbouring Sabbath-school on Sunday afternoon. She was always one of the first to be present, so that she might sit next the kind teacher whose words of loving earnestness had led Sophie to give herself, heart and soul, to the Saviour Who died for the salvation of us all. But the child had one great trouble, and that was, that she was obliged to attend to the shop and help her father in serving the customers who came for their tea, sugar and butter on the Sunday morning. Her father insisted on her obedience in this matter, and so with a weary heart the child did as she was told.

One Sunday night after Sophie had washed up the tea-things, she sat down on a low chair by the fire-

side. A book lay open on her knees, but she was not reading it, and her eyes gazed straight into the fire. She was thinking of the pearl of all parables, the story of the prodigal son, which had been the lesson for that Sunday afternoon. Her teacher's impressive words were ringing in her ears, and somehow or other she seemed to connect her father with "the lost sheep," "the piece of silver," and the wandering son of the chapter they had been reading. But then the thought came that God could bring repentance to that father's heart, and if this was accomplished there was mercy for him—yes, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." And she prayed silently to God for her father's salvation; with tears in her eyes she asked that he might be made happy through the precious blood of Jesus Christ her Saviour. Just at that moment her father looked up from the newspaper he was reading, and seeing the girl's tears, exclaimed, "Why, what's the matter with you, Sophie, and what makes you sit there crying?" And then she told him about the lesson of the afternoon, of the son's rebellion and the father's goodness, finishing by saying, "O, father, I do wish you didn't open the shop on Sunday mornings, it does make me feel so miserable all day afterwards!"

"Well, child, maybe you're right, maybe you're right," said Joseph Faithfull, "and I would like to shut up all day, but then I must wait till the business picks up a bit; I can't do it yet awhile, anyhow."

Sophie made no reply, but got up from her seat and kissed her father so earnestly that the paper fell to the floor as the girl quietly went out of the door to the little room up-stairs. She knew she was not likely to be disturbed, and so beside her bed she knelt down and began to pray to the Father Who "seeth in secret:" let us listen to what she says,—"Dear Lord Jesus, I am weak and helpless, and don't know how to love Thee as I ought to do; but the Bible says, Thou wilt never cast out those that come to Thee, and I do want to come, dear Lord Jesus; please help me to do so just now: bless father and mother; O, save them both! and let the business pick up a bit so that father may close his shop on Sundays, and go to chapel with mother and me. This blessing, with the pardon of all my sins, I humbly ask for Christ's sake. Amen."

I know the prayer was very simple and childlike, but I know also that the great Father Whose throne is in glory, heard the little one's petition, filled her soul with that peace which the world cannot give, and enabled her to go down stairs with a face beaming with happiness.

The hours of that evening soon sped by, and the days of the following week passed rapidly away, one by one, till Sunday morning dawned upon the earth. Then Sophie's troubles began afresh, and the great difficulty of her life had to be met once more. How could she break the Sabbath by serving customers on the Sunday morning, and go with a clear conscience to the school in the afternoon? This was Sophie's greatest sorrow; she had several others,—for instance, many of the girls seemed to think her "beneath them," because her dress was not so good or made so fashionably as their own. Some in the class went farther than this, they did not care to speak or sit beside a girl whom they had

seen at work in the shop, morning after morning, as they went to God's house; and so altogether Sophie's lot was rather a hard one in school and out of it. But the girl's kind teacher did not make such a foolish mistake; she knew that it was the *heart and disposition*, not the *dress*, that should be considered, and Sophie had given her heart to Jesus Christ her Saviour.

Hoping against hope, and praying in spite of disappointment, Sophie did her daily duties as the weeks passed slowly by.

The business seemed to get worse instead of better, and God laid His hand on Joseph Faithfull, so that he was confined to his room by illness. Alas! alas! with blind folly we refuse to listen to God's voice when He speaks softly and with kindness, thus causing Him to send us affliction; and then we see how sadly we have rebelled against His wondrous love.

And so it happened that the second week after the shopkeeper had been laid aside, his wife, a poor sickly woman, found that the worry and bother of the shop were more than sufficient for the six days, without labouring on the seventh. She told her husband so, and at last he consented to its being tried just for a week or two, and I need not say how gladly Sophie wrote the following notice, which she placed over the counter for all to see:—"*Please Notice.—This shop will not be opened on Sunday mornings in future.*"

At first, I am bound to confess, the takings did fall off slightly, but in a month or two Joseph Faithfull found that his earnings for the six days began to exceed those formerly obtained during seven. And the explanation is a simple one: many people who did not fear God themselves, preferred dealing with a tradesman who honoured and kept the Sabbath-day holy.

Joseph Faithfull obtained three blessings by that severe illness of his,—the first was, a knowledge of his own state as a sinner; the second, a trust in the blood of Christ for mercy; and the third, a hope blooming with immortality and full of glory. Sophie's prayers were answered, her difficulty overcome, her faith strengthened, an her heart made glad by the knowledge that her father was walking in the path to heaven, and her mother seeking Jesus as her Saviour.

There is but little more to add, for Joseph Faithfull has found that a man's religion does not prevent his success in business, and that the fear of God leaves nothing for a man to fear beside.

Sophie's companions are all fond of the grocer's gentle daughter, and they are learning the lesson (O would that all Sunday-scholars would learn it!) of pity and consideration for young people who are compelled to break God's law by the wicked parents with whom they dwell.

CANDOUR.—Be not ashamed to confess you have been in the wrong. It is but owning, what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before, to see your error,—more humility to acknowledge it,—and more grace to correct it.—*Seed.*

JOHN TODD.

II.—YALE AND ANDOVER.

YOUNG Todd was an undergraduate of Yale College at last, thanks to his indomitable perseverance, but he stood at a disadvantage with his class-mates in

that his previous education had not been equal to theirs, and even worse, in that while they possessed sufficient money to pay the college dues and provide for their own necessities, he was literally penniless, and knew not where to look for a single coin. Extraordinary diligence might remedy his defective knowledge, but how replenish his empty purse? He procured the post of schoolmaster at the village of Hotchkirstown, and contrived to discharge his preceptorial duties and to attend and prepare for the college lectures and classes as well. It was winter-time; to earn his living he must walk five miles every day, often through storm and snow; to prosecute his studies he must sit up more than half the night. Yet even then, his "brilliant" recitations became the talk of his fellow-students. School-keeping, though at different places, occupied him summer and winter, term-time and vacation, till he found other means of support.

Hard-worked as he was in the week, he did not allow himself to rest on the Sunday. Hotchkirstown was destitute of public worship, so John Todd, not feeling competent to preach, commenced a Sunday-school in the only room he could obtain, belonging to a poor woman. "The floor was not nailed down, and neither ceiling nor plaster had ever been seen in the chamber. The chimney passed up in the centre, and the bare rafters were over our heads." Here, spite of laughter and more serious opposition, he gathered some seventy children. Ere he was compelled to resign his task from sickness, he had secured the warm attachment of the whole township, the members of which testified to their regard for him by a handsome pecuniary present. God paid him nobler wages: one of the leading gentlemen of the place very reluctantly consented to his little daughter taking her seat among the scholars. Returning home, she repeated to her father a text she had learnt, with the teacher's explanation. There and then he was convinced of sin, and subsequently experienced conversion.

Exposure to all weathers, arduous physical and mental exertion, scanty nourishment and insufficient sleep brought him to the verge of the grave. Though he struggled long against it, even he was compelled at last to admit that there was no alternative, the overtaxed body and brain imperatively demanded rest. The sick student, too, hungered for sympathy till the craving grew intolerable. He had a little money, and resolved upon a *walking tour* to New York, though he was scarcely in a condition to crawl! In that city was settled a sister whom he had never seen, perhaps she would lend him a home for a week or two, and maybe give him some of the sorely-needed nursing. He could return through Arlington, where his father had resided, and surely some old friend of the father would offer him at least a supper and a bed. He wrote to the Rev. Dr. Lee, who had known and loved Dr. Timothy Todd, begging letters of introduction to his father's friends. Further correspondence followed, and issued in a generous invitation to Dr. Lee's own house in Colebrook, Connecticut, and the promise of cash and a horse to help him on his journey.

The Lees received him with open arms, insisted upon his remaining with them, and upon defraying his medical expenses till he was fit to travel. Nevertheless, after he had left them, he was seized with an illness that manifested all the symptoms of

a "galloping consumption," and lay for days in a wayside inn, every one anticipating his speedy decease. But the next term found him at Yale once more, as industrious and as negligent of his health as ever.

Again he broke down utterly. Mr. Evarts sent him ten dollars, and strongly advised him to quit the college, at any rate for a while, and spend the winter in the Southern States. In doubt what steps to take, he presented the letter to President Day. It shows at once the kind-heartedness of that gentleman and the strong sympathy Mr. Todd's misfortunes and character excited, that the President supported the recommendation of the student's cousin, and handed him fifty dollars towards meeting the cost. Six months in the South sped pleasantly enough, partly in the abodes of hospitable friends who seemed to spring up mysteriously wherever the foot of the winsome youth trod, and partly in teaching pupils who appear to have been always ready to his hand. Once when his funds were exhausted he received from an anonymous donor a fifty-dollar bill, wrapped in paper on which was written simply, "My God shall supply all your need." He returned to college in what, for him, may be called robust health, and spite of his half-year's absence, he was able to stand shoulder to shoulder with his comrades whose studies had been uninterrupted. His last year at Yale afforded a marked contrast to the preceding two; he was free from sickness, his purse was heavier, and he did not need to apply himself with injurious assiduity to his books.

He continued to give lessons, and began to write for the press. The pieces entitled "Simple Sketches," in his collected works, were all published at this time. They justify their title, they are very "simple," touching and pathetic. The last-named quality attaches to the majority of his productions. A curious illustrative incident is recorded by his son: Mr. Todd supplied for a very little while a vacancy in an academy; "though he had only been teaching in the school for a few days as a substitute, yet, on the last morning of his being there, in conducting the devotions of the school, he read that chapter of the Acts which describes the parting of Paul from the elders of Ephesus, and their sorrow that 'they should see his face no more,' and so skilfully treated the parallel that *all the girls cried*." The son's comment is that this is a fair specimen of John Todd's "love of making people feel bad, which was one of his striking characteristics, and which led some one to say at his funeral that the only consolation of the occasion was, that he was not there to conduct the exercises himself, for no one could have endured it." Mr. Todd graduated successfully, and gained an honour eagerly coveted at American Universities, he "was one of the few appointed to speak on the commencement stage." From Newhaven, where Yale College is situated, John Todd removed to Andover Hill, then, as now, a theological seminary of high reputation. Among his tutors were the celebrated Dr. Moses Stuart and the scarcely less famous Dr. Ebenezer Porter.

There is little to tell of the next three years of quiet and happy study, though the story of John Todd's courtship belongs to this period. One of the scholars over whom he had exercised his power "of making people feel bad," was Mary Brace. Except as a pupil, he knew nothing whatever about her, and had not

seen her since his connection with the academy terminated. Secretly, however, he cherished the resolve to win her for his wife. Obtaining a letter of introduction to her father from a companion whose acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Brace scarcely exceeded his own, he boldly presented himself at that minister's door, and somewhat abruptly announced the real object of his visit. No wonder that his reception by both father and daughter was of the coolest. Nothing abashed, he called again and again, till his perseverance triumphed, and he returned to Andover an accepted suitor. A paragraph from one of his earliest letters to his *fiancée* expresses the earnest purpose of his life:—

"From the very nature of my situation and circumstances, I know not what is before me in life. I know not, and I care not, where my life is spent; and if the good of the Church demands it, I care not how soon it is spent. My object in living is but one—to do good. To this every subordinate desire, every panting of ambition, every longing after fame, must and shall be subjected." The institution at Andover admitted none but candidates for the Christian ministry, yet its students were strictly forbidden to preach or to conduct any religious service. Their theological course completed, they were deemed competent immediately to undertake a pastoral charge and to instruct a congregation, Sabbath after Sabbath; yet previous practice in the pulpit was rigorously prohibited! For transgressing this rule upon a pressing emergency, Mr. Todd was sentenced to make public apology. Scarcely had the sentence been pronounced, than rising from his seat he did the penance: "I, John Todd, in the presence of this august assembly, with feelings of the deepest contrition and repentance, do express my heartfelt regret and sorrow for having (on such a day) in the village of—, in a small schoolhouse, exhorted the people to repentance, and to seek their eternal salvation through God; and of such a crime may I be pardoned." This vindication of himself in the guise of an apology passed unnoticed for the moment, but shortly afterwards the regulation was relaxed, and permission granted him to hold a meeting every Sunday evening in a village several miles from Andover. Fruit of his labour speedily appeared.

"There is," he writes to Miss Brace, "something of a revival among my little flock; five or six are hoping in Christ, and many are anxious. You would be interested could you see them, after I have closed my meeting, come around me and express their affection for me. Last Sabbath evening they came clustering around me; and some, with tears, who have lately obtained hopes of eternal life, declared that my preaching to them was the means, under God, of awakening them; and when I saw one or two drunkards among them, I could hardly help weeping myself. Four families among them, have lately commenced family prayers, and several are still anxious."

To his evangelistic labours Mr. Todd added a considerable amount of literary work, yet neither was suffered to interfere with his studies. He was regarded by both students and professors as, if not *the* foremost, yet one of the foremost men in the seminary. His popularity with the former may be judged from the circumstance that they elected him to pronounce the annual oration before the Rhetorical Society, the highest

honour in their power to confer. His reputation with the public is evidenced by an invitation from Boston to deliver the address at the fourth of July Celebration, a duty never before offered to any one but an ordained minister of long standing and proved ability. The first prize in American Universities is to speak the Valedictory,—*i. e.*, a species of farewell address at the close of the session, to listen to which former students and the aristocracy of the neighbourhood gather together. John Todd's disappointment when this post was assigned by the Faculty to a competitor to surpass whom he had strained every nerve, hardly knew bounds. Herein was displayed the one great defect of his character, —a defect to some extent overcome in his later years,—an insatiable thirst for applause. It was as nothing to him that the chosen Valedictorian enjoyed little fame beyond the walls of the college, that the avowed reason of the choice was that as himself and Mr. Howe were so nearly equal in their attainments, it was but fair to incline the balance in favour of the one who had received no other honours, — he would not be comforted. He found, however, some salve to his wounded vanity in the offer of a fellowship at the seminary, a distinction he shared with his successful rival. It must not be supposed that a fellowship at Andover corresponded in any way with a fellowship at our English Oxford or Cambridge. It meant merely rooms and board in the College, freedom from all fees, liberty to choose his own studies, and "to preach for hire" twenty-six Sundays in the year. Other advances were made to him from various religious Societies, but he preferred the fellowship. Of the two fellows, only one could reside in the College; to live without the walls was to forego half the advantages of the position. To Mr. Todd's credit be it said that he spontaneously resigned all claim to rooms, in order that Mr. Howe, who was lame, might not be inconvenienced. Plainly he bore no malice on the score of the Valedictory.

On the twenty-seventh of June, 1825, he received his license as a Congregational minister, after a most successful examination; but he could not accept a church without the consent of the Faculty of his College. His desire was still to go forth as a missionary to the heathen or to the Jews in Palestine; but for the present he could only wait till Providence indicated to him more clearly the exact work he was called to do. Yet his missionary ardour was decreasing; many of his friends, notably Mr. Evarts, urged his speedy embarcation for the Holy Land, but he felt a strange hesitancy, and could not bring himself to regard that as his Divinely-appointed duty. Meanwhile his fellowship afforded a resting-place. A prayer written for himself and his betrothed on the day of his fourth of July oration, breathes the spirit of resignation and patience:—

"May we love one another with purity, with tenderness, with unreservedness, with constancy; may we long live together; may we make each other happy, useful, respectable and holy; may we live and labour together in the vineyard of Christ; and wilt Thou, O Spirit of Grace, direct us where to go, where to spend our lives where we can be the most useful. O, shouldst Thou, by Thy Providence, call us to go to some heathen land, may we be willing to go and labour and spend our lives for Christ our Redeemer!"

EVENING BELLS.

Sweet is the music of the evening bells,
Whose soft vibrations from the village tower
Float on the ear with undulating swells
Of quiet harmony and soothing power.
The summer sunset o'er the landscape smiles
In glorious light or half-illumined shade,
And waving corn-fields are spread out for miles,
In golden tints and harvest robes array'd.

And the clear tongue of bells, with songs divine,
Makes the breeze vocal, and the woodland dells
Echo like tremulous harp-strings,—while they join
The choral worship of those evening bells,
They seem to breathe of love; those gentle chimes
Awaken memories of bygone years,
Of sever'd friendships, and of other times,
Moving the heart to sympathy and tears.

So, their high psalm, extending far and wide,
Through hedgerow, bush and brake, this summer even,
Carries a holy calm and joy allied,
And village bells may make us think of heaven.
God's smile is on the landscape, and His voice
Speaks where pure harmony the spirit swells;
Sweet is it thus with Nature to rejoice,
And sweet the melody of evening bells.

Benjamin Gough.

METHODISM IN THE ISLE OF PORTLAND.

BY JOSEPH JONES.

Within a few years of the close of the last century, Robert Carr Brackenbury, Esq., of Raithby Hall, Lincolnshire, was contemplating an entire seclusion of himself from society, for the purpose of constant prayer and holy exercises. He proposed seeking some suitable retreat, and being at the time at Southampton, resolved to take the first coach that drew up. He did so, and was set down at Weymouth, where he took private lodgings. A day or two after his arrival, a friend accosted him and said, "O, Sir, you are the very person I wanted; the Isle of Portland," pointing to it, "is all darkness; you must go there." He went, and after a little time Poole was also visited, where the play-house was hired for public worship, Mr. Brackenbury himself being the preacher. Great eagerness to hear the Word was displayed, souls were converted, a chapel was built, and a Circuit formed. All this happened in the years 1791—1793, when Mr. Brackenbury had settled at Portland, whence he extended his pious labours to Poole and the adjacent parts. "The fruit of this hallowed zeal," said his pious widow, many years afterwards, "has, humanly speaking, providentially resulted from my dear husband stepping into the coach at Southampton." *

As illustrating the kind feeling which subsisted between the early Methodists of Portland and Poole, and their spiritual guide and benefactor, we are enabled to give an original letter, never before published, which, for more than seventy-six years, has been carefully preserved. It throws much light on the temporal and spiritual condition of the people for whose benefit he toiled, whilst the unostentatious piety and benevolence of the writer (Mr. Brackenbury) will command the admiration of every reader. It is dated "Newark, 7th February, 1800," and addressed to Mr. Charles Whittle, of Portland:—

"Dear Brother,

"It is seme months since I had the pleasure of hearing from you, and I

---

* *Vide* "Raithby Hall; or, Memorial Sketches, etc.," by Mrs. Richard Smith, daughter of the late Dr. Adam Clarke.

acknowledge myself faulty in not answering your letter. As I have not brought it from home, I do not recollect the particulars thereof, only that your own soul was prosperous and several likewise of the Society, but that others were grown slack. This is generally the case; the light is not to every one the power, and numbers settle in a decency of outward conduct, observing the exterior of religion, while the inward life and spirituality of it are left behind. But, blessed be God! it is not so with all: those who walk in the path of self-denial, combating their passions and watching unto prayer, preserve a savour of life and grace in their vessels, and are known of the Lord by the daily tokens of His love, which He kindly affords them, and by the fresh supplies of light and strength to help them on their journey. And this is by as certain a rule as the earth is rendered fruitful, by painful labour and industry on the part of man, and by the genial heat and refreshing showers of the heavens.

"Enclosed I have sent you a £10 bill, which you will please dispose of (as you did that the last winter) among our poor friends. I wish it had come sooner, since they must have suffered greatly for want of bread and coals. However, as their necessities are yet, I fear, for the most part unsupplied, I hope the present remittance will be found a seasonable relief. You will not forget to send me word as soon as you receive this, without waiting to distribute it, and direct your answer to me at Mr. Ancoats, Retford, Nottinghamshire, where we are going to-morrow, and shall spend a week with our friends. Afterward we intend, God willing, to visit part of Yorkshire, and then proceed by Leicestershire, Northamptonshire and Bucks to London; but whether we shall reach to Portland on this journey is very uncertain. We have no carriage or

servant with us, and therefore are obliged to hire post-chaises, which at this time are very dear. Indeed, this part of England suffers greatly, and is likely to suffer more before the next harvest, from the great scarcity of corn, both for man and beast. The hay likewise is very indifferent, and it is not, I suppose, much better with you. Surely the Lord is coming near to judgment against a sinful land, and if we do not 'hear the rod' and Him that 'appointed it,' we may fear more dreadful strokes than we have hitherto experienced!

"I sent Brother Kelk £20 to Poole, which I understood he received, and which he said he should acknowledge, but to my great surprise I have not received a single line from him, though it is almost two months ago.

"Through Divine mercy we are both tolerably well, and humbly desirous of being directed, governed and blest by our Great Master in His own work. We entered on the new year with renewed dedication of ourselves to God, and we hope to see still more glorious displays of His wisdom, power and goodness in regard both to ourselves and others; but above all, we wish to lie low, even in the dust before Him, this being the temper most pleasing to the Lord and most becoming creatures and sinners, that can call nothing their own but ignorance and weakness, but deformity and defilement.

"Our kind love to our friends as if mentioned by name. Mrs. B— joins with me in love to Sister Green, and thankfully acknowledges her last kind favour, which she intends to answer. Our love likewise to Mr. and Mrs. Kelk. Suppose you have heard of the death of young Mr. Green, who laboured among you two years ago. He died at Bath, of a brain-fever. His end was peace.

"Remember us kindly to your mother and dear family.

"I remain,

"dear Brother,

"Your friend and servant in the Lord,

"R. C. BRACKENBURY.

"P.S. You will not forget to acknowledge the receipt of this as soon as possible, and let us know how the Society fares both in temporals and spirituals."

After the lapse of about nineteen years, when the author of this letter had gone to his rest, the gratitude of the Portland Methodists found an expression in the erection of a tablet to his memory, in their chapel, on which is the following inscription:—

"This tablet is erected to the memory of Robert Carr Brackenbury, of Raithby Hall, in the county of Lincoln, Esquire, designed not as the record of his eminently holy life, successful labours in the Christian ministry, extensive beneficence and faithful, uniform imitation of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, but as a sincere memorial of the grateful esteem, filial affection and deep regret of a poor people, whose forlorn condition excited his tenderest compassion, and to whom, as the humble and devoted servant of God, he first imparted the Gospel of their salvation, and continued at all times their kindest benefactor, friend and father, until he entered the joy of his Lord, August 11th, 1818.

"This chapel was built 1792, at his sole expense, for the benefit of the present and succeeding generations, who shall arise and call him blessed. He shall be had 'in everlasting remembrance.'"*

As Mr. Brackenbury before his decease particularly requested that nothing should be said or written concerning him, very few details of his exemplary life have come down to the present generation. Allusion is made to his death in the "Methodist Magazine" for 1818, and in Dr. Etheridge's "Life of the Rev.

* The following inscription on a tombstone in the Chapel-yard at Portland possesses a melancholy interest:—"The Wesleyans in Portland have erected this stone in respectful remembrance of the Rev. E. J. Peard (Wesleyan missionary) and his beloved wife (aged twenty-four and twenty-eight), who, on their passage to Western Africa, were wrecked in the 'Columbine,' on Chesil Beach, November 29th, 1838, and whose remains are deposited here."

"'Clouds and darkness are round about Him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.'"—Ps. xcvii. 2.

Adam Clarke, LL.D.," the Doctor having been associated with Mr. Brackenbury as a fellow labourer in the Channel Islands. Though ninety years have elapsed, their joint exertions are still held in grateful remembrance. The late Rev. Thomas Jackson has also favoured us with an appreciative sketch of the squire at Raithby Hall, in the "Recollections" of his "Own Life and Times."

We understand that the direct line of the Brackenbury family, as far as relates to Lincolnshire at least, is extinct, and the estates have changed hands. Mrs. Richard Smith, in her little work, to which we have already referred, thus wrote of this ancient family some quarter of a century ago:—"Brackenbury is a name that belongs to the annals of England. It has been chronicled by our historians, and sung by our poets; it has allied itself to rank; it has patronised science; and in our own days it has given divines to our Church, officers to our army and consuls to foreign States. Vigorous shoots from the ancestral stem flourish in the Midland counties, and the branch from which the subject of our pages traces his descent has long been established in Lincolnshire, and possesses considerable property in that and neighbouring counties. Donnington and Lusby are patrimonial estates, and at Raithby, near Spilsby, on entering the church the thoughtful stranger is arrested in his musings by the impressive mural monument near the communion-table, to the memory of Robert Carr Brackenbury, Esq.,—a monument raised by the genius of Chantrey, and inscribed by the muse of Montgomery, whose beautiful mortuary lines we here record:—

> 'Silent be human praise!
> The solemn charge was thine,
> And widowed love obeys,
> And here upon thy shrine
> Inscribes the monumental stone,
> With—Glory be to God alone.'"

Wesleyan-Methodism has now five chapels on the Island, and the whole are capable of holding about one thousand seven hundred persons. The old chapel at Fortune's Well, an Engraving of which is given on p. 177, was built, as already stated, in 1792. The minister's house adjoins it. Another chapel at Easton, now of similar size, having been enlarged about twelve years ago, was built in 1855. Each of these will accommodate about seven hundred hearers.

Portland has been visited with some very remarkable and glorious revivals of religion since the introduction of Methodism into the place. One of these occurred about twenty years ago, when the Society of three hundred members was largely increased. The greater portion of the converts remain steadfast to this day. The long-continued depression of trade has necessitated a very large number of "removals," the losses so occasioned almost counterbalancing previous gains. In the year 1869, the little chapel at Chiswell was purchased. This and two other small sanctuaries (Southwell and Weston) will each hold one hundred and twenty persons.*

When the "Land we Live In" was first issued as a serial, about twenty years ago, the writer of the description of Weymouth and Portland, referred to "a very full account of the Portlanders," which, he said, was given some ten years before in the "Penny Magazine," "by one who had mixed among them, and had studied their habits and character." After quoting this article, the writer adds:—"The islanders are spoken of very favourably as to their moral characteristics. Sunday is strictly observed; and though there is a sort of magistrate on the Island, his office is almost a sinecure. The author just quoted does not hesitate to designate the Portlanders as the most moral portion of the inhabitants of our country."

Doubtless the high standard of morality

* In the report of the Jubilee Fund of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, 1863—8, under the head of Portland Circuit, appears the following entry:—"The Trustees of the Wesleyan-Methodist Chapels in Portland, in memory of their benefactor, R. C. Brackenbury, Esq., who introduced Methodism into the Island, £2 2s."

is, under God, to be attributed in no small degree to the influence Methodism had exerted on the Island. It has often been said with truth of consistent Methodists, that "our people die well." At least one example of holy living and dying may be given from Portland Methodism. The record will be found in the "Wesleyan-Methodist Magazine" for 1861, page 960. The notice is worthy of reproduction at the close of our article:—

"August 2nd, 1861, died at Portland, Sarah Gibbs, aged eighty-five, relict of Mr. W. Gibbs. Among the firstfruits of the labours of R. C. Brackenbury, Esq., in this Island, she, with her revered husband, stood the test of persecution during the stormy day. They ranked, also, among the closest and latest correspondents of Mrs. Brackenbury. Mrs. Gibbs became impressed by the truth at the age of seventeen, and united herself to the Church in 1793. In 1810 she was appointed Leader of a Class, which office she filled with fidelity and assiduity, securing the esteem and admiration of those who were entrusted to her care. In her humble cottage the ministers were cheerfully and hospitably entertained; and no visiter received a more hearty welcome. In her general deportment, she was a fine specimen of primitive godliness,—plain in dress, unassuming in carriage, cheerful in disposition, liberal in her acts of kindness; a 'keeper at home,' a peacemaker; yea, 'an Israelite indeed.' During her final affliction, she was most anxious to glorify God by patient submission. When the wheels of life had become nearly still, she raised her head and whispered,—

'O, let me catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity.'"*

* The author of this and a former article on *Portland* has great pleasure in acknowledging his obligations to Mr. W. H. Gibbs of Westminster, and Mr. Gibbs of Portland, for the information they have so kindly afforded him in the preparation of these papers. It will be gratifying to many readers if it is also added that these two gentlemen are descendants of the venerable Christian woman alluded to above.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO RICHES.

CHAPTER III.—GOING WEST.

Once or twice, when Jimmy was going his rounds with the papers, he had met the lady who had so kindly taken an interest in him. The first time they met she stopped and asked him how he was getting on, and told him, sadly, that Charley was getting much weaker. But she did not ask him to come and see them, only as they parted she said,

"If you need my help, Jimmy, don't be afraid to come and ask it, though I think you're not likely to want me now you're fairly on your feet."

One day in the early spring, when the warm sunshine and the soft south wind had made even the city people think pleasantly of green banks that were getting yellow with dandelions, Jimmy stopped for a minute to look at some lovely greenhouse plants which were displayed for sale at a florist's door.

"Must be flowers in the woods by this time," said Jimmy; "liverwort and bloodroot and saxifrage. I mean to go and get some for Charley."

And go he did; but when he knocked at the door of the little fourth-story room, with the pale, delicate flowers already beginning to droop over his hand, there came a strange face in answer to his knock—a coarse woman, who told him she had rented the rooms two months before, and knew nothing of the former occupants. The landlady herself could only tell him that two months ago the boy had died, and his sister had gone away; somewhere out of the city, she thought, though she had little time to trouble herself with comers and goers.

So Jimmy went back sadly to his work, feeling somewhat as if the great city was a very different place to him now that these two friends had gone away from it. The spring flowers brightened the study room of the lodging-house for several days, and every time Jimmy looked at them they made him think of Charley, and he

hoped they had made his grave somewhere in the green country, where the spring flowers would grow over it.

Mr. Walters, the gentleman whom he had first met at the lodging-house, took a warm interest in Jimmy, and used often to talk to him about going away from the city to live.

"I don't like the country about here, Mr. Walters," Jimmy said, one day; "I've tried it, and I know I shouldn't feel satisfied. But I should like to go *out West*, if I could; John Freeman says, 'the West is the country for young men.'"

"And what does John Freeman know about it?" said Mr. Walters, smiling.

"He's got a cousin living out in Michigan, and I wrote a letter for him, and asked him to send out some money to pay John's fare up there. Do you think he'll be likely to do it, Sir?"

"As I don't know John Freeman's cousin, of course I can't tell," said Mr. Walters; "but if *I* were the cousin, I should think a stout boy of sixteen years, who could not earn his own passage to Michigan, was not worth the trouble of bringing out there."

"How could anybody earn his passage?" said Jimmy, eagerly; "I mean, how could *I* do it?"

"Well," said Mr. Walters, deliberately, "I can think of a good many ways. You have some money in the Savings Bank, haven't you?"

"Yes, Sir," said Jimmy; "but I don't mean to spend that unless I am obliged to."

"That's right enough. But you might get some boy on the street to give you a few lessons in boot blacking—it isn't a hard business to learn, and you'd soon catch it. Then take enough of your money to buy a ticket to the first large city on your way; say to Rochester. Then you must stop till you can earn enough to go farther, and so go on until you reach Michigan—that is, if you want to go there; but I wouldn't advise you to do it."

"Isn't Michigan a good place, Sir?" asked Jimmy, wonderingly.

"Good enough, I dare say," said Mr. Walters; "but if you go west, I want you to go to Ohio. I know some people there who might do something to help you along."

Neither Mr. Walters nor Jimmy said anything more about it for some time; but one day, some months afterwards, as Mr. Walters was coming from his office to the lodging-house, he was greeted by a familiar voice, which asked,—

"*Black your boots, Sir?*"

"Why, Jimmy Marvin!" he exclaimed, in great surprise, "what has sent you into this business?"

"I'm only experimenting, Sir; may I try my hand on your boots?"

"To be sure," said Mr. Walters, setting his foot on the block; "mind you do it well."

"Yes, Sir," said Jimmy; and in a very few minutes he put a polish on Mr. Walters' boots, that proved him a proficient in his new trade.

"You'll do," said Mr. Walters, examining them and looking curiously at Jimmy; "I wonder what this means."

"It means," said Jimmy, triumphantly, "that I am getting ready to go to Ohio."

"O, I remember," said Mr. Walters and then they went together into the study room.

Jimmy made up his mind to two things before evening, and he came home to the lodging-house with an expression on his bright, intelligent face which attracted Mr. Walters' attention at once. After supper, instead of joining the boys in the play-room, he went to the little office where Mr. Walters was crediting the amounts paid into the Savings Bank by the boys during the day.

"Well, Jimmy," said Mr. Walters, pleasantly, "did you want to see me to-night?"

"Yes, Sir," said Jimmy, looking very much excited about something; "I've made up my mind to go west."

"Have you?" asked Mr. Walters;

"you are not going with any one, are you?"

"I'm going on my own account, Sir," said Jimmy; "I mean to pay my way with my blacking brushes, as you told me once; and I thought I'd leave my money here for safe keeping, till I want to go into business somewhere."

Mr. Walters smiled a little, and then asked, "What part of the west did you think of going to? You know it is a pretty large country."

"I don't know," said Jimmy, whose ideas of geography were not very clear; "I thought maybe there'd be a city up there somewhere at the end of the railroad."

"Yes," said Mr. Walters, gravely, "I believe there is one—several of them, in fact. See here, Jimmy, I'll make you a map. This is New York, in this corner—not the city, but the whole State—and this little dot here is the city. On here is Ohio—that's another State—then come Indiana and Illinois, and up here is Michigan. That is enough for your purpose. Now this mark is a railroad; it starts here from New York city, goes clear through the State, through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to this dot. That is another great city, called Chicago. This dot here is the city of Rochester—this is Buffalo—this is Cleveland—and this one down here is Columbus. I'll print the names, and you can keep the map to look at. Now do you want me to advise you a little?"

"I meant to ask you about it, because I thought I'd better start to-morrow."

"So soon? Well, perhaps it's best, for the bootblacks will tell you this is a famous month for muddy boots. If I were you I'd make up my mind to go to Ohio, and no farther, at present. Do you think you can manage it?"

"Yes, Sir," said Jimmy, confidently. "I ain't afraid to try."

"I think, on the whole, you'd better take your money with you—at least a part of it; you know you might be sick, and it would not be safe to go without any."

Jimmy nodded his head, and Mr. Walters took out his knife and began slowly to sharpen his pencil. He felt as if he wanted in some way to help Jimmy a little more, but he could not see just how to do it.

"I might give you a letter to some one in Cleveland, if I knew just who would be likely to do you any good," he said, reflectively. "It seems hard to start out with no particular plans, and no one to plan for you."

"Mr. Walters," said Jimmy, hesitating, "you told us boys, this morning, about some One who planned things for you, and brought you out all right, and I thought, maybe, seeing it wouldn't be any trouble to Him to look after me a little, I might as well ask Him to take me in hand."

"Well," said Mr. Walters, as Jimmy paused.

"Well, I just asked Him about it, and I agreed to do my part as well as I know how; and if He'd help me to get on, why by and by I'd give some other chap a lift."

"And so pay off your debt to the Lord, and make it all square, I suppose," said Mr. Walters, looking keenly at Jimmy.

"No, Sir, not quite that. That would be only giving Him back His own again; but we can't do anything for *Him*, you know, and so we have to do it for other folks—just to show we ain't shamming, you see."

"I see," said Mr. Walters; and he added, more to himself than to Jimmy, "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

The next morning, Jimmy astonished the boys by gravely bidding them good-bye, and starting away for the western train with Mr. Walters. They were full of noisy good wishes and rough jokes, but Jimmy was very quiet and grave. He felt as if he had undertaken a great thing, and although his courage was as good as ever, yet it really was running a great risk, for a boy like him to leave everybody he had ever known, and start out to make his way alone.

Mr. Walters took him to his own home, and gave him a warm, comfortable breakfast, and his wife sewed up Jimmy's money in a little bag of oiled silk, which she fastened in his clothes.

"This is your '*distress fund*,' you know, Jimmy," she said; "and you are only to use it in case of need."

"Yes'm," said Jimmy; "and I wish you'd put this card in with it."

Mrs. Walters glanced in surprise at the soiled bit of pasteboard, worn and torn at the edges, and read aloud, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich."

"That's a good motto, Jimmy; where did you get it?"

"A little girl dropped it on my crossing, most two years ago. That was what first made me think about trying to be somebody—that and what the lady said to me about it."

Mrs. Walters put it in the bag with the money, and Jimmy's little account book, where all his savings were set down. Then Mr. Walters brought out a little trunk of japanned tin, and put Jimmy's brushes and block into it, saying,

"There, Jimmy, that little trunk held all my property when I came to this country, and I'm going to give it to you to put your fortune in."

Jimmy was delighted with the trunk, and could not help thinking it gave him a respectable look. One hour later, Mr. Walters saw him seated in a car bound for Rochester, and bade him good-bye with hearty regret; yet feeling confident, after all, that he should be sure to hear again from Jimmy Marvin, and that he should hear nothing but good.

One cloudy morning, near the first of December, a quiet, shrewd-looking little fellow was walking up and down the platform of the great depôt in Cleveland, watching the men as they tumbled the trunks and boxes from the baggage cars to the trucks, and seeming to have an eye open to everything that was going on. He carried a little tin trunk in his hand, and had quite the look of a man of business. A train that had been switching up and down now gave out its warning whistle, and as the passengers left their breakfasts half eaten, and hurried into the carriages, a brakeman, who had been watching the boy, called out,—

"Here, tin trunk! want a job?"

"Yes, Sir," said the boy, promptly, as he hurried to the train.

"Jump up here, then," and he caught the boy by the hand and swung him on to the platform, just as the train moved out of the depôt.

"What's your name?" he asked, holding fast to his brake, and peering ahead to see the switch-tender's signal.

"Jimmy Marvin," said the boy.

"Ever run on a train?"

"No," said Jimmy. "I've sold newspapers, and blacked boots, and picked rags, and done lots of other things."

"You'll do, I reckon. You see 'Peanuts' is took down with fever—"

"What?" asked Jimmy, ignorantly.

"'Peanuts'—he's the train boy—tends to the fires, waters the passengers, and makes money out o' the greenies with peanuts, pop corn, and candy, and such."

Here the brakeman left Jimmy, and bolted through the car in obedience to some signal, and while he was gone Jimmy had a minute to think about it. He liked the idea, on the whole, and when the brakeman came back, he readily agreed to take the place of the train boy until he got well again.

"Providin' he *does* get well," added the brakeman. "The chances are allers agin' a feller in them cheap boardin' houses; between the nussin' and the doctor, it's a hard row. Ef he dies, the News Company that takes charge of a good many of the roads may put a boy on. We had a special bargain with Peanuts, and he was a reg'lar *straight outer*—no cheatin' or shammin' about him."

"That's the best way," said Jimmy, decidedly; and he entered upon his new duties with a determination to do his best to win a good name, too.

There was nothing for him to sell that day; but he attended to the fires and carried water through the cars, and the good-natured brakeman promised to

go with him, when they reached the end of their route, and recommend him to the man of whom Peanuts used to buy his stock in trade.

"I don't know nothin' about ye, youngster," he said, as they walked along, "but I've took a fancy to you: I've seen heaps o' boys, and I know the cut of 'em mighty well."

Jimmy invested a small amount in candy, oranges and peanuts, according to the brakeman's advice.

"I shan't buy pop corn," he decided, "for it ain't fit to eat unless it's fresh; and if I get on well I'll buy a popper and pop it myself. That'll be cheaper, and better, too."

The brakeman offered to take Jimmy to his boarding-place and let him share his room, until he could make some other arrangement. To be sure, it was only a poor little room in the fifth story of a dingy boarding-house, but Jimmy had slept in worse places; and by the time he had told the brakeman his story, what he had been and what he meant to be, the man was so much interested in him, that he privately made up his mind to let him stay with him, provided he proved to be what they wanted on the train.

And now Jimmy was fairly started in business, and he felt at least five years older, as he planned his daily purchases, and counted up his daily gains. He was so attentive and obliging, that he was soon a favourite on the train, and he still shared the room of the brakeman, staying one night at Cleveland and the next at Columbus, so that his board cost him much less than if he had hired a room.

THE KING, THE PRINCE, AND THE TUTOR;

OR, ARE MEN GOOD OR BAD BY NATURE?

(*From the French.*)

A KING and his son, the heir apparent, conversed one day about the natural state of man, when his Majesty exclaimed very emphatically, "Prince! man is naturally good;" but received the equally decisive answer, "Sire! man is by nature bad." The conversation then ran as follows:

"But just look at that mother, spending her life and strength in order to benefit and support her child; look at my soldiers throwing themselves upon the edge of the sword which threatens the life of their chief; look at —"

"Yes, but look at men in war, massacring one another as if they were wild beasts, and in peace, deceiving and robbing one another; see —"

"But such cases are not the rule, they are only exceptions."

"No more than your case of the mother and the soldiers are exceptions."

The old tutor of the prince, who had taken great pains to instil such views into the mind of his Royal Highness, happened to be standing by just then, and ventured to interrupt the conversation with these words: "My king and my prince, permit me to propose to you a means of solving the difficulty and finding out who is correct. Take twelve children of different classes of the people, shut them up in a hall of the palace, give each of them what he most desires, make them as happy as you possibly can, and then, leaving them at full liberty, observe their conduct. If you conceal yourselves in a corner of the hall, you will soon be able to form an opinion, from the little scenes in which their character can show itself without restraint, whether they are naturally good or bad."

The advice was followed, and the prince was promised the government of a province should his opinion prove to be correct.

Twelve children, from eight to ten years of age, were brought to the palace and mustered in a large hall. One received, as his choice, a beautiful cardboard horse ready harnessed and bridled; another, a sword and a drum; a third, sweetmeats; a fourth, engravings and paintings; and so on with the twelve. Nothing was refused, everything was given in the greatest profusion. The king and the prince, concealed behind a

tapestry, watched without being seen. It was certainly a fine spectacle when these children, all happy and joyous, were abandoned to themselves. One cried, *gee! gee-ho! gee!* Another, *shoulder arms!* A third was in ecstasy with his pictures; a fourth ate his tarts. In fact there was for some minutes a general intoxication of delight; but, unhappily, one, tired of his paintings, wished by guile to get hold of the sweetmeats belonging to his neighbour. The drummer, mounting the sofa by way of a charge, disturbed, in passing, his companion's cannon. Another, tired of his musket, wanted to take the horse and become a cavalry-man. The little glutton, however, would not give up his cakes; the cannonier drove back the drummer and knocked him head over heels; and the horseman, not being disposed to give up his charger, made an attack with broad-sword at the audacious enemy that was about to unhorse him. Then he who was hungry began to cry; the drummer who had been knocked head over heels sobbed and shrieked with wrath; the infantry-man, who was struck by the cavalry-man, gave the cardboard-horse a tremendous kick, so that the *mêlée* soon became general. To assert the rights of his fellow, each one struck about and cried; the oldest interfered on behalf of his little brother, who had been, however, in the wrong, but who was still his brother. There were thus two against one; and the only one who had up till then remained quiet, joined these two brothers and mocked the other, making faces at him and imitating his cries. This so enraged him that he made a dash at his new foe in order to kick him, but the latter caught his up-raised foot, and so disturbed his equilibrium that he fell back and knocked his head against a sharp edge of the woodwork in the hall. Then there was such a horrible cry raised, and such confusion, that it was necessary for the king and the prince to issue from their concealment in order to put all right. His Majesty rebuked those who seemed to him to have been the first in the wrong, but they all cried out, "*It was not I! it was he that commenced it!*" To put an end to the fight, the king was obliged either to separate them, or send in half-a-dozen servants to look after them. He adopted the latter course.

"Well, sire," said the prince, "is man then, in your opinion, naturally and always good?"

"Unquestionably."

"But what we have just seen has not presented a very good example of goodness."

"That proves nothing! Children are but children. It is only from the full-grown, mature and rational man that anything can be inferred."

"Well, your full-grown, mature and rational man will not show off to any better advantage than those little children."

The tutor, who was present, ventured again to speak, and said, "It is easy to make the experiment. To-morrow there will be a royal reception at the Court. May it please your Majesty and your Royal Highness to appoint ten trustworthy servants to follow the first ten personages who may be presented, observe what these do during the remaining part of the day, and afterwards report what they have heard and seen."

"Be it so," said the king; being persuaded that the conduct of these favoured ones could not be any other than exemplary.

The prince was also satisfied with this method of making the experiment.

The morrow arrived. Magistrates, high officers and learned men came to pay homage to his Majesty, and present their best wishes for his health, his family, his prosperity, and to assure him that the nation had never been happier than under his reign. The king, pleased with these amiable dispositions, drank in the soft flattery, watched their joy, and smiles, and feigned humility, and then waited with impatience for the report that was to be

given him of the day, confident that it would establish the opinion he had indulged of the natural goodness of man.

The evening came; the king, the prince, and the old tutor were there alone waiting to give audience to the servants who were about successively to present their reports. The first entered.

"Well, what have you seen?"

"Sire—" but he would not go any further.

"Come, come, you must relate what you have seen."

"Sire—"

"Go on, I say, with your account."

"As your Majesty *commands* me I will relate all; but your Majesty will remember that I did not do it, I only saw it done by another."

"Yes, yes! What, then, did the lieutenant-general, who came to give testimony to his devotedness, do on leaving the palace?"

"Sire, on proceeding from the throne-chamber he grumbled between his lips and under his long moustache, 'What a horrible bore! Because he is a king he must make us wait two hours, and all for the purpose of saying to us four insignificant words, accompanied with not a word of praise, nor a syllable to raise our expectations.' And then, when going down the steps, he gave a kick to a dog, and afterwards dismissed his coachman for sleeping on the box while waiting for his master. Then—"

"That's enough," said his Majesty, "you may retire. Call in the next."

Another entered.

"What have you seen?"

"Sire, the President who was so humble and so sweet in his manner—"

"Well?"

"Following him on his way home, and mixing with his servants, I found him commence to pick a quarrel with his wife. He called her a flirt, and other odious names. He reproached her with her luxury, her expensiveness, and her talkativeness. Madame in her turn replied that he was nothing but a miser and a jealous old scoundrel, that she had no happiness except when the house was rid of him; and then she got up and went off red with rage. The children of the President came, and when they made too much noise, papa took one of them by the ear, gave another a thump on the head, and showed both of them the door."

"That's enough," said the prince, who, seeing the embarrassment of the king and therefore wishing to put an end to the painful recitation, immediately said to his Majesty, "These two cases will, I think, suffice?"

"No, no! Let the third, the fourth, and perhaps all enter."

Another therefore came in, when the king said to him, "Give an account of what you saw."

"Sire, I followed the young Baron when he left the palace; he went to one of the first restaurants of the city, where several were waiting for him in order to celebrate your fête."

"Ah! that is right; go on, my friend," said his Majesty, who evidently thought that he had at last found a favourable case.

"The most free, perhaps I might say the most unbridled, merriment reigned at the festivity. They soon drank the health of the king, the queen, all the princes, and all the institutions of the State; then being no longer able to resist the enthusiasm and the champagne, they began to sing and shout. Some, too drunk to sit, tumbled over, and fell asleep under the table, and others went away to settle their quarrel to-morrow. I followed the most sober and grave to the theatre, and then to a gambling house, and from there they went down a dark back street, where I lost sight of them."

"You may go." The servant retired.

"It is most scandalous," said his Majesty, pacing the room, "that men so obsequious, so mild, and so grave in my presence, should be out of sight so— I shall have the pleasure of making them to-morrow blush with shame! But," turning to the prince, "you have not yet gained. Courtiers are not a fair

specimen of men. Such must be looked for in the nation; man must be studied as he is found in the multitude. Follow me: let us go *incognito* through the streets of the city, and if you are there proved to be right, I will acknowledge myself vanquished."

The king and the prince went forth clad simply as citizens.

Perhaps few in the kingdom knew less about it than the king. When they passed a large edifice, he was always obliged to ask what it was, and at the corner of every street he wished to know where they were going. The old tutor followed and listened to the conversation, but without mixing in it. At that moment the city was in holiday attire: equipages without number moved in every direction; brilliant toilettes shone on the promenades. "What an air of happiness, what order, what decency!" exclaimed the king at once, and with an expression of semi-triumph.

"Yes, but alongside of that equipage you see the beggar below there, whom that grand lady repelled from her. Look there: yesterday, from that window which you see ornamented with flowers, a man was precipitated into the street. That young dandy who jostles you in passing, and walks so stiffly and proudly in Court, is, I am told, covered with debt from head to foot."

"What building is that?" inquired the king.

"The *Palais-de-Justice*, or court-house, where every day crowds of people in this great city are brought up accused of theft, adultery, and often murder."

"Well, well! and that?"

"A prison, through which hundreds of miscreants pass on to trial, after which they are sent to the convict prisons or the scaffold. There is a corps of police scattered through the city, who have every day new crimes to report." The king, just to "divert his thoughts" from these things, stopped at the door of a bookshop. The prince pointed out to him twenty works with fine ornamental titles and frontispiece which no decent person could read without blushing for shame. The prince then became silent; but his signs, his silence, his tranquillity spoke still more eloquently. They entered a theatre in order to find relief from such painful reflections; but here reflections still more painful seized upon them. An audience in the delirium of excitement applauded what was worse than trivial. The more disgusting the meaning of the words was, and the thinner the veil which covered them, all the more did cheers and shouts of laughter resound. Authors and actors seemed to vie with one another to make vice amiable, to excuse crime; and if by chance an actor, with a view to theatrical effect, attempted to make virtue amiable, the public only jeered and laughed at him. Our visiters left, and as they were about to return to the palace, they saw a church door open on the way. "Here," said the king within himself, "my eyes will find rest in a spectacle more peaceful and more pure." They entered. A writing, on which the prince happened to tread, caught their eye. Having glanced through it, and then looked at the outside, the prince discovered that it was a letter addressed to the parish priest. He handed it to the king, who read it and re-read it, and then in a transport of rage crushed it up with disgust, and said, "Let us go, you shall have the province!"

Next morning he found in his bed-room a letter, but could not tell how it came there. It was written by a hand trembling with age, and couched in the following words:—

"Sire,—If etiquette does not permit kings to be told the truth, conscience sometimes commands that it be communicated to them in writing.

"It is not man in his natural and free state that you were able to form a judgment of yesterday, but man throttled and muzzled by laws, threats and hopes. But if you wish to form an idea of human society in all the purity or deformity of nature, act thus: dismiss all judges, do away with discipline in the barracks, abolish the inspection of

theatres, open the gates of every prison, break the irons on every convict establishment, let there be no more magistrates and police, let every door remain without a lock; in short, let every person have the free use of his members, and be allowed to do just what he will, and that throughout the whole of your Majesty's dominions; you will then see instead of decency and peace an invasion of disorder and of crime. I shall not try to draw that picture any further. The thought causes me to shudder! See there the human race! See there the natural man! See there what you are, Sire, and all who read these lines! Human laws and the interests of man may perhaps throw a mask over this hideous truth, but it cannot do away with it. You may promise and threaten, you may change the conduct, but you cannot change the heart. The change will be but on the surface, and man, a whited sepulchre without, will none the less remain full of corruption within.

"To effect a change, there is needed a superhuman power, the power of God, and that power is put at your disposal in the Gospel. Not in this or that organization, not in such and such a church, not in liturgies, *but in the Gospel*, which brings us into direct communication with God, offers us, in answer to our prayers, power coming down directly from heaven, and tells us God gives wisdom liberally to all who ask for it! Seek, then, religion; but in order that you may have the water pure, go to the spring and source, that is, God."

Far from following this advice, the king was only irritated at the words, "See there the human race! See there the natural man! See there what you are, Sire!" He resolved on revenge; and suspecting that the old tutor had written the letter, he sent him into exile; but did not prove by this act that man was by nature good, but rather just the contrary.

And now, dear reader, learn from this that man is by nature void of all good! wholly fallen! totally corrupt! Learn further the true nature of the religion of Jesus Christ. It is God's method of *healing a soul* which is thus diseased. Know then your disease! know your cure! Seek through repentance and faith in the atonement of Christ this religion. Your heart will thus be renewed in the image of God. All religion which does not effect this is a mere mockery of God, and leads to the destruction of the soul. Even now realise that Jesus "loved *you* and gave Himself for *you*," and reckon yourself dead to sin and alive to God.

W. H. Johnston.

THE SPIRIT FROM ON HIGH.

(Isaiah xxxii. 15.)

Spirit Divine! Thy light we crave
To quicken, melt, illumine, save!
'Tis Thine to win from earth and sin,—
To speak with word of power, "Be clean!"
To kindle flames of holy fire,
To bid us to far heights aspire.

What? see Thine eyes of searching flame!
Alas! we shrink in guilty shame!
Earth's fetters grovelling hearts entwine,
Earth's phantoms lure from hopes Divine;
Crush'd, wounded in unholy strife,
Yet asking not eternal life.

What seest Thou? Hidden idols shrined
In inmost depths of heart and mind;
All dew, all rain, all fragrance stealing;
From hope immortal life concealing;
Still weaving bowers of fading bliss
That veil the Sun of Righteousness!

What seest Thou? Leaves perchance and flowers,
All vanishing with summer hours;
No ripened fruit, no golden grain,
No harvest won by toil and pain;
No deeds of holy love and faith,
No trust victorious over death!

Vain, heartless words; unmeaning prayers;
Souls bowed by earth's o'ermastering cares;

Strife, envy, bitterness and hate,
Founts gushing but to desolate!
Shadow, not substance; words, not deeds!
For autumn fruitage, rankest weeds!

O wouldst Thou come! the pitying Dove!
With sevenfold might, with hallowing love!
To raise these grovelling hearts of ours!
To sanctify these drooping powers!
Till all transform'd, Thy Church arise
To breathe the air of Paradise!

ADELINE.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. JOB FREEMAN.

MR. JOB FREEMAN was born at Chapel-a-brier, South Owram, near Halifax, June 21st, 1810. His mother died early, and the son entreated that he might remain with his grandmother—"an old disciple," and a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church, at whose house the Class-meeting was held. His request was granted. This proved a turning-point in his life. His education commenced at a local school, where he continued until he was over fifteen years of age. Here he acquired sufficient knowledge to fit him for an ordinary commercial life. In this, however, he did not rest; but having a thirst for improvement, continued, as long as he lived, a diligent and discriminating reader. He lacked—what most men in his circumstances do lack—a guide in the selection of books.

His first employment was that of a stone delver; afterwards he became a shipper; subsequently he held various parochial offices, and finally was appointed registrar of births and deaths for the township.

By the blessing of God on industry and frugality, his large family were brought up in such a manner as to be able to provide for themselves. He took heed to the Bible precept, "Owe no man anything." This cost self-denial; but it preserved his peace of mind and independence, as well in the Church as in the world. But morality, even when practised from a principle of sincerity, is not the salvation of the Gospel! It cannot atone for past, or preserve from future, sin, or regenerate the depraved heart. This Mr. Freeman felt when he was visited with severe affliction. The Holy Spirit convinced him of sin—the inevitable tendency of the carnal mind which itself is a "law of sin" and "of death." With characteristic decision and earnestness, he sought, and through faith found, redemption in the blood of Christ. This change took place in his seventeenth year. Thenceforward he confessed his Master, ascribing his salvation "not to works of righteousness," but to Divine mercy, in and by which he experienced the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. "By their fruits ye shall know them," is the criterion of the Great Teacher, and the only safe test by which to judge ourselves or others. By it the Church and the world, and even reputed infidels, acknowledged him to be a disciple of The Crucified.

The command of Christ, as well as the promptings of his new nature, led him to seek fellowship with those of "like precious faith." This desire, and his antecedents, gave direction to his choice. He joined a Methodist Class-meeting. During the subsequent seven years of his private membership, he was never absent,—"not once"! no, not once; and be it added, his contributions to the Circuit and Connexional funds were punctually paid.

The Leader having become unable to perform farther service, Mr. Freeman was appointed in his stead—an appointment which was most acceptable to the Class, notwithstanding that the greater part of the members were his seniors. This office he sustained with credit

to himself and advantage to the people during the long period of forty-two years.

Living at the Chapel-house, and being Society and Chapel-steward for thirty-two years, he was the stay of "the Cause" in the village, faithful to the trusts reposed in him, a friend of the poor, and, at all seasons, a visiter of the afflicted.

To the list of services rendered to the Church of Christ by Mr. Freeman, must be added those connected with his work as a Local-preacher. His name was placed on the "Plan" of the Halifax Circuit in 1833. In due course he was fully accredited. On the division of the Circuit, his name appears on both Plans. Nor were his pulpit labours restricted to Halifax, but extended to the adjacent Circuits. In this department of Christian work he spent forty-two years, his concluding sermon having been preached on the 8th of August last. His sermons were thoughtful, often ingenious, always solid, edifying and zealous. These qualities, with his consistent character and advancing godliness, made his pulpit services increasingly appreciated. And he saw fruit. Here is a specimen: "At —— I took tea with a young man and his wife. He told me that when I was at ——, in March last, he and his wife were led to give their hearts to God. He wept for joy." The preacher adds, "To God be all the praise." If to these labours we add his superintendency of the Sunday-school for many years, it will be admitted that Mr. Freeman did not hide his talent.

For some months previous to his decease he was in declining health. On the 15th of August he was visited in bed by the Rev. John Hartley, and subsequently by the Rev. George Kenyon. To the latter he observed, "What a mercy that now, when it is such hard work to speak, I can think! What should I do without Jesus now? He is my Saviour, and my all. I have been thinking of the many sermons which I have tried to preach, and of the many miles which I have walked to preach them... And then of the Class-leadings. And I have done other work in the Church; but it all counts for nothing. None of these give me any right to heaven: but when I remember that I am a poor sinner, trusting in Jesus Christ for salvation, I feel all right. That is enough, and it is all I want."

On the morning of his departure, the Rev. James Loutit, who had known and respected him for over seventeen years, visited him. He was quite conscious, but unable to speak. Ere the lamp of life expired, he was commended in prayer to Jesus, the chief Shepherd, and the blessing of the God of Israel invoked on the departing saint in the words of Moses, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, etc.," Numbers vi. 24—27.

On the 16th of September his mortal remains were interred in South Owram cemetery, to await "the voice of the archangel." The funeral service was conducted by the Revs. G. C. Harvard and G. Kenyon, and an address given by Mr. Loutit, in presence of a great gathering of friends, of office-bearers of both Circuits, and of Local-preachers. The death of our friend was subsequently improved at South Owram, South-Parade, Elland, and North Owram to large congregations, testifying their respect for the departed, and magnifying the grace of God in him. In the words of the preacher, "Our corps of Immanuel's army is minus a soldier whom the Captain has called to higher service; who is *now* willing to be 'baptized' for, instead of, 'the dead?'" 1 Cor. xv. 29.

J. L.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Sermons for Children. By the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. Fourth Thousand. Illustrated by Charles Tresidder. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876. —Mr. Pearse's reputation as a preacher to children stands deservedly high. The qualities which have won for him his position are, so far as they are mani-

fested in this volume,—naturalness, geniality, earnestness, an effective power of illustration, and insight into the workings of a child's heart and intellect. Perhaps the qualities that chiefly distinguish Mr. Pearse from other preachers to children are the first two. Many other men have been as earnest, some have been able to use figure and anecdote quite as appositely and as *tellingly* as he, a few have read the youthful soul as accurately, but very few, if any, are there who, possessing his other qualifications, have shown themselves as genial and as perfectly natural. These Sermons are not preached down to children by one who is making an effort to stoop to their level, and who is more or less awkward in consequence; it is as easy to their author to talk to his juvenile congregation, as most ministers find it to address an adult audience. The discourses are interesting and impressive as they appear in print; what must they have been when spoken by the living voice! For, with the juveniles, whatever it may be with their seniors, manner is even more important than matter, so far as catching and holding their attention is concerned.

We congratulate Mr. Pearse on the best book of Sermons for children that has appeared for many years. A word of praise is due to Mr. Tresidder's happy illustrations, and to the type and binding of the volume.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For June, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
May 30	3 50	8 6	9 43a	11 25a	10 2a	3 29m	0 57m
June 9	3 43	8 15	8 41	10 54	9 49	2 47	0 16
			Rises.				
19	3 42	8 20	3 54m	10 12	9 34	2 5	11 35a
29	3 46	8 20	3 7	9 15	9 16	1 23	10 56

PHASES OF THE MOON.

7th, Full Moon ..... 0h. 37m. morn. | 21st, New Moon ..... 10h. 17m. after
15th, Last Quarter .... 3h. 15m. morn. | 28th, First Quarter .. 3h. 14m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 8th ..... 9h. after., Apogee; distance 252,409 miles.
„ 22nd ..... 4h. morn., Perigee; „ 221,994 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 237,202 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

June 1st ..... 93,008,250 miles.
July 1st ..... 93,215,190 „
Increase of distance for the month ..... 206,940 „

The *Sun* enters the sign Cancer on the 21st, at 3h. in the morning, when he attains his greatest northern declination, 23 deg. 27m. 28s., and the summer quarter commences. He rises on that day at 3h. 42m. and sets at 8h. 21m. The apparent diameter diminishes during the month from 31m. 36s. to 31m. 32s. On the 14th a sun-dial and a well-regulated clock ought to show almost precisely the same time, the clock being only two seconds faster at noon.

When full, the Moon will be very low. She attains her greatest southern declination, 28 deg. 26m., on the 8th, about 2h. in the morning. She crosses the Equator on the 15th, a few minutes after noon, attains her greatest northern declination, 28 deg. 26m., on the 21st, between 7h. and 8h. in the evening, and again crosses the Equator, going southward, on the 27th, at midnight. She will be very near *Spica* (Virginis) about half-past one on the afternoon of the

2nd. On the 13th, at a quarter past eight in the evening, she will be very near Saturn; and on the 29th, at half-past seven in the evening, she will be again quite close to Spica. At apogee, when her apparent diameter is least, it subtends an angle of 29m. 28s.; at perigee, when greatest, the angular magnitude of the diameter is 33m. 30s. She will be in the plane of the ecliptic on the morning of the 15th, going northward, and on the afternoon of the 27th, going southward: her extreme deviation from the ecliptic, either way, is about 5 deg., and as these occur near the times of new and full moon there can be no eclipse.

Mercury will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 16th, when it will pass from the eastern to the western side of the disc, a few degrees southward. The apparent diameter of the planet will then be 12s. This planet will be in its descending node on the morning of the 2nd; stationary on the afternoon of the 3rd, when the apparent motion changes from direct to retrograde; in aphelion on the 12th at noon; on the 21st, two hours before noon, it will be in conjunction with the Moon, but considerably to the south; on the afternoon of the 27th it will be again stationary, and the motion changes to direct.

Venus is now a fine object in the evenings, as it attains its greatest brilliancy on the 7th. The diameter increases during the month from 33s. to 52s. On the 15th the breadth of the illuminated part is only one-fifth of the diameter, so that the form is a beautiful crescent. It will be in descending node on the 21st, at 6h. in the morning, and stationary the same day at 8h. in the evening, after which the motion becomes retrograde. On the evening of the 23rd it will be near the Moon.

At the beginning of the month *Mars* will be within two degrees of a third magnitude standard star in Gemini, marked *mu* on the maps. On the 20th it will be still nearer to another standard star marked *delta* in the same constellation. On the 29th it will be in conjunction with, and six degrees southward of, Pollux. Its distance from the Earth is slightly increasing, the declination slowly diminishing, and the apparent motion among the fixed stars direct. The form is somewhat gibbous; the diameter is a little over 4s. It will be in conjunction with the Moon on the 22nd, at midnight.

Jupiter is due south on the evening of the 12th, at 10h., and on the 26th at 9h., at an altitude of 21 deg. On the 5th it will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon. Its apparent motion is retrograde, and the distance from the Earth is increasing. The apparent diameter is 45s. Reappearances of the first satellite from the shadow of the primary may be observed on the 9th, at 11h. 3m. 17s. in the evening; and on the 17th, at 0h. 57m. 40s. in the morning. A reappearance of the second occurs on the evening of the 14th, at 11h. 48m. 28s. The third will emerge from the shadow at 9h. 16m. 25s. on the evening of the 1st. On the 8th it will be eclipsed from 11h. 30m. 51s. in the evening, till 1h. 15m. 15s. next morning, and the planet will be above our horizon all the time. The first satellite and its shadow will be on the disc of the primary from 9h. 39m., till 11h. 29m. on the evening of the 1st; from 11h. 33m. on the evening of the 8th, till 1h. 14m. next morning; and from 9h. 52m., till 11h. 14m. on the evening of the 24th.

About the 14th *Saturn* rises at midnight. Its proximity to the Moon on the 13th, to which we have already called attention, will be striking. On the morning of the 19th it will be stationary; the motion changes to retrograde. The length of the ring is 40s., nearly ten times the breadth.

Uranus sets on the 2nd at midnight, and on the 18th at 11h.

Neptune is a morning star, rising on the 8th at 2h. and on the 23rd at 1h. in the morning.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

CHOLMONDELEY CASTLE.

BY JOSEPH JONES.

Cholmondeley Castle, the seat of the Most Noble the Marquis of Cholmondeley, is situated about five miles to the north-east of Malpas, in Cheshire, under the Peckforton range of hills. It is also within a few miles' distance of Nantwich, in the same county, and of Whitchurch, in Salop. It is a modern structure, the date of its erection being the early part of the present century. Its style of architecture is Norman. It is finely placed on an eminence in the park, which is of considerable extent, and contains several small lakes. There are about ninety acres of pleasure-ground, with a profusion of fine trees and choice plants.

The Cholmondeley family is of great antiquity, as the monuments in Malpas church testify. From ancient times this church can boast two rectors, whose signatures exist in a document, dated 1285, giving permission to Lord Cholmondeley to have a chapel. Owing to this singular custom we find here the Higher and Lower Rectory.

The former was the birthplace (1783) of Reginald Heber, afterward Bishop of Calcutta, who received his first education at the neighbouring school of Whitchurch.*

Malpas is said to have been, in the reign of Henry I., one of the most powerful baronies in England, and from it have sprung the Egerton, the Ellesmere, and the Cholmondeley families.

The title of Marquis was conferred on a member of the last named family in 1815; and the present nobleman is the third Marquis. He holds the office of Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England. His Lordship's immediate predecessor was his brother, who died without issue, in 1870, at an advanced age.

Lord William Henry Hugh Cholmondeley is described in Debrett's "Peerage" as the 3rd Marquis, 5th Earl, 6th Viscount, and a Baronet; also co-heir to the barony of Wharton. He was born in 1800; was educated at Eton, and at Christ Church, Oxford; is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Hampshire and Norfolk; sat as M.P. for South Hampshire from 1852 to 1857; and married, in 1825, Marcia Emma-Georgiana, daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot. The heir is his Lordship's grandson, George Henry Hugh, Earl of Rocksavage, who was born in 1858. The father of the latter was Charles George Cholmondeley, Esq., who died in 1869.

But we must return to the Castle, and give some account of the many objects of interest to be seen therein. Our own visit to this delightful place was on a fine morning in July, 1875, during the absence of the family. We were accompanied by his Lordship's confidential farm agent and adviser, Mr. William Wilson, of the Park Farm, Cholmondeley, whose great intelligence and kindness, combined with the hospitality of his esteemed family, we shall never forget. Our acknowledgments are also due to the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, who had left instructions that every facility should be afforded us for inspecting the valuable paintings and curiosities within the Castle. Permission was also kindly given the writer to transfer to these pages the result of his observations.

Before the erection of the present Castle, an old family Hall existed very near to its site, of which there are a few traces. The chapel of ease, which was contiguous, has been preserved, and forms a plain but commodious place of worship for the township, in which public worship is conducted every Sunday. In the time of the Civil Wars, Cholmondeley was the scene of many hard contests. In 1643-44 Royalists and Parliamentarians succeeded each other at the Hall, as tenants, with curious regularity. The following extract from Burghall's Diary may be quoted in illustration:

* See Murray's Handbook.

"Sunday, 30th June, 1644, the Cavaliers marched towards Cholmondeley House, with three or four pieces of ordnance and four cases of drakes, where two Nantwich companies, volunteers, guarding the great piece of ordnance, met them; and before break of day, they planted all their great pieces within pistol-shot of the house, and about three or four in the morning, after they had surrounded them, they played upon it and shot through it many times; and they in the house shot lustily at them with their muskets. The besiegers, playing still on them with their ordnance and small shot, beat them at last out of the house into their works, where they continued their valour to the utmost (themselves being few), killing four or five more of them, and Major Pinkney, a brave commander; but being too weak to hold out any longer, about one in the afternoon they called for quarter, which was allowed; and Mr. Horton, Captain of the Horse, let down the drawbridge and opened the gates, when the Earl of Denbigh, Colonel Booth, and the rest entered, and took the captain and all the rest prisoners, about thirty-six, with their arms and provisions."

On a terrace of the present Castle is an ancient sun-dial, taken from the old Hall grounds, on which several marks of musket-balls are plainly visible.

In the dining-room are many fine pictures by Rubens, Kneller, Murillo, Vandyck and others. In the library are family portraits, and some remarkable specimens of rich ornamental needlework. The panels of an ante-room are adorned with some curious tapestry, supposed to represent Spanish scenery. The stained-glass of the windows is considered very valuable, and is much admired for its unique beauty. It illustrates a series of Scripture subjects. Passing into the breakfast-room, we have more fine old tapestry, supposed to represent Dutch scenery; and in other parts of the room, ancestral family portraits frequently meet the eye. But there is an article of furniture in this breakfast-room that demands a special remark. A small rosewood table is pointed out as that on which William IV. signed the document which had the effect of giving the Royal Assent to the Legislative measure which, in 1834, put an end to Negro slavery in our West India Colonies, at a cost to the British nation of twenty millions sterling. It has been already observed that the Marquis of Cholmondeley is Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England. The duties of this high office are performed by the Cholmondeley family and by their colleagues in alternate reigns. The late Marquis sustained this important position during the reign of William IV., by virtue of which he became possessed of so interesting a relic as the small table alluded to. The writer may be excused a momentary enthusiasm if he

adds, that upon this very table he placed his note-book, and recorded the fact as now given; an event of history that stands connected with one of England's grandest achievements,—the death-blow of slavery throughout the British dominions!

Having been conducted through several apartments, we ascended and descended a noble staircase of black marble steps; every object of interest—paintings, portraits and engravings—being courteously explained to us, until at last we reached the Entrance Hall. Here a few descriptive words are necessary in order to introduce a subject of another kind, which will not be uninteresting to our readers.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley has for many years been a faithful preacher of the Gospel; and in the summer months, when the family is at home, this Entrance Hall and the spacious ante-room are often filled on Sunday evenings with from six hundred to eight hundred persons, many of whom come from a distance. The services are conducted entirely by his Lordship. In this spacious Entrance Hall may be seen the ancient armour of the warrior, swords, spears, battle-axes, shields, and banners. There is also an elaborately-prepared table of the family pedigree. In the midst of all this, how interesting to see the venerable peer of the realm, an ambassador of Christ, beseeching his fellow-men to be reconciled to God! Surrounded on every side by the emblems of war, this godly nobleman glories in proclaiming the message of pardon and mercy in the name of the Prince of Peace. The motto on the family crest is *Cassis tutissima virtus*, ("Virtue the safest helmet"). But Lord Cholmondeley is not ashamed to wear "the helmet of salvation;" to wield "the sword of the Spirit;" to take "the shield of faith;" to put on "the breast-plate of righteousness;" to be "girt about with truth;" and to be "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace;" and this spiritual armour and warfare he also recommends to others.

We may conclude this paper with an extract from the "Derbyshire Advertiser" of October 23rd, 1874, which gives an account of a sermon preached at the Lecture Hall, in Derby, by his Lordship, during that month, on the occasion of his visiting the town and neighbourhood on private business:

"Public worship commenced at eight o'clock by the Marquis giving out that well-known hymn, 'Come, let us join our cheerful songs,' etc. This was sung to a lively tune, in which all appeared heartily to join. The 103rd Psalm was afterwards read, and then the Marquis led in extempore prayer. A second hymn from the four-paged leaflets scattered through the hall was then announced, commencing, 'Ye neighbours and friends, To Jesus draw near,' which was, if possible, still more cordially sung by the audience to the old favourite

tune known to many as 'Hanover.' In the singing of this, as of the other two hymns, his Lordship read out the whole, verse by verse; that is, they were not sung through, without these breaks of reading which appeared to make the hymns more impressive. And now followed the sermon, the Marquis announcing from his pocket-Bible by way of text, 2nd Peter, iiird chapter, 9th and part of 10th verse, 'The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness,' etc. The discourse was an earnest, faithful, and withal a simple but affectionate enforcement of Gospel truth, showing the importance of attending to those things which concern the soul and eternity. Two remarkable incidents were related—one drawn from the higher ranks of life, and the other from the humble walks of society—which had come under the personal notice of the speaker many years ago, illustrating the folly and danger of neglecting the soul's salvation. The former of these had occurred when the Marquis was young, and had, it was stated, produced at that time a deep impression on his mind. His Lordship was very apt in his references to Scripture, and quoted from memory, with good effect, a long piece of poetry, which was very appropriate to the subject under consideration. The discourse occupied about fifty-five minutes, and was listened to with marked attention. Probably, a few may have expected a passing allusion or two to the religious topics of the day, but, if so, they were disappointed. His Lordship, doubtless, has pronounced views on questions that now agitate the Christian Church, but he is too serious to waste an opportunity of exhibiting the simplicity of the Gospel, and so earnest as to forget everything but the necessity for all to accept its offers of grace and mercy. Perhaps a few hearers would think that the occasional iteration of the same truth, doctrine or duty was not necessary, but let such remember that an inspired Apostle once said to an early Church, 'To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe.' The sermon being now brought to a close, the audience was invited to sing the second hymn on the paper, which begins thus:

'See, sinners, in the Gospel glass,
The Friend and Saviour of mankind!'

This was sung with good effect to the tune 'Yarmouth,' and afterwards the Marquis closed with prayer."

It is right to state that the Marquis is cordially seconded and sustained in his evangelistic services by his excellent lady, who, in conjunction with her daughter, is much devoted to work of this nature, especially among her own sex. The entire family are held in great esteem by their tenantry and dependents. One practical proof of his Lordship's interest in the welfare of his people was being given at

the time of our visit to Cholmondeley. An excellent village schoolhouse had just been built, with a residence for the schoolmaster; the premises were nearly ready for occupation. This had been accomplished in such a manner as to meet the Government and School-Board requirements, but at the sole expense of the Marquis, whose liberality of purse and of principle had prevented the existence of any "difficulty," financial or "religious," although due care was taken that the Word of God should not be ignored. Such examples are worthy of imitation.

Derby.

JOHN TODD.

III.—HIS FIRST CHARGE.

SCARCELY was the student resettled at college, when he was summoned from his books to do battle with men. Before his acceptance of the fellowship he had preached at Groton, a town about thirty miles from Andover. The condition of the Groton church only too faithfully represents that of a very large number of the American Congregational churches at that date. Outwardly prosperous, they possessed no inward power. How should they? The spell of Dr. Channing was upon them; the majority of the congregations, a full moiety of the ministers, were Unitarians, either avowedly or at heart. At Groton the pastor, Dr. Chaplin, was more than eighty years old, and in feeble health. Rather from timidity and neglect than of set purpose, he had allowed his flock to follow the fashionable creed, himself, however, still professing to be orthodox. Mr. Todd's sermons produced so favourable an impression upon the few truly religious people in the church, that they offered to maintain him if Dr. Chaplin would appoint him his assistant. Very reluctantly did the young man consent to occupy such a post. To be practically the sole minister of an influential and numerous congregation without the authority attaching to the office, to commence his ministry with the mass of the people bitterly opposed to the doctrine he felt bound to teach, were naturally distasteful to him. Only a stern sense of duty, backed by the pressure of the Faculty of the Seminary, prompted him to accept the call.

Arrived at Groton, he found himself, as indeed he had anticipated, in a position of terrible temptation. No stone was left unturned to induce the eloquent preacher to be silent about the Divinity of the Saviour, the depravity of man, the eternity of punishment; and failing that, to drive him from the town. The only prominent member of his audience who supported him was a son of Dr. Chaplin's, and even he was an unconverted man. Mr. Todd acted prudently and boldly. He shunned controversy, and resolutely excluded it from the pulpit. But in his sermons he utterly ignored the fact that the majority of his hearers were heretics. He assumed the truth of the Christian creed, and preached "at the conscience." At first the only result was to set the town in an uproar, and after eight

weeks of continuous excitement he returned to Andover for sorely needed rest.

An indescribable tumult followed Mr. Todd's withdrawal. The orthodox party asserted Dr. Chaplin's right to supply his pulpit by any licensed preacher he chose to nominate. The Unitarians retorted that the Doctor's infirmities amounted to *de facto* resignation of his pastorate. These last, being in a majority, carried their point, and engaged a popular preacher of their own views to do duty in the aged minister's place. Their triumph was won by worse than questionable means, by direct bribery and—incredible as the statement sounds—by the *liberal distribution of rum in the meeting-house on the polling-day!* The entire State of Massachusetts had watched the struggle with intense interest. American Unitarianism was then at the summit of its power. The audacity of the attempt to rescue so important a town from its grasp had attracted universal attention. A ministerial council was summoned at Boston to advise the Trinitarians in their difficulty. These acted eagerly upon their resolution, hired a large hall in Groton, and invited formally Mr. Todd to preach there regularly. He could not refuse, though he shrank from the task before him. The hand of God was too clearly visible for him to hesitate. The sole stipulation he made was that he should be free to leave the moment he deemed his retirement desirable.

The services in the room succeeded beyond all expectation; the place could not hold the crowds that sought admission. A chapel became a necessity, and the foundation-stone was speedily laid. The Unitarians proceeded to elect their preacher pastor of the town, though Dr. Chaplin had not resigned. He summoned a Church-meeting, but the door of the church was locked in his face; and his meeting was held on the steps. Law-suits followed, the decision in every case being in favour of the heterodox. There remained no alternative but to organize a new church, which ceremony was accomplished November 21st, 1826. The infant Church unanimously invited Mr. Todd to become their pastor. He accepted the call, though two others, each far more advantageous to him than Groton, lay upon his desk. His salary was fixed at eight hundred dollars. The subjoined extracts from his letters afford samples of the calumny and persecution he endured:

"I lately attended the funeral of a child, and in the course of my remarks I said to the parents they must soon follow their child into eternity. One of the Unitarians spread the report that I said the child had gone to hell, and the parents must soon follow it. On being called to account by some of my friends, he said he always supposed eternity and hell meant the same thing! In one of my public prayers I lately quoted the first twelve verses of the 139th Psalm. The Unitarians caught the eighth verse ('If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there!'), and the report over the town is now current that I sent God to hell; and they have no idea that it was quoted from the Bible. Not a neighbouring minister dares come near me, lest his people raise a dust. My every movement is watched, and I need much heavenly wisdom to guide me."

Again:

"Would you think it? At our

last evening lecture the Unitarians set a trap for my poor self, intending to catch me and break my bones! ..But thy servant was not caught." The "trap" was a rope fastened across the top of a steep, dark staircase, against which it was hoped Mr. Todd would stumble and be thrown headlong. "This was not the worst they did. The night was very dark, and the meeting very full. On our coming out, the carriages were in a dangerous situation. Most of the reins were unbuckled, and tied to the collars; most of the linchpins were taken out and thrown away. Some thirty lives were exposed, but the good providence of God so ordered it that the whole affair was discovered before any one was hurt."

In the midst of all this the spiritual work prospered; the young pastor could rejoice over more than forty souls added, by the Lord, to the Church within a month or two of its establishment.

In March, 1827, Mr. Todd snatched a brief holiday, and returned bringing a wife with him. On the 11th of the month he was married to Mary Brace, to whom he had been engaged for nearly four years. For some time the husband's letters are filled with expressions of happiness and ludicrous accounts of domestic misfortunes. Then a son is born to them, to die after a life of a few weeks. The father's grief for the loss of his first-born continued so long as he himself remained upon earth. The contest between the Unitarians and the Trinitarians had begun to flag, when suddenly it was stimulated again into furious activity. A member of the former congregation sent for Mr. Todd in her last illness, recanted her errors, and died resting upon the atonement of a Divine Saviour. Which minister should be asked to conduct the funeral? The widower invited both: Mr. Todd to deliver the customary address, and Mr. Robinson, the Unitarian, to "make the prayers." To the surprise of every one, even of his own people, the former declined to attend, assigning his reasons in writing. So great was the uproar, that he was compelled to print his letter in self-defence. Its gist may be gathered from the following sentences:

"I do believe that Unitarianism is not the Gospel of Christ. I have read the Bible, I have wept and prayed over it, and there is nothing like it there. Christ did not preach it; the Apostles did not preach it; the redeemed in heaven do not celebrate it. I cannot do anything to uphold it. I repeat it, I have no personal enmities or dislikes; but as I conscientiously believe that Unitarianism will not and cannot save the soul, I cannot give my feeble influence in its favour. I do not believe that Jesus will ever acknowledge it as His religion, or its ministers as His ministers, and I cannot therefore acknowledge it as being the Gospel, or them as being ministers of the Gospel. . . By acceding to your polite invitation, I come alongside of a Unitarian minister, and thereby publicly acknowledge him to be a minister of Jesus Christ. Sir, in view of the Judgment-day, I dare not do it."

The opinion of most of our readers will coincide with that of Mr. Todd; indeed, it is difficult to reconcile the opposite course with the *spirit* of 2 John 10, 11. The protest was the more needful because of the popularity of the heresy. Some estimate of the conscientious courage it demanded may be formed, when it is

remembered that no other minister in the State had dared to set such an example; many, however, followed it.

The six years at Groton were passed in constant turmoil, amidst the undisguised hostility of the most influential inhabitants of the town. Yet his was by no means a cheerless ministry. His own flock clung to him with an inexpressible love, and confided in him with unswerving faith. His early friend, his aged predecessor's son, was amongst his converts, and one of his most active helpers. Dr. Chaplin himself lived to manifest the sincerity of his restored trust in the Son of God, and died as a Christian should. Thrice did "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" come down upon his church, enduring in each case for months, and translating scores from "the power of Satan unto God." Mr. Todd's method of conducting a revival differed considerably from those generally associated with America, though Messrs. Moody and Sankey's plan resembled it in many points. His own account of the first of these is as follows:

"The Sabbath before last I noticed an unusual solemnity on the faces of my people. I did not know why, but I could hardly keep from weeping all day. At the close of worship I observed that in all congregations where the Gospel is faithfully preached, there are usually some who feel interested in religion. There *might* be some such in this audience. If there were, they were invited to call the next evening at the house of Dr. Chaplin for free religious conversation. They stared, for it was the first meeting for inquiry ever held in this town. I was a little fearful how it would take, and did not expect that more than some four or five would come. The evening arrived. I went into the room, and found *eighteen* present. Some of them were under deep conviction."

To his father-in-law, the Rev. J. Brace, he writes: "I have now about forty on my inquiry-list, of these about twenty-five are hoping that they have been born again. I am at a sad stand, not knowing how to manage an inquiry-meeting. I have it in the evening in a private room, and the church kneeling in prayer in the opposite room. I manage them thus:—I go to my closet, confess my sins, try to feel them, go into the room, read a short portion in the Bible, remark briefly upon it, kneel in prayer (all kneeling), rise, then go round and converse in a low whisper with them individually, inquiring out their feelings, and pressing immediate repentance upon them, trying to shake false hopes, and sifting them, keeping them off from hoping as long as I can. When I have gone half round in this manner, I leave them silent, go into the church-meeting, tell them what are the appearances, try to keep them humble, and excite to prayer, then go back into my meeting, kneel in prayer, then go round to the rest, giving each attention as seems to be needed. I then address them aloud, as a body, pointing out the path of true repentance, and what real religion is. I then close with prayer, and tell them to go home immediately, or else they would linger. I do not encourage much weeping or passion, but solemnity, and an awful sense of God's presence. I encourage none to hope; they will do this soon enough. Is this course judicious? Is it best?"

These interrogatories seem to have been answered in the affirmative, for

the questioner pursued the course indicated above, in similar circumstances, to the end of his life. Beyond all doubt, dread of self-deception and of mere physical excitement was wise; these are the great dangers of revivalism, they tend to discredit it in the eyes of the public, and to minimize its power for good over its subjects. Perhaps, however, Mr. Todd erred, to some extent, on the side of timidity; and there are tokens that certain inquirers went away unsaved who might have been compelled to "come in." On the other hand, he witnessed almost nothing of that falling away which too frequently succeeds large additions to a church. The phraseology, we may observe, with its frequent employment of forms of the word "hope," results from the writer's imperfect views of the doctrine of assurance and the witness of the Spirit. With the impenitent he dealt far more energetically. A deist attended one of his meetings simply to scoff. "Are you a Christian?" asked Mr. Todd. "No." "Ever thought of it as a personal concern?" "No." "Live without Christ, and hope, and God?" "Yes." He left him and continued his round, then, walking to the front, said, "All seem to be under the direct influence of the Spirit of God, except *one*." He paused, then spoke even more solemnly, "There is one young man who came out of curiosity, or to make sport, who confesses he has nothing to do with God." He proceeded to warn him publicly of his sin and of its terrible consequences if not forsaken. The next night the scoffer was found there a true penitent. On another occasion, after preaching, he desired the Christians to stand up, then the anxious to rise in like manner. He gave out "The Judgment Hymn,"

> "O, there will be mourning
> Before the judgment-seat, etc.,"

and appealed to those who remained seated to fly to Christ for refuge. Many convictions dated from that night.

Towards the end of his fifth year at Groton, a severe illness proved to Mr. Todd that he had drawn too lavishly upon his strength. Rest, especially mental rest, was absolutely essential. Short holidays produced no beneficial effect. Repeated calls to other pastorates had reached him: some he had rejected, others he had submitted to his church, expressing his desire for release, but never obtaining a dismissal. At length, without consulting any of his friends, he accepted the charge of a Congregational Church in Northampton, and to the great grief, but with the good wishes of his people, terminated his connection with Groton.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THE SAVIOUR.

"MANY will take notice of Christ as a Saviour, but not as Lord; but this is to take a view of Christ in an eclipse, to apprehend Christ without His crown."—*Clarkson.*

GLORY OF CHRIST.—"Who ever weighed Christ in a pair of balances? Who hath seen the foldings, and the heights and depths of that glory which is in Him, and kept for us? O, for such a heaven as to stand afar off, and see, and love, and long for Him till time's thread be cut and this great work of creation dissolved at the coming of our Lord!"—*Rutherford.*

RICHES OF CHRIST.—"Just as the miser lays up money that he may feast his eyes upon it, so Christ has laid up unsearchable riches that He may supply all our need out of them. Unfathomable oceans of grace are in Christ for you. Dive and dive again, you will never come to the bottom of these depths. How many millions of dazzling pearls and gems are at this moment hid in the deep recesses of the ocean caves! But there are 'unsearchable riches' in Christ."—*M'Cheyne.*

PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.—"At other times I wish to stay a little longer and tell sinners what a precious Saviour Jesus is. But the Lord's will be done. Welcome life, welcome death, welcome anything from His hand! The world! O, what a bubble, what a trifle it is! Friends are nothing, fame is nothing, health is nothing, life is nothing—Jesus, Jesus is ALL. O, what will it be to spend an eternity in seeing and praising Jesus! To see Him as He is: to be satisfied with His likeness! O, I long, I pant, I faint with desire to be singing 'Worthy is the Lamb!' to be extolling the riches of sovereign grace; to be casting the crown at the feet of Christ."—*E. Payson.*

"IF the sweetness of all flowers were in one, how sweet must that flower needs be! In Christ all perfections of love and mercy meet; how great then must that mercy be that lodgeth in so gracious a heart! Whatsoever tenderness is scattered in husband, father, brother, head, is all but a beam from Him; it is in Him in the most eminent manner."—*R. Sibbs.*

"WHEREFORE, as the apothecaries sweeten all their confections with sugar, and perfume their cordials with musk, so let us grace all our graces in Christ, without Whom, fools we are to pride ourselves in anything that nature, education or custom hath done for us, in comparison of that influence we receive, and of those rays that come from this Sun of Righteousness."—*S. Ward.*

CHRIST'S CHARACTER.—"Men either look upon Him as all mercy, and so presume; or as all severity, and so tremble to come at Him. The devil then makes a false Christ of Him in either. The Lamb can be angry: you read of 'the wrath of the Lamb.' And so the Lion can be lamb-like and gracious."—*J. Goodwin.*

"To reconcile earthly and heavenly things in God, there was needed to make peace; to make peace there was need of a blood and a sacrifice of infinite value; to offer such a sacrifice there was need of a Person in Whom all fulness dwelt; that is, Who had in Him fully and perfectly all the graces and excellencies of heaven and earth."—*Daillé.*

"HE is infinitely all excellencies without variableness or shadow of changing. The angels kept not their first habitation, the heavens shall wax old as a garment, the glory of man is as the flower of the grass; but Christ is yesterday and to-day, and the same for ever, for ever excellent."—*Clarkson.*

CHRIST'S HOLINESS.—"The holiness of Christ differed from all earthly, vulgar, common holiness. Wherever it was it elicited a sense of sinfulness and imperfection. Just as the purest cut crystal of the rock looks dim beside the diamond, so the best of men feel a sense of guilt growing distinct upon their souls. When the Anointed of God came near, 'Depart from me,' said the bravest and truest of them all; 'for I am

a sinful man, O Lord.'"—*F. Robertson.*

"'SEPARATE from sinners.' Christ walked through the midst of sinners undefiled. Like a beam of light piercing into a foul dungeon, or like a river, purifying and fertilising, itself untainted, so did Christ pass through this world, and so do all His own."—*M'Cheyne.*

CHRIST'S LIKENESS.—"In a mirror you will observe that every feature of the face is reflected, both the large and small features. Now, our soul should be a mirror of Christ: we should reflect every feature: for every grace in Christ there should be a counterpart grace in us."—*Ibid.*

"THE seeing of Christ will make those that see Him like unto Him. Set a glass full in the sun, and you will see in it something like the glory of the sun, a bright shining splendour dazzling the eye of the beholder."—*Clarkson.*

BEAUTY OF CHRIST.—"We are all obliged to love heaven for Christ's sake; He graceth heaven and all His Father's house with His presence. He is a rose that beautifieth all the upper garden of God; a leaf of that rose of God, for smell, is worth a world. O that He would blow His fragrance upon a withered and dead soul! Let us then go on to meet with Him, and to be filled with the sweetness of His love."—*Rutherford.*

TYPES OF CHRIST.—"The tree of life, the ark of Noah, and the rest of the like kind, what were they but Christ? Whom, because the world was not worthy so soon to see, nor God willing at once to show so rich a jewel, He therefore enwrapped obscurely in these shadows, till, in the fulness of time, He saw fit to reveal Him in open mirror, directly by His forerunner pointing at Him, 'Behold the Lamb of God!'"—*Ward.*

CHRIST'S HUMILIATION.—"His Godhead was hid under the veil of His manhood. He could not have wrought our salvation else. If the devil and the world had known Christ to be what He was, they never would have made those attempts against Him."—*Sibbs.*

JUSTICE SATISFIED IN CHRIST.—"Come to Christ, and then justice itself will be your friend: that which stood before as a cherub in the way of Paradise, with a flaming sword to keep you out of heaven, will then be your security, and conduct you thither. He that comes to Christ has as much security for his happiness from the justice as from the mercy of God. Christ has engaged both for all that come to Him."—*Clarkson.*

SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.—"I ought to see the stripe that was made upon the back of Christ by each of my sins. I ought to see the infinite pang thrill through the soul of Jesus . . . for my sins, yea for all of them."—*M'Cheyne.*

"LET us fasten our old man to His cross; let the nails that there pierced His flesh pierce also the members of ours. Let the cross that made Him die make all our lusts die."—*Daillé.*

SAVING BENEFIT THROUGH CHRIST.—"Now all this comes from Christ's being a servant. Our liberty comes from His service and slavery, our life from His death, and our sonship, our all, comes from His abasement."—*Sibbs.*

CHRIST'S FULNESS.—"There is as much in our Lord's pantry as will satisfy all His bairns, and as much wine in His cellar as will quench all their thirst. Hunger on,

for there is meal in hunger for Christ; go never from Him, but go yet to Him (who yet is pleased with the importunity of hungry souls) with a dish full of hungry desires till He fill you."—*Rutherford.*

WELCOME TO CHRIST.—"I will tell you what you shall do, treat Him well: give Him the chair and the board-head, and make Him welcome to the mean portion you have: a good supper and kind entertainment maketh the guest love the inn the better."—*Ibid.*

CHRIST AND HIS PEOPLE.—"In all our afflictions He is afflicted. He is, we may say, the common heart of His people."—*M'Cheyne.*

CHRIST'S HUMANITY.—"Once in the world's history was born a MAN. Once in the roll of ages, out of innumerable failures from the stock of human nature, one Bud developed itself into a faultless flower. One perfect specimen of humanity has God exhibited on earth." "As if the life-blood of every nation were in His veins, and that which is best and truest in every man, and that which is tenderest, and gentlest and purest in every woman, were in His character. He is emphatically the *Son of Man.*"—*Robertson.*

NAME OF JESUS.—"How happy if our tongues would ever run upon that name which is honey in the mouth, melody in the ear, jubilee in the heart!"—*Ward.*

JESUS UNCHANGED.—"He who put out His holy hand, and touched the leper's filthy skin, and came ever more nigh sinners, even now in glory, is yet that same Lord: His honour and His great court in heaven hath not made Him forget His poor friends on earth."—*Rutherford.*

"I WOULD not exchange one smile of His lovely face for kingdoms!"—*Ibid.*

EXCELLENCE OF CHRIST.—"It was the wonderful excellence of the knowledge of Christ that made all these things seem as dung. When we are in the dark, we are glad of candlelight, and glow-worms will make a fair show in our eyes; but when the sun is risen, and shines in his full strength, then candlelight seems needless or offensive, and the worms that glittered in the dark make no better show than other vermin."—*Clarkson.*

HOW TO DISCOURAGE YOUR MINISTER.

TWELVE PLAIN RULES.

1. HEAR him "now and then." Drop in a little late. Do not sing; do not find the texts in your Bibles. If you take a little sleep during the sermon, so much the better.

2. Notice carefully any slip he makes while you are awake; point out the dull portions to your children and friends; it will come round to him.

3. Censure his efforts at usefulness; deplore his want of common sense; let him know that you won't help him because A. B. does, because you were not first consulted, or because you did not start the plan yourself.

4. Let him know the follies and sins of his hearers. Show him how much he overrates them, and tell him their adverse criticisms on himself.

5. Tell him when he calls what a stranger he is; how his predecessors used to drop in for an hour's chat, and how much you liked them.

6. Never attend the prayer-

meeting, or any special service. Why should you be "righteous over much"?

7. Occasionally get up a little gaiety for the young folks. This will be found very effectual about the Communion season.

8. Give him no intimation when you are ill; of course he should know; and your offended dignity, when he comes to see you, will render his visit pleasant. On no account intimate your recovery.

9. Require him to swell the pomp of every important occasion, unless, indeed, there are prudential reasons for passing him over.

10. If he is always in his own pulpit, clamour for strangers; if he have public duties, and sometimes goes abroad, complain that he is never at home.

11. Keep down his income. Easy means are a sore temptation, and fulness of bread is bad for everyone—but the laity.

12. As he will find it hard to be always at home to receive callers, and always running among the people, and always well prepared for pulpit and platform, you will be sure to have just cause for complaint one way or the other. Tell it to every one, and then lament that there is so general dissatisfaction with him.

Patient continuance in courses like these, modified according to circumstances, has been known not only to discourage, but to ruin the usefulness and break the spirit of ministers; to send them off to other charges, and sometimes to their graves. Those who desire to avoid such results should avoid the practice of such things as are here referred to.—*Selected.*

BLEST BE THY NAME!

Earth, sky, and seas, Thy glories bear!
Creation thrills throughout her frame
At the sweet song, which angels share,
Blesséd, thrice blesséd be Thy Name!

And infants lisp the heavenly theme,
While age exults to catch the flame,
That fires the hearts Thou didst redeem;
For ever blessed be Thy Name!

Let states and empires pass away,
Wither all greatness, power and fame;
This song outlives their grand decay,
Blesséd, thrice blesséd be Thy Name!

O! Saviour, grant in life's last hour,
Thy love our latest praise may claim;
Thine arms surround us, give the power,
To sigh in death, Blest be Thy Name!

John Ricketts.

BROAD CAST THE SEED.

Broad cast the seed;
If thou hast aught of wealth to lend,
Beyond what reason bids thee spend,
Seek out the haunts of want and woe,
And wisely let thy bounty flow;
Lift modest merit from the dust,
And fill his heart with joy and trust;
Take struggling genius by the hand,
And bid his striving soul expand;
Where virtuous men together cling
To banish some unhallow'd thing,
Join the just league, and not withhold
Thy help, thy counsel, and thy gold;
Would'st have thy humbler brother freed?
Broad cast thy seed.

Broad cast thy seed;
If thou hast mind, thou hast to spare,
And giving will increase thy share;
Put forth thy thoughts with earnest zeal,
And make some stubborn spirit feel
The grace, the glory, the delight
That spring from talents used aright;
The improving wealth, which none can take,
Though fortune frown and friends forsake;

The strength of vision, more and more
Expanding as it dares to soar.
Virtue and knowledge, glorious twain!
The more they give the more they gain!
Would'st help a brother in his need?
Broad cast thy seed.

Broad cast thy seed;
Albeit some portion may be found
To fall on harsh and arid ground,
Where sand, or shard, or stone may stay
Its coming into light of day;
Be not discouraged. Some may find
Congenial soil and gentle wind,
Refreshing dew, and fostering shower,
To bring it into beauteous flower,
From flower to fruit to glad thy eyes,
And thrill thee with a sweet surprise;
Do good, and God will bless thy deed.
Broad cast thy seed!
—*T. C. Prince.*

THE ROYAL ROAD TO RICHES.

CHAPTER IV.—LOSS AND GAIN.

JIMMY'S railroad speculations seemed to promise abundant success; but, some time in January, his friend, the brakeman, informed him that the train was given in charge to the News Company, who would put one of their own boys on it.

"I'm mighty sorry 'bout it, and I did my best to get 'em to keep you on, and so did the conductor; but they said the other chap had the promise of the first chance."

Jimmy was a good deal disappointed, and for a minute he felt discouraged. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, which served for the only seat in the small chamber, and for a while he did not say a word. Then he got up and deliberately pulled off his boots.

"What are you going to do?" asked his friend.

"Going to bed," said Jimmy.

"But about the train? I mean. I've tried to think of something, for I don't fancy letting you go; but I can't see no way."

"I can't see anything now: it looks pretty bad; but maybe I shall think of something in the morning. Mr. Walters told me once that the best thing that could happen to us, sometimes, was to be disappointed."

"There's one thing I can do for you: you can just stay here as long as you please," said the brakeman, heartily.

In the morning, Jimmy woke up bright and hopeful. The first thing he did was to make a bargain with the woman who kept the boarding-house, by which he was to pay for his meals by doing some work at morning and evening. Then he got out his little tin trunk, and started for the station, with his blacking brushes. The ragged boys, who waited around the platform with their brushes, gathered about him with rude shouts, when they found out his business, but Jimmy either took no notice of them or answered them good naturedly, and, in spite of all they could do, he had several customers, and went home to dinner with half a dollar in his pocket.

So matters went on for several weeks, and nothing better seemed to be open to Jimmy, though he tried hard to get a situation as parcel boy in a store, until he found that he could earn more money at blacking boots.

One day, as he was passing a large hotel, a gentleman came down the steps, whose dusty boots attracted Jimmy's eye in a moment.

"Black your boots, Sir?" he asked.

"No," said the gentleman, absently, buttoning up his overcoat; then, glancing at Jimmy, he stopped, and said, "I don't care if you do, though, only be in a hurry."

Jimmy went about the work, and the gentleman watched him keenly.

"That's pretty well done," he remarked, as the first boot was finished. "Do you work in here?"

"At the hotel? No, Sir. I work wherever I can find a job. I board with Mrs. Brown on Water-street."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, smiling, "I thought you lads boarded at large, wherever you could find a crack to curl up in."

"Some of us have to," said Jimmy; "I'm lucky, myself. I work for my board."

"And what do you do?" asked the gentleman, beginning to feel interested.

"I carry coal to all the rooms on the second floor: up-stairs lodgers don't have any fire. I sweep the front pavement, and scrub the steps once a week, and blacken the boots for the telegraph chaps and old Mr. Simmons."

"Pretty well, I should think," said the gentleman, taking out his pocket-book; and, as he paid Jimmy for his work, he looked pleasantly at him, and added, "Honest work and honest ways have been the making of many a man. I've been a poor boy myself; not so very many years ago, either."

"Seems to me," thought Jimmy, as he looked after the gentleman, "most everybody that's any account used to be poor. Must be the *grit* there is in 'em."

Not long afterward, as he was watching for a customer in the crowd of passengers who were hurrying away from a train, his eye brightened with pleasure to recognise the same gentleman again. The gentleman remembered Jimmy, too, and readily stopped on the steps of the depôt to have his boots polished.

"Well, my boy," he asked, "and how are you getting along in the world?"

"Pretty well; only I should like to find some better work," said Jimmy.

"Ah! don't it pay, blacking boots?"

"Pays well enough; most anything pays if you stick to it: but then a fellow wouldn't want to black boots all his life, you know."

"I should think not," said the gentleman, with an amused smile. "You haven't told me what your name is, yet."

"Jimmy Marvin." And the bright, inquisitive eyes glanced up at the gentleman's face, as if they would like to ask a question, too.

"That's a pretty good name; my name is Jimmy, too; or, at least it used to be when I was a boy—Jimmy Warren."

"I've heard of that name before," said Jimmy, without looking up from his brushes. "General Warren, you know, that was killed in the war of the Revolution."

"Indeed," said the gentleman. "And who killed him, I should like to know?"

"The British soldiers killed him, at the battle of Bunker's Hill; only, you know, it ought to have been called 'Breed's Hill,' because they made a mistake in the night, and didn't go to Bunker Hill at all."

Jimmy paused in his work, and looked eagerly up at the gentleman.

"Where did you learn that?" he asked, in surprise.

"O, in the newsboys' lodging house, in New York! They taught us all about the Revolution, there."

"So you have been in New York, have you? I should like to know how you came out here?"

"Worked my way, Sir," said Jimmy, briefly, giving the finishing touch to his work.

"What made you come?" asked the gentleman.

"Because I wanted to do something for myself, and there didn't seem to be much chance there. I've heard that the West was the best place for poor boys, but I haven't seemed to find much chance, yet."

"And so you're waiting for a chance, are you?"

"Yes, Sir; waiting and working. I can't afford to be idle, you know; and then I think of my motto."

"What is it?" asked the gentleman, looking at his earnest, cheerful face, with admiration.

"'*The hand of the diligent maketh rich*,'" said Jimmy, mechanically, as he sprang to secure another customer, who was just passing.

"That's a remarkable boy," said the gentleman to himself. "I wonder if I couldn't help him to the chance he's waiting for."

He walked to the door of the depôt, then came slowly back and stood a moment looking at Jimmy, who seemed to be putting his whole mind to his work.

"Jimmy," he said, presently, "I should like to have a little talk with you, but we haven't either of us time to spare now. I live about twelve miles out of the city, and if you would like to go out with me I will pay your passage out, and back in the morning."

"I think I should like to go, Sir," said Jimmy, looking pleased, but not stopping his work.

"Very well. I shall be here in time for the evening express, and you can make up your mind about it."

"I hope I haven't picked up another foolish job," thought the gentleman, as he hurried away. "If he should turn out like that little rascal of a Tom, that took me in so completely; but this one don't look like a cheat, and it seems to me as if the Lord had put him in my way on purpose that I might help him. It's *somebody's* business, and why not mine?"

All day Mr. Warren was too busy to think of Jimmy; but at evening, as he hurried to the train, he was quite

pleased to find him waiting for him, looking so clean and tidy that he did not feel at all ashamed of his travelling companion.

"So you concluded to go, did you?" he said.

"Yes, Sir; it's great luck to me to get invited anywhere. I don't believe I ever was invited anywhere before."

Then Jimmy told Mr. Warren all he knew of his own history; adding, rather sadly, as he finished,

"Sometimes I wish't I had some relations, somewhere. Seems hard not to belong to anybody in particular, and not to have anybody to care whether a fellow goes up or down."

"*Some One* does care," said Mr. Warren. "*Some One* says not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father's notice, and then adds, in a very comforting way, 'Fear not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.' You know about that, don't you?"

"Yes, Sir. The parson preached about it, once, to us boys at the Home. I s'pose it's all so, though sometimes it don't seem quite true. It's a good ways up to heaven, and I should like to have somebody to ask me, once in a while, how I get along."

Mr. Warren felt the keenest sympathy for the lonely boy, for he remembered how often, in his struggling boyhood, he should have felt like giving up in despair, but for the dear, hopeful mother, whose smiles were his daily strength, and the loving little sister, for whom he was ready to go through almost any hardship.

By this time the train was at the station, and the brakeman shouted "Shelby" in at the door, so that nobody had the faintest idea what he said, unless he happened to live there, as Mr. Warren did. He and Jimmy left the car, and from behind the small station a man came to meet them.

"All right at home, George?" asked Mr. Warren, walking briskly through the station.

"All right, Sir," answered the man, with a curious glance at Jimmy.

Behind the station, a pair of handsome horses were harnessed to a light farm wagon.

"Jump in, Jimmy," said Mr. Warren, as he sprang into the wagon; and the three were quickly riding over the smooth road, towards a pleasant-looking farm-house on the outskirts of the town. It was too dark to see distinctly, but through the large windows of one room a bright fire shone out, and gave a pleasant picture of two little faces pressed against the pane, and a lady passing to and fro. Mr. Warren knew, too, that in the snuggest corner was a dear old lady, whose placid face bore few marks of all the storms that had beaten against it, and in his heart arose the glad thoughts of thanksgiving with which he always came back to his dear nest of a home.

As for Jimmy, he felt something in his throat that half choked him, though he could not tell why; and for a moment he wished himself back in the little boarding-house attic, with the rough brakeman for his companion.

"Perhaps you'd like to go out with George to put up the horses," said Mr. Warren, understanding very well that it would be a trial to Jimmy to face the whole family.

"Yes, Sir," said Jimmy, with a feeling of relief. And he and George were soon at the barn, making the acquaintance of the horses and cows. Before they came in, they managed to get acquainted with each other, and Jimmy felt a good deal stronger for the rest.

There was certainly nothing very alarming about the placid old lady who took his hand, with a pleasant smile, and said, "Thee is very welcome, James," in a way that made Jimmy wonder if she meant him.

Mrs. Warren was a kindly little woman, and the children were too much occupied with their father to care much for any one else, so Jimmy found himself sitting at the bountiful supper-table and afterwards filling a corner of the room, with a very pleasant feeling of having a share in the love and warmth

of home. The children brought him their games and books, and the grandmother called him James, in her plain Quaker speech, and altogether it was so delightful that he felt as if he must be in a strange dream.

He shared a large, airy chamber with George, who proceeded to satisfy his own curiosity about Jimmy, by asking him all manner of questions.

"Mr. Warren's hired you, I reckon?" he suggested, inquiringly.

"No, he hasn't," said Jimmy, "but I wish he would. He's rich, isn't he?"

"Not so very; worth a good deal for a farmer, though. This is a stock farm, and there's a sight more money in stock than in crops, and not so much work."

"I wish he *would* hire me," repeated Jimmy. "Do you s'pose I could do anything on a farm?" and he looked anxiously at his companion.

"Well," said George, deliberately, "we rather need another hand, and Mr. Warren talked of getting one of the Lowry boys; they was raised on a farm, but they're shif'less lubbers, all of 'em. Know anything 'bout stock?"

"No," said Jimmy, honestly. "I can tell a sheep from a pig, and that's about all; but I could learn."

"Of course you could," said George, whose heart was completely taken by this frank confession of ignorance. "I didn't know much myself, first start, but I always took to animals naturally. They've got a good deal more sense than most folks know for."

Mr. Warren came out next morning, where Jimmy was watching the feeding of a troop of half-grown colts, that held possession of an immense straw stack. Rough, shaggy-looking fellows they were, but with a keen flash in their eyes, and a world of strength and life in every untamed limb. Jimmy watched them with a pleasure that was new to him. There was something daring and untamed in his heart that beat in sympathy with the strong animal life before him, and Mr. Warren recognised it in the very expression of his face.

"You like horses," he said, smiling.

"Yes, Sir," said Jimmy; "I like these the best of any I ever saw. They ain't so nice, either," he added, and then paused.

"Nice!" broke in George, indignantly. "I'd like to see anybody get a likelier lot of colts than that together."

"I understand what Jimmy means," said Mr. Warren. "Colts need a good deal of training and dressing, to smooth them up for market; but any one who is used to horses can tell when the right kind of muscle is in them. They're a good deal like boys in that."

CHAPTER V.—PROGRESS.

Mr. Walters was as busily engaged in his missionary work among the newsboys as ever; and though he met with many discouragements, yet now and then he had the satisfaction of seeing some real good as the result of his labours.

One day, among his letters he took up one with a western postmark.

"Shelby, Ohio," he said, as he opened it; "who can have written to me out there?"

He turned, wonderingly, to the signature, and read, "From your grateful friend, Jimmy Marvin."

"Dear me," said Mr. Walters, with a look of great satisfaction on his tired face; "so I wasn't mistaken in that boy, after all."

Business letters had to wait, that day, till the last line of Jimmy's letter was read.

He told him all about his working his passage to Cleveland, and then going as train boy until he lost the place.

"It seemed pretty hard to go back to my brushes again," wrote Jimmy, "but I remembered how you used to tell us nobody need be ashamed of any kind of honest work, so I went at it, and did the best I could. It was good that it ever happened to me, for that's how I got acquainted with Mr. Warren, where I live now. He's a farmer, but he raises stock on his farm, and he hired me to help him. I didn't get much at first, but I'm doing pretty well now. I've

learnt most all about farming, and Miss Ruth, that's Mr. Warren's sister, she gives me lessons every evening. The folks are all kind to me, and Mr. Warren always says *our farm*, to George and me, and it seems as if we had a share in everything. You ought to see our colts —there's forty-six of 'em; and when we turn 'em loose in the pasture, mornings, they set up their heads and tails and go racing around, and it always makes me toss up my cap and say '*hurrah!*' I've got some stock, too. Mr. Warren sold me two lambs for a dollar. Their mother died, and they were such little sickly things, George was going to kill 'em. But I asked Mr. Warren to let me have 'em, and he laughed, and said I should try my hand, and if they lived I should pay him a dollar for 'em. I raised 'em myself, only Miss Ruth helped me; and I don't think they ever would have lived, if it hadn't been for her. They're real lively now, and run all about the farm-yard; and George says next year they'll be worth five dollars a piece."

Jimmy closed by sending his love to the boys, and requesting Mr. Walters to forward the money he had left in the bank.

On the back of the letter, Mr. Warren had added this message of his own—

"James Marvin is a *a faithful, industrious, intelligent* boy. I am well pleased with him, and think he is fitting himself to fill an honourable and useful place in life."

"That pays for a hundred failures and discouragements," thought Mr. Walters, as he folded the letter and laid it away.

And in less than a week Jimmy's heart was gladdened by a long letter from his friend in New York, which was carefully laid away among his treasures.

As the spring came rapidly on, the work on the farm increased, and all hands were busily employed. The great crops of the farm were hay and oats, which were raised as food for the stock; but there were extensive fields of corn, and the great garden, with its abundant supply of all kinds of vegetables. Jimmy found himself deeply interested in the success of everything, for Mr. Warren very wisely thought that the only way to make his help really valuable, was to impress them with the idea that they were all mutually dependent upon each other, and whatever was for the good of one was for the good of all. So they came very naturally to talk and think about "our farm" and "our crops;" and Jimmy, especially, seemed to have brought every living creature about the place into a kind of sympathy with him. The sheep came to lick salt from his hand, the farm horses laid their great heads familiarly on his shoulder, and even the troop of unbroken colts recognised his presence with a friendly neigh.

A great deal of the garden work fell to Jimmy's share. The potatoes, sweet corn, and some of the larger crops, were kept clean by a one-horse cultivator, but among the smaller vegetables was almost daily work for the hand and hoe. Miss Ruth superintended the garden, so Jimmy worked under her directions. She soon saw that it was not quite to his taste, and that she must use a little diplomacy about it.

"You see, Jimmy," she said, as they were transplanting cabbages, in a fine misty rain, "we all take turns about the garden. Last year Mrs. Warren and George managed it; and I can tell you they made a fuss over it. Why, Mrs. Warren was so proud of her beets she would scarcely let us pull any to eat, because it spoilt the rows; and if we wanted any cabbage, we had to slip off a head when George was out of the way, and hide the stump. I just thought we'd show 'em, this year, that other folks could do as much as they did; and I believe we shall beat them completely."

That was enough for Jimmy. It was *our* garden, now, and instead of simply helping Miss Ruth, he was an independent gardener with Miss Ruth for counsel.

In haying and harvesting, there came a troop of day labourers to the farm, and two stout servants to the house, and

the great work of the season was made more a frolic than toilsome work. For the rest of the season, George and Jimmy, with Mr. Warren to aid and direct, kept everything in working order, though many a farmer wondered how Mr. Warren managed to "run his farm with so little help." The secret was partly in the help themselves,—for intelligent labour is worth twice as much as mere ignorant strength,—but a great deal more in the perfect system with which all the work was arranged, so that no time went to waste, and the workers did not interfere with each other.

MY FIRST SERMON.

BY J. G. W.

I WAS but a young man when God graciously pardoned my sins. My parents deserted me when a baby, and I was brought up at a charitable institution in Yorkshire. From this place I was taken, when old enough, by a farmer as an indoor apprentice, and he, being a hard master, made me work more like a slave than anything else. I had plenty to eat and drink, but a kind, encouraging word from him I never got. For the least offence I was cruelly flogged, and I have to this day the marks upon my shoulder of that man's cruelty. But the most remarkable thing was, he professed to be a Christian, and in order not to chastise me in anger when he thought I deserved it, he would cut a willow from the brook and place it in the duck-pond to soak, so that when used it would not break upon my back. As I was always doing wrong, the willows were always soaking, and I rarely knew what it was to enter the house without the fear of a good flogging, unless my master was away from home. Often have I fallen asleep with the pillow wet with tears, wondering why I was left without parents while other children had happy homes.

Sometimes my young soul would boil with indignation, and I would curse and swear, and writhe under the cruel bondage. Several times I ran away from the farm, determined to be a sailor, or anything, rather than endure my master's cruelties; but I always returned, after suffering cold and hunger, sleeping under hedges, in barns, and such like places, for however bad my master was, I had a good friend in my mistress, who was a sincere Christian. She would talk to me with tears in her eyes, and beg of me to pray to God to make me a better lad. I remember once saying to her, "Why doesn't God make master a better man?" but the pain and anguish it caused her, made me careful ever after how I spoke to her. I loved her as a mother, and could have done anything for her. She, like myself, had to suffer by her husband's harsh treatment, for try as she would, she could not please him.

I will pass over a year or two of my life, and come to the time of my conversion. My master always insisted on my attendance at the chapel. In after life I respected him for this. Had I been allowed to use the Sabbath in my own way, it would have been wickedly spent in rambling through the lanes and fields with bad companions; and I might have been for ever ruined. At that time, however, I detested the chapel, and longed for the service to be over, from the time that it began. Often have I been flogged for sleeping during the sermon.

One Sunday night when I entered the chapel, there was a venerable old man in the pulpit, whose appearance at once arrested my attention. He had a ruddy, happy-looking face, and silvery locks hung in clusters round his head. I shall never forget that dear, good man, who is now gone to his eternal rest. I joined in singing the hymn, which I had rarely done before; I knelt down during prayer and listened to every word the preacher said, and somehow all sounded different from any I had ever heard. I felt how nice it must be to be able to pray to God as this good man prayed; and when he repeated the Lord's Prayer I repeated it too, and as I did so tears

came into my eyes, for I thought God would not listen to a wicked person like me. During the sermon I became more and more convinced of my lost and ruined state, and when it was over I was suffering awful torments in my mind in consequence of my wickedness. O, how wretched I was! I would have given all the world, if I had it to give, to be as happy as the preacher. I stayed to the prayer-meeting, but felt no better; I went home, but could not eat my supper; I retired to my chamber and fell on my knees, but could not pray. All was dark; God was surely going to send me to hell, and I knew I deserved the worst at His hands. Thus I continued through the night, never sleeping; indeed, I never took off my clothes. Morning came in all its summer splendour. The glorious sun, the song of the birds, the happiness of everything around only increased my misery. I went into the barn, and on my knees told God I could not live in so wretched a condition. Suddenly a ray of light seemed to flow into my dark mind; so sudden was it that I could not speak, but lay on the ground as one dead. Then came the words used as a text by the preacher the night before,—"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." I said, "O Lord, I am a sinner; I repent; do forgive me." Then the words came, "I will; be thou clean."

The joy which came into my soul when the Saviour spoke to me words of peace is beyond my power to describe—it must be felt to be understood; suffice it to say, I was unspeakably happy.

From this time the house of God was to me the happiest place on earth. I could now endure my master's unkindness patiently, for I thought of Him Who was "a Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," and Who, "when He was reviled, reviled not again;" and I knew He sympathised with me in my affliction.

Time went on. I became a Sunday-school teacher, an assistant Class-leader, and once or twice officiated at the prayer-meeting. I was happy in the work, and willing to do anything, however lowly, for Him Who had done so much for me.

The friends, however, were not content to let me alone in my labours in our little chapel and school. They said I ought to begin to preach the Gospel, the very mention of which made me tremble; for it seemed an awful thing to attempt to expound God's will and word—to stand between Him and the people. I declined again and again, feeling too unworthy to take upon myself so sacred a duty. An official meeting, however, appointed me to go with one of the Local-preachers, who was gradually to initiate me into the duties of the office, and let me exhort the people in several village chapels. I received the intelligence with astonishment; my limbs shook so that I could scarcely stand; but I dare not say nay. I had not sought the office, and was afraid if I did not do as my brethren in the Church had appointed, I should be sinning against God. O the prayers and tears I offered up to Him without whose assistance I knew I was helpless! Day and night, in the field, the barn, while riding in the cart, wherever I chanced to be, I was calling upon God to enlighten my dark mind and fill my soul more full of His Divine love. I read the Bible much while on my knees in my chamber; and I was forcibly impressed with that passage which says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

The Sunday on which I was to accompany my Christian brother for the first time, was a beautiful morning in June. When I arrived at his house I found him seriously ill, and unable to rise from his bed. He told me I must go to Risely (the village where we were appointed to preach) and conduct the service without him, for the people must not be disappointed.

"Go myself! Go myself!" I repeated again and again, as I passed out of the house. "Go myself," I said as I stood in the road; but this time there

was a reply, "I will be with thee; My rod and My staff shall comfort thee." I started forward on my journey at once. I had six miles to go, and only about an hour and a quarter to do it in. As I passed along the road under the leafy trees the birds trilled forth their songs of praise; the hedges were covered with blossoms, which filled the air with sweet perfume; flowers grew luxuriantly on every hand; the fields smiled in the abundance of their crops, telling of rich harvests and bursting storehouses. All nature was singing the praises of God. This surrounding beauty made me contemplate God's character. "God is love," I said, "and this is a manifestation of it. He is beautiful, too, for out of His Divine mind He has fashioned all these beautiful things. He is merciful; for although man is so wicked, God still pours forth on him the abundance of His treasures." O what a glorious idea of God's wonderful nature I got that Sabbath morning; love, beauty and mercy all blended!

At length I reached the chapel, and found it but a small building, surrounded by a graveyard, enclosed by iron railings. The sides of the chapel were almost entirely covered with honeysuckles and white roses; flowers grew on the graves, and the bee and butterfly flitted here and there in search of the distilled nectar upon which they live; while on the eaves of the chapel a dozen or more sparrows chirped merrily. On entering the graveyard I met a man without a coat, with a straw hat on his head, to whom I told my errand. He looked at me from head to foot, and then pointing his right thumb over his shoulder, said, "Goo in."

As I entered the chapel a sense of deep awe came over me, and my whole body trembled. I walked straight to the pulpit, and there fell on my knees in prayer, the tears streaming down my cheeks the while. On rising I ventured to look round. There were about thirty persons present—men, women and children. Most of the men were without coats, and the women without bonnets, but they were remarkably clean. Right in front of me sat a man about fifty years of age. He had a square, solemn-looking face, and grey, dull eyes, which I noticed fixed on me. Somehow from the first look of the man I dreaded him. There was a sinister expression about his mouth I did not like. I gave out the hymn:

"Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The people sang heartily. During prayer I felt the presence of God, and many a hearty "Amen" told me others felt it good to be there. I read the lesson, and we sang another hymn, and then came the most trying moments I ever experienced.

I had chosen as my text, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." For a few minutes I continued all right, but chancing to look at the square-faced man, I thought he was sneering at me, and immediately all my ideas vanished, perfect blank took possession of my mind, and if I might have received a fortune, I could not have uttered another word. There I stood, a cold chill running through my body, and a cold sweat standing on my face in large drops. Some one shouted "Glory!" then all was quiet. The sparrows chirped on the eaves, the bees came humming in at the open door, and I wished I were a bird or bee that I could fly away.

How long I stood I cannot tell, but I saw the square-faced man rise from his seat, and fixing his eyes upon me, in a loud voice he exclaimed:

"Well, young man, if tha's done, tha's done; sit thee deawn."

I sat me down, and covered my face with my hands; and soon the flood-gates of my soul were opened, and I wept like a child. I was aroused from my grief by a touch on the arm, and looking up I saw an aged woman, who in a kindly voice said:

"Come, my lad, come wi' me for a bit o' dinner."

"I had rather go back home," I tremblingly replied.

"Nay, nay, my lad," said the good woman, "that'll never do; the devil would laugh if thou ran hoam. Come, here's thee hat, come along wi' me."

I rose from my seat, and was astonished to find the chapel quite empty; all the people, excepting ourselves, having gone away. I was glad of this, for I felt afraid of meeting their gaze. We passed out of the chapel and wended our way along the lanes. Several groups of men and women were standing at various points on the way, evidently talking about me. I heard one man say:

"That's him; that's him. Owd Betty's getten him eawt at last."

"Ay, poor chap," said another, "he'd better a stopt at hoam."

"He's but young," pleaded a woman's voice, "happen when he gets owder he'll do better. I'm sure he shaped very weel at first."

"Some folks will put theirselves i' places they're noan fit for," said another, whose voice I at once recognised as the square-faced man's; "yo' can't get apples to grow eawt of a dry stump."

"Nor a empty bag to stand up," chimed in another, which caused a general laugh.

I felt those remarks keenly, and old Betty, as my friend was called, understanding my feelings, said:

"Never heed um, lad; they'd make a sorry mess on it theirsels if they tried their hand."

At length we reached old Betty's cottage, which was prettily situated in a neat garden. The old woman was very poor and lived alone, her husband having been dead many years. But though she was poor in this world's goods she was rich in Christ, and this is worth more than all the gold and silver in the world. Bless the dear soul, whenever I think of her my heart grows warm.

"I've nothing extra for dinner, my lad; but thou'rt welcome," said Betty, putting a basin of new milk and some brown, home-made bread before me on the table. "I never cook on Sunday; I think Sundays belong to God."

"It will do very nicely, thank you," I replied, and asking God's blessing we began our dinner.

After a while old Betty stopped eating and said:

"What made thee break down so suddenly in thy sermon this morning? I know there was summat, for thou was goin' on very nicely," and she looked at me with a smile.

"Well, to tell you the truth, that man who sat by himself right in front of me frightened me."

"What, old Amos?" she asked.

"I don't know his name, but he has something about his face which I don't like; and, being the first time I have tried to preach, I suppose I was a bit timid."

"Thou wasn't preaching *to please him*, I hope, my lad."

"No, no; I was preaching to please God," I said.

"That's just the sort o' preaching we want. Well, I durst say thou would feel timid; but bless thee, my lad, as soon as ever I heard thee speak I felt fain, for summat within me said, 'God has sent him, God has sent him,' and I was praying for thee all the time. The devil has all macks o' ways o' balking folks as are trying to do good, and maybe he did sneer out o' old Amos's face; but I'll tell thee what thou mun do to-night."

"What?" I asked, feeling pleased at old Betty's earnestness.

"Why, my lad, *just knock the devil off his perch*. Get the Word of God and throw it straight at him. Jesus said, 'Get thee behind Me, Satan,' and thou mun pray to God to give *thee* 'a word in season.' I'll pray, too, and if we don't shift the old lad from his seat it will be our fault and not God's."

The afternoon passed away pleasantly and profitably in conversation, reading God's Word, and prayer. Old Betty said, "Pray a good deal, lad, and then thou'll preach well."

When the time arrived for the evening service old Betty and I were at the chapel. The whole village had congregated to hear me preach, or rather break

down, for the news of my failure in the morning had spread far and wide, and people who never came to chapel, had come on this occasion. It was with some difficulty I reached the pulpit, for every part of the little chapel was packed, and several men were flattening their noses on the windows outside to get a look at me.

As I passed old Amos, he with a grin whispered, "Doesn't thee heart beat pit-a-pat?" but I took no notice of his question. I commenced the service with the hymn, "Rock of Ages," which was sung heartily. Rarely indeed had the little chapel held so large a congregation, and as the hymn rose up to heaven on that lovely Sabbath evening, I felt the blessing of the Lord descend into my soul, and I saw old Betty in the corner behind the chapel door with her eyes closed and her hands uplifted, and I knew she was pleading with God on my behalf.

I took the same text I had taken in he morning, and as I read it over, I saw the people look at each other and smile, as much as to say, "Now for it." And it came, but not in the manner they expected. By the aid of the Holy Spirit the Word was opened to my understanding, and I preached with the greatest ease. I took no thought what I should say, but fast as I could utter the words they were given to me to speak. Several persons began to weep tears of repentance, and it was indeed a time of refreshing "from the presence of the Lord." At the prayer-meeting after service about forty were present. Some were weeping, some were praying, some were singing. I went to the penitent ones and pointed them to "the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world." Several found peace, and began to glorify God. One man was prostrated full length before a form; I touched him on the shoulder and asked him whether he was saved; he raised his face, and what was my astonishment to see old Amos. In a choking voice, he cried,

"Eh, lad, tha's done it to-neet! Aw cannot live i' this state. Tell me what aw mun do?"

"What's amiss, Amos?"

"Amiss, amiss," he said, the big tears coursing down his cheeks, "why, lad, everything's amiss; aw feel as if all the sins at ever aw did were up a top o' me, and aw cannot bear um."

"Well, Amos, Jesus died for you, and is now waiting to take all your sins away. Trust Him, believe on Him, throw your burden at the foot of the cross, and He will accept you, and save you."

For some time he wrestled, and I wrestled, and old Betty came and knelt down close by, and our united prayers prevailed, and old Amos became a child of God.

When I shook hands with old Betty that night she said, with tears in her eyes—tears of Christian joy,—"Didn't aw tell thee God had sent thee? He only let thee fail this morning so as to get more sinners at chapel to-night. The Lord bless thee, lad!"—*From the Canadian Methodist Magazine.*

"CAN YOU LIVE FOR HIM?"

Just seventeen! Fair Edith was—

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!"

Her young life had been a happy one; you could read it in her sunny smile, her ringing laugh, and the sweet music of her gentle voice. The merriest of the merry, yet at times she was thoughtful, and even a little sad.

The birthday was over, with all its gaieties, its innocent enjoyment, its wealth of love. Not till late at night did she gain time for thought in the quietness of her own little room. She longed to be alone—alone to think, for she was beginning to feel that life was real, was earnest; that now she was no longer a child. But before many moments had passed, wearied by the glad day's rejoicings, the sweet blue eyes grew heavy, and ere long the rosy girlish lips smiled in sleep.

The bright morning sun streamed through the lattice window, and the birds had long been trilling their morn-

ing song, when Edith awoke, her first thoughts being of her birthday. She really had turned seventeen! Now, Edith, like most of us, had many faults, and thanks to her faithful friends she knew pretty well what they were; but now she was determined to start afresh: her past life was like a spoiled and blotted book; the new year an open page, fresh and clear, and now she would indeed break off old habits, cost what it might. And so she soliloquised in a pleasing, half-dreamy state, the moments meanwhile slipping quickly by, till the ring of the loud-sounding breakfast-bell startled her. She jumped up and dressed hurriedly. Alas! had she not been again giving way to one fault particularly hers? she was by no means an early riser. "O, dear!" she exclaimed. "A new year begun by getting up late. I never can do just as I should, and more than that, it is provoking to be surprised into a fault at the very moment that I was making such good resolutions." However, there was little time for reflection; she hastened to join the family at breakfast, resolving, for the future, to dream less and act more. After the meal was over, Edith tied on her old brown garden hat, and with hoe in hand, and a favourite book tucked under her arm, ran into the garden to weed a flower-bed for her mother, and afterwards to read.

She lay the book carefully on the grass, and set to work most industriously, meanwhile thinking and planning for the future: "I want to be like mother," she half murmured to herself; "but I am so—so very—" here a troubled, pained expression flitted across her usually sunny face, and the half-finished sentence was ended by a long deep sigh. She certainly was not like her patient, loving mother; for from a child Edith had been passionate, careless and forgetful; even now she had not mastered her unruly spirit, though she saw how at times it marred her young and happy life. If she could only be gentle, careful and considerate for others! but somehow or other it seemed to her as if her life was one continual failure; if it was so to her, what must it be in the sight of others?"

Thus she mused—the while working busily, and growing hot and tired. More persevering than usual, she finished her task, and with weary hands and perplexing thoughts, she sauntered into the old summer-house, and there pored over her book.

It was a thrilling, stirring tale of the Spanish Inquisition, and Edith's whole soul was awakened and interested in the varied histories of its heroes. Their bold, undaunted fortitude and Christ-like gentleness seemed to kindle a sympathetic flame in her own brave heart. She longed to be like them, if only in spirit. "But I couldn't die for Him," she repeated more than once in a low sad tone, as if she was measuring her love to the Saviour, and finding how little it was in comparison with theirs.

"Can you live for Him?" said a familiar voice, so near that she started, though it was scarcely above a whisper in its gentleness. "No, mother," she answered; "I cannot even live for Him" (for the low sweet voice was her mother's).

Though naturally slow to speak her inmost thoughts, Edith now poured into that kind, listening ear the story of her longings, endeavours and failures.

"O, to be like them, mother; even to be ready to die for Him!"

"And must we miss small opportunities of serving Him, dearest, because greater ones seem not to lie in our path? Nay, Edith, does not the same power that girds the soul to conquer death and to endure the agony and cruelties of martyrdom, also sustain the willing spirit in its daily duties of life, though apparently unimportant and trivial? The Christian's stay is God, Edith, and He can train the soul for Himself, e'en in the lowliest work, and if you are only willing, He will train you."

Years passed on, and the gentle mother had given her last lesson, pressed on the warm, loved lips her last kiss, looked her last fond glance, grasped for the last time the small, white, childish hands, breathed her last, fervent, heaven-

answered prayer, and the voice was hushed, the soft eyes closed, the cold, white hands clasped; but the soul still lived on, and the fair example of loving patience and God-like charity lived on, too.

* * * * *

The last bright rays of a glorious summer sunset looked down upon a lovely sight.

A fair young mother and three sweet babes,—she smiling upon them, they lisping their evening prayer. No new sight, this. Many a mother so gathers her little ones around her. But stay, we have seen the face before. The light still plays in those bright blue eyes, though the beauty of seventeen blooms not on girlish cheek; but better far, the beauty of an earnest woman's soul rests in that winsome smile and speaks from the depths of those sweet loving eyes. She had learned to live for Him, she had found the Christian's stay, for the Christian's stay is God.

* * * * *

Dear reader, can you live for Him? In each vicissitude, each turn in life, can you recognise your God? Can you bravely, wisely fight life's stern battle, and work or suffer as He wills, till He see fit to call you to the heavenly home?

Child of sunny smile, and spirit free and light in the holiday of life, can you live for Him?

Mother of tender watchfulness, and wondrous love and anxious thought, as you rock the cradle of that young immortal, as you bravely meet each hour's duty or perplexity, know you where to lay the burden of each care? how to ease your loving, sympathising spirit of its load? Have you, too, learned the glad secret of a happy life? Can you live for Him?

Aged man, with the goal so near at hand, the world's scenes but as shadows on thy path, and the rough, hard race well-nigh run, can you live for Him?

Young man of bold, bright eye, brave heart, and high, ambitious hopes, restless for fame, the world's rich honours and applause, say, in the quiet moments snatched from a hurried, busy life, think you never of a mother's prayers, her bright example, her undying love? Care you not to yield to the soft pleadings of her gentle voice, that e'en the world's loud call to fame or pleasure cannot hush? Can you obey your mother's God? For all His priceless love, can you live for Him?

LETITIA.

DR. WILLIAM MORGAN, BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH.

BY THE REV. ISAAC JENKINS (A).

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the principles of the Protestant Reformation were greatly developed and strengthened. The Book of God, which hitherto had been to a large extent a sealed volume, was now, for the first time, ordered to be translated into the language of the people, and publicly read in the churches. This was the prelude of a better state of things, and the beginning of a new era. As soon as the Word of God was liberated from its captivity, and allowed a free course in the land, the blessings of peace and prosperity were multiplied in every direction. Religion and morality revived, and the age became celebrated for literature, commerce and the arts and sciences.

Up to the year 1567, the Welsh people, however, were destitute of the Holy Scriptures in their own language, and consequently left in ignorance respecting the important truths of religion. At the above date, the New Testament was published in the Welsh language. The principal person concerned in this effort was William Salisbury, a native of the neighbourhood of Llanrwst, in North Wales. He was a learned and good man, and being anxious to promote the spiritual welfare of his fellow countrymen, he undertook this important work. He was assisted by Dr. Richard Davies, Bishop of St. David's, and Richard Huet, Precentor, of the same place. This edition of the New Testament was published in black letter type, and was highly valued; and although three hundred years have elapsed since that period,

the translation has undergone comparatively but little change.

William Salisbury, in connection with the Bishop of St. David's, also commenced a translation of the Old Testament into Welsh; but this project was abandoned in consequence of some disagreement between the two learned men respecting the meaning of certain words in the original.

In the year 1563, the fifth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, an Act of Parliament was passed, directing that a Welsh version of the Old and New Testaments should be prepared under the superintendence of the four Welsh Bishops, together with the Bishop of Hereford, for general use in the Welsh churches. This translation was to be completed by the 1st of March, 1566, and in the event of non-compliance with the enactment, a penalty of £40 was to be inflicted upon each of the prelates. Whether any attempt was made to enforce this provision of the Act, we are not informed; it is a fact, however, that the royal command was not carried out according to the original design. Why the order was not executed we cannot tell; possibly the want of adequate funds to defray the expense of the undertaking was one main reason of the non-compliance. Meantime, Providence was preparing another agent for the execution of the required task in the person of William Morgan, a young clergyman, who resided at the time at Welshpool, and who afterwards was appointed successively to the Sees of Llandaff and St. Asaph.

We shall here furnish the reader with a sketch of the history of this remarkable man. William Morgan was the son of John Morgan, of Gwibernant, in the parish of Penmachno, in the county of Carnarvon. His parents were respectably connected, and ranked among the Welsh gentry of that period. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he acquired considerable learning. Although we have no distinct account of his College life, nor of his occupations for some years after quitting the University, yet we have every reason to believe that he paid due attention to the cultivation of his mind. The first public notice we have of him is, that on the 8th day of August, 1575, he was instituted to the Vicarage of Welshpool, in Montgomeryshire. This probably was his first preferment. During his stay here, he commenced his Welsh translation of the Pentateuch, from the Hebrew. In the course of three years he was removed from Welshpool, to the living of Llanrhaiadr Mochnant, in Denbighshire. Here again he prosecuted and completed, not only the task he had originally assigned to himself, but the translation of all the Books of the Old Testament. This he had been induced to undertake at the request of Archbishop Whitgift, who entertained a high opinion of his abilities. In the year 1587, Mr. Morgan finished his translation of the whole of the Old Testament, including the Apocrypha, and also revised and corrected Salisbury's translation of the New Testament. After this he proceeded to London, where he remained for more than twelve months, superintending and correcting his work as it issued from the press. During his stay in London he was the guest of Gabriel Goodman, Dean of Canterbury, from whom he received much kindness and assistance, and of whom he speaks in terms of the highest gratitude in the Dedication prefixed to his Bible. Dean Goodman was a native of Ruthin, in North Wales, and was the founder of the Grammar School in that town. This excellent man took great interest in the publication of God's Word in his native tongue; and to his honour be it added, that the first edition of the entire Scriptures in the Welsh language was printed solely at his expense.

It would be unjust not to acknowledge that Mr. Morgan received considerable assistance in the preparation of his translation from Dr. Hughes, Bishop of Bangor; Dr. Bellot, Bishop of St. Asaph; Dr. Richard Vaughan, who was successively Bishop of Bangor, Chester, and London; Dr. David Powell, Vicar of Ruabon; and Dr. Edmund Pryse, Archdeacon of Merioneth. The parts

which fell to the share of these good men are not specified, but they were only small compared with the labours of Mr. Morgan himself.

Such are briefly the circumstances connected with the first Welsh version of the Bible, and from which it may be inferred that William Morgan was the sole projector of the work, and that he brought it to completion with comparatively little literary assistance. The work was published in one large folio volume, containing the whole of the Old and New Testaments, with the Apocrypha, and printed in black letter, or the old British type. It is divided into chapters and verses, and a summary of each chapter is prefixed to it, with occasional marginal readings.

In reviewing this version, we cannot help remarking that it is a matter of just surprise to find the work executed with so much accuracy and precision, especially when we recollect that Welsh literature was so imperfect in those days. In the edition of 1620, by Bishop Parry and others, we admit that many emendations were made, but still they are not so numerous and important as to deprive the original translator of the chief merit belonging to such a great national undertaking. As the Welsh translation was not made from the English, but from the Hebrew and Greek, it is scarcely to be expected that the English and Welsh versions should agree in every point, but whether of the two is the more accurate rendering of the originals must be decided by those who are acquainted with the four languages.

In the year 1588 a second edition of the Welsh Bible was published by our worthy translator, accompanied by a Dedication to Queen Elizabeth. In the same year he exchanged the living of Llanrhaiadr for the more profitable rectory of Llanfyllin, in Montgomeryshire, with which he also received the sinecure of Pennant in the same county, and that of Denbigh. When the case was properly brought before the Queen, however, she immediately felt that such vast labour and learning should be more adequately acknowledged, and consequently she at once commanded that the title of D.D. should be conferred upon him; and when the vacancy occurred, he was appointed to the Bishopric of Llandaff. Having exercised his high functions in this place for six years, he was translated to the more valuable see of St. Asaph, where he remained to the end of his days. He died in the year 1604, sixteen years after the first publication of his great work.

MONT BLANC.

Here, on the summit of the Col-de-Balme,
We stand and gaze, in rapture and in awe,
As, from the Bernese Oberland, the eye
Takes in, at one vast sweep, the mighty host
Of snow-clad peaks, until it rests at last
Upon thine own, the mightiest of them all.

Hark to that thunderpeal! with sky so clear,
And sun of dazzling brightness; whose fierce rays,
Reflected from ten thousand shining points
Of icicle and snow-drift, dim our view:
Whence came it? 'Twas not from the clouds: see where
The mighty glacier D'Argentière,
Across the vale, debouches on the plain.
'Tis there—'tis there! The avalanche, with speed
Of lightning, rapidly descending, meets
Our awe-struck gaze. Amazed we stand, and watch
The wondrous spectacle: whilst crash on crash
From falling, splitting fragments strikes our ears,
And the bright fleecy particles of snow
Float in the atmosphere, until at length,
Subsiding slowly, all is motionless,
And solitude unbroken reigns supreme.

Yet still the glacier occupies our thoughts:
We deem it like the course of human life;
Heaven-born in origin, it takes its mould

Amid the mountain-range which brought
it forth.
Ductile and soft at first, it speedily
Assumes a character, and firmness gains;
Until inevitable destiny,
With force resistless, ever urging it
Still onward; jostled, and constrain'd
by all
The inequalities of its career,
Hemm'd in by barriers impassable,
Which fix the limits of its movements,
still
It travels forward: seam'd by scars,
which tell
Of conflicts with opposing obstacles;
Though wasting ever, constantly renew'd
By unseen agencies; still unconsumed,
It bears upon its surface all the spoils
Which, in its progress, it hath made its
own:
Sometimes of wondrous beauty, sparkling
bright
With precious gems, or rich in costly ore,
Yet oft, with weighty burdens, totally
Devoid of loveliness or value: till,
Having at length attain'd its greatest
size,
Commanding admiration by its mass
And mighty volume, vital powers begin
To fail; it drops the burdens, one by one,
Which it so proudly bore, and melts
away
In dissolution unescapable.
But, when resolved into its elements,
It takes a new and disembodied form
More lively than before: from out the
wreck
There springs another, yet the same; a
stream
Noble and arrowy, which, rejoicing, leaps
Over the obstacles which heretofore
Had stayed its progress. And through
fertile vales
Hastens to find Existence ever free,
A final union with the Infinite.

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. THOMAS ACKRILL.

MR. THOMAS ACKRILL was born at Cockerington, Lincolnshire, in the year 1791. While he was very young his parents removed to North Somercotes, in the Louth Circuit, and being Wesleyan-Methodists, joined themselves to the Society in that place, and took a deep interest in all the religious services connected with it. Their house was soon opened to the ministers, and for a series of years was one of their homes. The visits of these godly men were made a great blessing to the family, and especially to the subject of this sketch. In advanced life he was accustomed to refer to these visits with great thankfulness, and delighted to talk of such men as the Revs. T. Galland, J. Nicholson, and J. Gostick. It was not, however, till Good Friday, 1814, when about twenty-three years of age, that he fully decided to give himself to Christ's Church. He had been trained in the fear of the Lord, and now that training yielded fruit; for, from this time, he became a consistent and useful member of the Methodist Society. His piety was deep and thorough, and his love for the Bible great; and thus he became fitted for important service in the Church. He naturally shrank from official prominence, but when called thereto felt it his duty to obey. Being requested by one of the ministers, he commenced, some fifty years ago, a Society-class in his own house, which has continued to this time. Many have been the blessed seasons enjoyed both by leader and members, several of whom preceded him to the spirit-world. Additional work was soon put upon him, for he was asked to take charge of another Class, about two miles from his own home. This he cheerfully consented to; and although obliged to work hard at his business, he was invariably at his post, both in his own and the neighbouring village.

Another sphere of usefulness now opened to him. Sunday-schools at that date were very uncommon in the locality. There was no Sunday-school in North Somercotes. He, therefore, in connection with two or three others, com-

menced one, which has been made a great blessing to the village. For years he took an active part in this school, being on alternate Sundays superintendent and absentee visitor. When laid aside by infirmity, he ceased not to feel a deep interest therein.

The last sixteen years of his life were years of comparative suffering. He was not unfrequently detained from public worship, and was sometimes confined to his house for weeks together; but in the midst of all he was patient and cheerful. But affliction did not prevent his serving God, for he prayed with his family three times a day, and thus spread the savour of godliness through the household. About five years ago a severe stroke befell him in the death of his beloved wife. This was keenly felt, and the more severely inasmuch as out of the eight children God had given him, six had already passed to the skies. But spite of painful trials and bereavements, he forgot not the mercies of God, and often sang of His goodness in the wilderness. Singing was an exercise in which he delighted, and from which he derived much spiritual profit. Among his favourite hymns was the one commencing, "What are these arrayed in white?"

And now the land about which he had often sung and prayed appeared in sight. During his last sickness he suffered much, and it became evident to his relatives and friends that he was sinking rapidly. But his soul's anchor was securely cast "within the veil," whither Christ his Forerunner had already entered, and he passed through the river of death triumphant home. His last words were words of counsel to those around him, which assured his family and friends that he was soon to rest from both labour and suffering, and to gain the reward of a faithful and humble servant of Jesus Christ. He died November 25th, 1875, aged eighty-four years, having been a member of the Methodist Society upwards of sixty years, and a Class-leader more than half a century.

W. B.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For July, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
June	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
29	3 46	8 20	3 7m	9 15a	9 16a	1 23m	10 56a
July							
9	3 54	8 16	2 38	8 7	8 55	0 42	10 16
				Rises.			
19	4 5	8 6	2 42	4 1m	8 33	0 2	9 37
29	4 19	7 52	3 31	3 5	8 9	11 19a	8 56

PHASES OF THE MOON.

6th, Full Moon ..... 3h. 38m. after. | 21st, New Moon .... 4h. 53m. morn.
14th, Last Quarter .... 1h. 56m. after. | 28th, First Quarter .. 3h. 19m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 5th ..... midnight, Apogee; distance 252,516 miles.
„ 20th ..... 1h. after., Perigee; „ 222,435 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 237,475 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

July 1st ..... 93,215,190 miles.
Aug. 1st ..... 93,020,220 „
Decrease of distance for the month ..... 194,970 „

As the *Sun* is nearing the Earth, the diameter increases during the month from 31m. 32s., to 31m. 36s. It crosses the meridian after mean noon, on the 1st, at 3m. 37s., on the 16th at 5m. 48s., and on the 31st at 6m. 6s. The declination decreases from 23 deg. 5m. 13s., to 17 deg. 53m. 15s.; and the Right Ascension increases from 6h. 43m. 9s., to 8h. 47m. 47s. The longitude increases from 99 deg. 54m. 45s., to 129 deg. 30m. 10s.

Bearing in mind that the *Moon's* age at noon on the 1st is 9 days 14 hours, and at noon on the 21st is 7 hours, the age on any other day in the month can be easily found. Her apparent diameter on the 5th, at midnight, when farthest from the Earth, is 29m. 27s., and on the 20th, at 1h. in the afternoon, when nearest, is 33m. 26s. On the 5th, at 7h. in the morning, she attains her greatest southern declination, 28 deg. 26m. 40s.; and on the 19th, at 5h. in the morning, her greatest northern declination, 28 deg. 30m. 3s. She will come quite close to *Antares* (Alpha Scorpii) on the 3rd, at half-past 1 in the afternoon, and on the 30th at a quarter to 8 in the afternoon; at a quarter to 2 on the morning of the 11th she will be very near Saturn; at 5h. on the afternoon of the 18th very near *Beta Tauri;* and at 3h. on the morning of the 27th, very near *Spica* (*Alpha Virginis*). In each of these cases there will be an occultation at some part of the Earth's surface, though not at Greenwich. In the case of *Saturn* it will, however, be a near approach.

On the 2nd, at 10h. in the evening, *Mercury* will be at its greatest distance from the plane of the ecliptic southward; on the 9th, at 9h. in the morning, it attains its greatest western elongation from the Sun, 21 deg. Throughout the month it will be a morning star. On the 21st, at 10h. in the evening, it will be in the plane of the ecliptic, going northward; on the 23rd, at 2h. in the morning, it will be in the neighbourhood of Venus; and at noon on the 26th it will be in perihelion.

Venus will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 14th at 10h. in the morning. The planet will be a little southward of the edge of the disc. On the 25th, 1h. before noon, it will be in aphelion. When in conjunction with the Sun, and of course nearest to the Earth, the apparent diameter will be 57s.

Mars sets too soon after the Sun to be visible during the month.

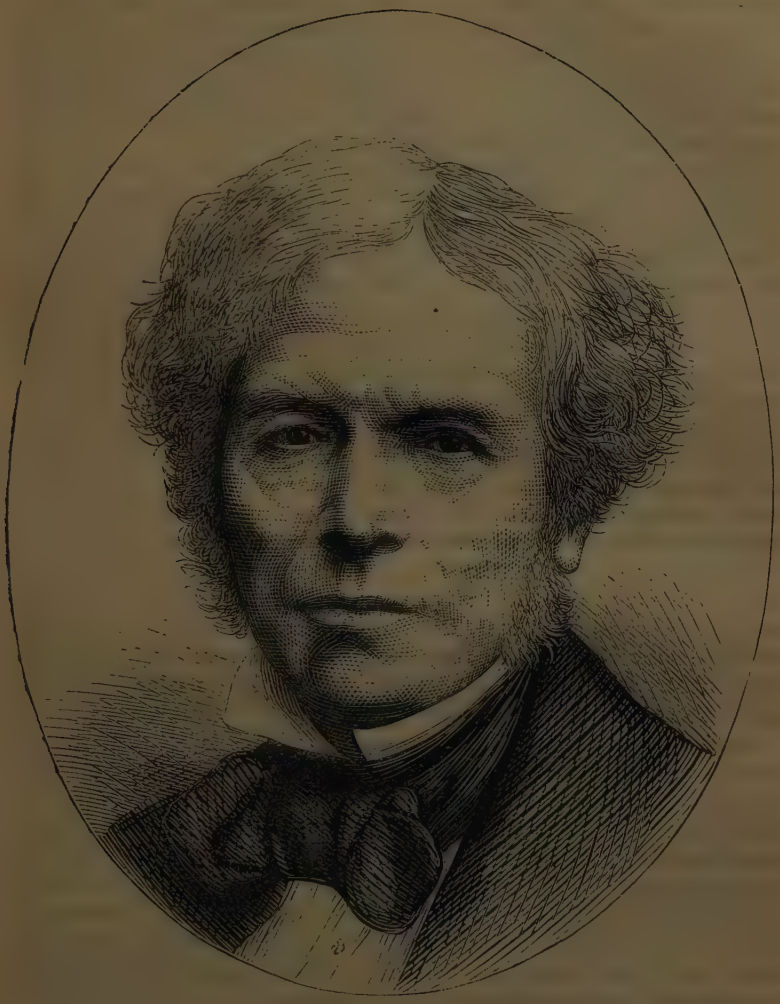
Jupiter will be unrivalled as evening star. On the 2nd and 29th it will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon. The apparent motion among the fixed stars is retrograde till the 19th, after that date it will be direct. The distance from the Earth is increasing, and consequently the apparent magnitude diminishing. The diameter on the 1st of July is 43s., and on the 1st of August 40s. On the 19th, at 10h. in the evening, the satellites will all be on the western side of the planet, and in the order of their actual distances. Reappearances of the first satellite from the shadow of the primary may be witnessed at Greenwich on the 2nd at 11h. 15m. 18s., and on the 18th at 9h. 33m. 17s. in the evening.

Saturn rises at an hour more convenient for observation. We have already called attention to its near approach to the Moon on the morning of the 11th. The phenomenon is both interesting and instructive. The oval formed by the rings is slightly widening; the major axis on the 14th is 42s., the minor axis near 5s.; the diameter of the globe 18s.

Uranus is nearing the Sun, or rather the Sun is overtaking Uranus, for both are travelling in the same direction among the fixed stars. It sets on the 4th at 10h., and on the 20th at 9h. in the evening.

Neptune is a morning star. It rises on the 8th at midnight, and on the 23rd at 11h. in the evening. It will be in quadrature with the Sun on the morning of the 28th.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



MICHAEL FARADAY.

MICHAEL FARADAY was born at Newington, on the 22nd of September, 1791, and was the third in a family of four children. His father, who was in very straitened circumstances, moved in 1796 to rooms over a coach-house in Jacob's Well Mews, Charles-street, Manchester-square; he died when Michael was about nineteen years of age, therefore before the first dawn of his fame. The widowed mother lived to see it at the zenith. "She was very proud of her son; usually

she called him 'my Michael.' She would do nothing whatever without his advice, and was quite happy in being supported wholly by him in her declining years. She had not had any advantages of education, nor was she able to enter at all into her son's pursuits. She was particularly neat and nice in her household arrangements, and exerted herself to the utmost for her husband and children."

He was descended from a godly ancestry. Not only were his parents pious, but at any rate as far back as *their* grandparents, piety had moulded the character and directed the energies of the family. Poverty only tried, without deteriorating them; it was as the hard stroke of the hammer on the well-tempered metal, giving additional strength and consistence.

It was in the home of such parents that Faraday received his early training. These sacred influences acting on a stalwart mind, kept him through the dangers of youth, and deepened his religious convictions from day to day, so that in manhood he definitely enrolled himself under the banner of the Cross, and in his mature years took office among his brethren of the Sandemanian Church, sharing the work of exhortation which it involves, whilst scientific Europe was loading him with honours, and making unceasing calls on his attention.

The circumstances of the family did not allow of his having much schooling, and at twelve years of age he went as errand-boy to a bookseller, Mr. G. Riebau, 2, Blandford-street. It was his work to carry round the newspapers. After a year's trial he was taken as an apprentice; the indenture states, "In consideration of his faithful service no premium is given."

During his apprenticeship he attended with conscientious thoroughness to his master's business; in his leisure hours he read with avidity. It is interesting to note what gave steady direction to the restless intellect: "He told a friend that Watts on the Mind first made him think." His attention was turned to his life-work by an article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" he was employed to bind. He adds, "Mrs. Marcet's 'Conversations on Chemistry' gave me my foundation in that science." He spent his few pence in chemicals, with which, and an electric machine of his own construction, he experimented in the most persevering manner.

"During my apprenticeship," he writes, "I had the good fortune, through the kindness of Mr. Dance, who was a customer of my master's shop and also a member of the Royal Institution, to hear four of the lectures of Sir H. Davy. Of these I made notes, and then wrote out the lectures in a fuller form, interspersing them with such drawings as I could make. The desire to be engaged in scientific occupation, even though of the lowest kind, induced me, whilst an apprentice, to write, in my ignorance of the world and simplicity of mind, to Sir

Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society. Naturally enough, 'no answer' was the reply left with the porter."

Notwithstanding this disappointment, Mr. Dance encouraged him to make another attempt. Soon after he was out of his apprenticeship, he, following that gentleman's advice, "wrote to Sir Humphry Davy, sending the notes he had taken of his lectures as a proof of his earnestness," and asking scientific employment. Sir H. Davy answered him,—"I am far from displeased with the proof you have given me of your confidence, and which displays great zeal, power of memory, and attention...I will see you at any time you wish. It would gratify me to be of any service to you; I wish it may be in my power." At an interview, Sir H. Davy advised him to continue in business, but as the young philosopher never wavered in his preference of learning over wealth, and there occurring an opening in the Royal Institution, he was appointed to the situation of chemical assistant, at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week, and had two rooms at the top of the house. He was then nearly twenty-two years of age. He was soon withdrawn to accompany Sir Humphry Davy in a continental tour, which had scientific objects, and lasted for eighteen months. On his return he resumed his situation at the Royal Institution, though of course in a greatly altered position.

For the next ten years after his return to England, Faraday continued his self-education, and worked with unceasing industry.

Within a year of his return, Faraday began to lecture. His first lectures were delivered at the City Philosophical Society, which he had joined a short time after taking the situation at the Royal Institution. His own account of the Society is as follows: "This was founded in 1808, at Mr. Tatum's house; he introduced me as a member in 1813. It consisted of thirty or forty individuals, perhaps all in the humble or moderate rank of life. These persons met every Wednesday evening for mutual instruction. Every other Wednesday evening friends of the members were admitted, and a lecture was delivered, literary or philosophical, each member taking the duty, if possible, in turn, or, in default, paying a fine of half-a-guinea. This Society was very moderate in its pretensions, and most valuable to the members in its results." It was not possible that his talents for lecturing could long be known only to a few friends; the strangers admitted quickly spread the fame of the exact young lecturer, who with such precision as to fact and such clearness as to experiment, could yet array the driest scientific truth in so attractive a guise that it was as easy as instructive to listen. This was the commencement of his career as a scientific lecturer. He was soon largely in request, and drew from it a considerable part of his scanty income. His lectures at the Royal Institution saved it; for it was dying from want

of funds and lack of public interest: he thus far more than repaid all he owed to it.

In this year also appeared his first publication in the "Quarterly Journal of Science." Before the great secrets were wrested from nature which have immortalized his name, Faraday had done enough for fame of a high order: "he had condensed several gases into liquids. He had carried out two important and laborious investigations on the alloys of steel and on the manufacture of optical glass. He had discovered two new chlorides of carbon; among the decomposition of oil by heat he had found the bicarburet of hydrogen, or benzol; he had determined the combination of sulphuric acid and naphthaline, and the formation of a new body, sulpho-naphthalic acid; and he had made the first experiments on the diffusion of gases, a subject which has become, by the researches of Professor Graham, of the utmost importance."

He was crowned with brilliant success before he was quite thirty. His thirtieth year was in every respect the most important and eventful of his life. He made a great discovery regarding electro-magnetic rotation; he was elected Fellow of the Royal Society; he married, with every prospect of happiness,—a prospect fully justified by the event; and he made his open confession of sin and profession of faith in the Sandemanian Church. The influence of each of these on his life should be noted. "His faith in Christ he considered to be the effect of Divine power—the unmerited gift of God to one who had nothing in him that could be pleasing in His sight. . . When he entered the meeting-house he left his science behind, and he would listen to the prayer and exhortation of the most illiterate brother of his sect with an attention which showed how he loved the Word of Truth, from whomsoever it came."

The remainder of his long life was spent in scientific research and exposition. To him are due many of the most startling and fruitful discoveries relating to the power and the laws of electricity and magnetism. Before his death, every scientific association of importance in Europe had combined to do him honour. He died, quietly, almost imperceptibly, on August 25th, 1867, professing his firm faith in his Divine Saviour with his latest breath.

KINDNESS CONQUERS.

BY W. R. BURGESS.

THE following incident was communicated to me by the Home-missionary whose conduct it illustrates, and I give it as nearly as possible in his own words:—

At the time I speak of, I was engaged as a Home-missionary in a Yorkshire town. The Rev. E. A. Telfer was about to preach and give a lecture on behalf of the funds of my

mission. We were to have tea before the lecture, and it was the custom to beg the trays, that the whole of the money might go to the benefit of the funds. I had to do most of the begging myself. I called upon Mr. ——, who was a shopkeeper in the town, to ask him for help. He had formerly been a Methodist, but was now a bigoted Churchman. When told my errand, he sternly refused, saying he would sooner throw the money down the sink than give it to a Methodist. I left him then, intending to deal with him another time.

I got the sum required, and the lecture was given on the following Monday.

The next morning I began to think how I could overcome this man. Whilst in my room and praying about it, I remembered the tract, "The man that killed his neighbour;" and as I saw what kindness and returning good for evil had done in that instance, I thought I would try the effect of it upon Mr. ——.

He was a very intelligent, well-read man, fond of argument, and composed very nice verse, which his daughter wrote down for him; but he was both blind and paralysed, quite unable to move or to do anything for himself. Here, I felt, is my opportunity; I'll try if I can't "kill" that man. So I went to his shop and began:

"Good morning, Sir. How are you this morning?"

"Who's that?" he asked. His wife told him it was the missionary who had called to see him.

"What is it you want with me?"

"Well, Sir, it is a beautiful morning, and I thought that perhaps you do not often get out to breathe the fresh air and hear the birds sing; if you'll allow me, I'll come after dinner and take you in the bath chair on the York Road."

The poor old man was quite astonished; and, knowing how he had treated me the last time I called, could scarcely believe his ears.

"Why, you don't mean that, do you?" he said.

"O yes, I do! I've come on purpose."

When he heard that he was quite overcome, and began to weep. He said he would be ready at two o'clock. At the time appointed I called for him, and off we set.

It was a beautiful afternoon in a beautiful country, the garden of Yorkshire, with an avenue of trees spreading overhead; but upon these things his sightless eyes could never look again. He could, however, hear the singing of the birds, and that afternoon they did sing, giving forth their most melodious notes, as if they knew what a treat they were bestowing; and he could breathe the pure fragrant air, which after the confinement of the sick room was delicious and refreshing.

When we had been out some time he said, "They tell me, John, that you can sing." I said I could. "Perhaps you'll sing a verse here."

"Yes, I'll sing you a verse." So stopping the chair I sang,

"I am waiting by the river,
And my heart has waited long;
Now I think I hear the chorus
Of the angels' welcome song.
O! I see the dawn is breaking
On the hill-tops of the blest,
'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

As I sang, the heart of the proud, but stricken old man was melted within him, and when I looked I saw that the big tears were hurrying out of those blind eyes, and chasing each other down his furrowed cheeks.

"O, John, come and take my handkerchief, and wipe my face! Will you forgive me for what I have done, and think no more about it?"

I gladly promised what he asked.

"Sing to me again, John." And I sang the last verse of the same hymn as we walked along:

"Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless years.
O! I long to be with Jesus
In the mansions of the blest,
'Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

By the time I had done we were nicely on our way home, and I had gained my end. Kindness had again conquered; I had slain my enemy, and now I could do as I pleased with him. And so I spoke to him about salvation, and getting saved himself. He listened, and said he would seek the blessing. We had a very happy time.

When we got home he expressed his gratitude for the pleasant outing he had had, and told his wife what we had been doing, and how he had enjoyed it.

He asked me to come again and see him; and from that time the once despised Methodist became his bosom friend, whom he could scarce bare to have out of hearing. He seemed as if he could not do without me.

On the following Sunday he wanted to go to church, and I took him. I don't think he was ever there again.

I now visited him constantly. He lay perfectly helpless, upon a sofa which was made with a sliding board to draw out to widen it. He had not much pain when he was quiet, but a great deal when he was moved. We had to lift him out with towels. Two gentlemen, one the clergyman, used to go every Sunday and read a sermon to him, but he always wanted the missionary. When he was worse I was always sent for, as I lived near him, and he was impatient if I did not come quickly, sending two or three times in half an hour. Many a time I had to go at night and sing for him until he fell asleep. My singing seemed to soothe and compose him. I talked and sang and prayed with him, until at length he found "joy and peace in believing." He now took great interest in my work, and every morning would ask, "Now, John, my lad, what sort of meetings have you had?"

He lingered a few months after this, and then came the end. I was with him two hours, praying and singing up to the last. He could scarcely speak, but I could see from his manner that he was quite happy. He died triumphantly, begging all his family to meet him in heaven.

I see clearly that the hand of God was in all this. The old man was very bigoted, and hated the Methodists; and so were all his family, who were very proud and high-minded; but after he had found peace himself, he would have me pray with him and the whole family, and many a time I have had his wife and children around me while I have pleaded with God for them. I gained the respect and confidence of them all, and am now always welcomed as one of their own whenever I go to see them. Only the power of God could have overcome such bigotry. It shows the effect of prayer, accompanied by love and kindness; and what a blessed thing it is to return good for evil; not to

be "overcome of evil," but to "overcome evil with good."

These circumstances, which were well known in the town, led other gentlemen, who had hitherto been opposed to Methodism, to make inquiries about my mission, and take an interest in it. The two church clergymen of the place also became very friendly, and would often come to my meetings, at one of which one of them gave an address to six hundred working men and their wives. Thus a feeling of unity and sympathy was brought about which was very pleasant.

When I think of this man, it reminds me of a story of a good Christian who had been injured by one of his neighbours. Speaking to some one he said, "I'll have my revenge. I'll burn every hair off his head." "Nay," said his friend, "that would be very wrong and unchristian of you." "No, it would not. It would be doing just what the Bible tells me. St. Paul says (Rom. xii. 20), 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' I mean to heap kindness upon him until he has not a hair left on his head." And so he did. And so I endeavoured to do, and the Lord rewarded me, as Solomon said He would (Prov. xxv. 21, 22).

"PERDITION OF UNGODLY MEN."

BY THE REV. DR. CURRY.

It is not necessary to travel far in search of evidence that during the last few years there has been a growing revolt in the popular mind against the immemorial belief of the Christian world as to the future state of those who die impenitent. Evidently a great wave of sceptical, or rather Pagan, reaction is sweeping over modern society, of which the signs, both moral and intellectual, are manifold, and the ultimate issue of which is neither pleasant to contemplate nor altogether easy to forecast. Sometimes this tendency is indicated by an inclination to restore abandoned heathen usages instead of the Christian ones that have replaced them, as in the proposition to restore the old heathen custom of cremation, which has been so long superseded by Christian burial. The same spirit is, no doubt, to be detected in the diminished sense of the criminality of murder, and the almost complete venality of suicide; and, generally, in that popular sentiment which resolves all crimes and criminalities into misfortunes and diseases. And along with this quiet and only partially-developed scepticism there stalks a blatant and profane infidelity, which boldly denounces the whole idea of future punishment, and caricatures the Divine character, and the doctrinal teachings in respect to that idea, as odious and execrable beyond all comparison. Nor are these things heard only among the coarse and openly profane scoffers at religion; they may be heard in some of our most popular pulpits, where they are listened to by old and young together, and are dealt out as the preaching of the Gospel; and then they are reported for the daily or weekly press, and so scattered broadcast over the country, entering into thousands of Christian homes, to be eagerly read by susceptible young persons, and assimilated into their moral and religious natures. Even believers are liable to be affected, however unconsciously, by this all-pervading atmosphere of

doubts; and, therefore, while the simple disciple of the Bible, who has not stultified his own understanding by false systems of interpretation, still adheres to the Orthodox faith, he permits these terrible truths to be held in abeyance.

It is, however, well known to even the most superficial student of the history of Christian doctrine, that Universalism is a novelty in theology. It became known by name scarcely a hundred years ago, and has been propagated extensively among most of the anti-Trinitarian sects of Great Britain and America; and, what is much more to be deplored, it has largely affected not a few of the so-called Orthodox and Evangelical Churches on both sides of the ocean. On the Continent of Europe it came into being with the Rationalism of modern times, of which, indeed, it is an integral part. But during all the centuries of the Christian era, from the times of the Fathers to the latter part of the eighteenth century, the consent of the Church was almost absolutely complete in accepting the Orthodox teachings in respect to the doom of the finally impenitent. It is, therefore, in the face of the convictions of nearly three scores of successive generations that modern Universalists array themselves; and, therefore, upon them must rest the burden of disproving the prescriptive opinions of the long and unbroken past. And yet just the opposite course is usually taken, and it is deemed enough to simply suggest a doubt, and to require the holders of the old and accepted doctrine to re-state its arguments, and to disprove all the sophisms of its assailants. In a tone of high presumption, and in the most confident terms, these men inveigh against the almost universal belief of the whole Christian world for eighteen centuries, based, as that belief has been presumed to be, upon the express declarations of Christ Himself. The entire weight of Christian tradition—with the solitary and uncertain exception of the Origenists—and what to any unbiased mind must appear to be the natural and the obvious sense of the letter of Scripture, are certainly against the notions of modern Universalism. The labour of its defenders usually consists very largely in attempts to show that the Scriptures do not say what they seem to, and that their obvious sense is not to be accepted as at all the true one. Instead of coming to the Word to learn what is the truth, a theory of what ought to be is first made out, and then the Word is compelled to agree with the pre-arranged system. With such a mode of interpretation, the Bible may be made to teach anything.

The pretence that human reason is sufficient to determine what may or may not be compatible with administrative rectitude in the government of God, is alike illogical and arrogant. If it may be declared in advance that certain things cannot be because God is good, why may it not be also declared that because certain very great evils do certainly exist, therefore, God is not good? Or else the other, and scarcely preferable alternative must be accepted—that evil, with consequent sinning and suffering, exists because God could not have it otherwise. Let those who so confidently tell us what may not be in the future, because to permit it would itself be morally wrong, remove themselves in thought beyond all knowledge of the moral system of which our world is a part, with its persons and facts, and then ask whether such a state

of things could possibly exist. Our world is full of sin and suffering; who can say that the world to come shall be without them? If such a condition of things as our earth presents, is a confessed fact in the dominions of the Almighty, may not a similar, or even more terrible, state subsist in other parts of His domain? and if now they remain for a season, and till He shall see fit to change them, who shall declare how long they may continue elsewhere? A little chastened self-knowledge—that knowledge which teaches men how very little they can know of Divine things, except as directly taught by God—would marvellously moderate the arrogance of assurance with which some men dogmatize in respect to God's dealings with His creatures.

The primary defect in all this sceptical cavilling respecting the doctrine of future punishment is a moral one, lying deep down in men's lack of spiritual appreciation. Because they fail to realise the spotless holiness of God, itself intensified by all the energy of the Divine nature, and arrayed in judgment against all that opposes it, they but very faintly apprehend the exceeding heinousness of sin, and its incalculable ill deserts. What is sin? In its direct relations to God's authority and person, it is "the traitor's act, who aims at the overthrow and death of his sovereign; it is that which, could the Divine Governor of the world cease to be, would be sufficient to bring it about." Sin is treason against God's government, and a warfare against His person; and, therefore, "the wages of sin is death." There are two unchangeable memorials of the character of sin—hell and the Cross of Christ. The reflection of the eternal fire, which He died to quench for all who will receive Him, pierces the supernal gloom that hung around the Redeemer's cross, and bears witness alike to the guilt which demanded, and the Divine charity which offered, that tremendous sacrifice.

It is a supreme objection to the Universalist hypothesis, that the article of the ancient faith of the Church which it rejects is one that is essential to the unity and integrity of the Christian system. That system is not an accidental aggregation of independent tenets, but a coherent whole, of which each member is an essential part. Revelation may be accepted or rejected, but only as a whole; it is not allowable to pick and choose, and take or reject parts at each one's caprice. A *tinkered* Christianity, though much in fashion, has as little claim on the judgment of reason as on the obedience of faith. It holds good in faith, as in morals, that to offend in one point is to be guilty of all. Accepting the Bible doctrine of sin, the revealed doctrine of its chastisement becomes part of the Divine order; and to deny this is to change the revealed idea of the nature of sin, and of the atonement, and of the Divine government, and of God Himself, Who is its fountain. Universalism cannot stop, therefore, with the rejection of its one obnoxious point, but must undertake to reconstruct the whole creed; and accordingly, with logical consistency, Universalists, for the most part, deny the Divinity of Christ, the character of His sacrifice, and reject as a fable the stupendous mystery of Divine condescension, whereby the Eternal humbled Himself even to "the death of the cross," to redeem and save those who, without His gracious sacrifice, must have perished for ever. That which Uni-

versalism presents, as a logical system constructed about its one distinctive tenet as a nucleus, is quite another Gospel in its entire structure, than that which the *consensus* of the Church, through sixty generations, has derived and defended from the written Word.

While there is but little reason to doubtthat the most effective objection to the doctrine of future punishment is the wish to disbelieve it, there are objections against it in the popular mind that deserve a more respectful consideration. In the first place, the material imagery in which it is often presented is objected to by some as altogether unsuitable to the nature of the soul and the necessary conditions of an eternal spiritual existence. Such are the various notions about the locality of hell, and the forms of punishment inflicted, and the material fire, which, however, are merely speculations, which do not affect the substance of the doctrine itself. The truths of revelation, even the most exclusively spiritual, are set forth, for the most part, in a materialistic imagery, which, however, none but the least enlightened receive in their barely literal sense; and this remark, no doubt, applies, with its fullest meaning, to the language of Holy Scripture respecting the future life.

Even though we take away from the state of the lost before the resurrection everything inconsistent with a purely spiritual being, the essence of their sufferings remains: exclusion from the beatific vision of God; to be shut out from the presence of God; to have their portion with hypocrites and unbelievers, with the bitterness of remorse and the burning sense of guilt, and without the solace of penitential sorrow; and, to crown and infinitely intensify the whole, the fearfulness of despair. Such a view of this fearful subject entirely answers to the revelations in which the doctrine of future perdition is declared; and to any at all capable of appreciating mental and spiritual, rather than merely animal suffering, the strong material figures used will be abundantly justified by the fearfulness of the damnation of hell, even were we to exclude the idea of physical suffering of the bottomless pit.

It is often objected that the doctrine of future punishments that *seems* to be taught in the New Testament ought not to be accepted as true, because it inevitably dooms *the vast majority of the human race to hopeless perdition.* To this a variety of answers may be given. First, it is not true. The denunciations of the Word of God are against those who *reject* Christ and His salvation; and those are by no means the majority of mankind. How God, "the righteous Judge," will deal with the great unconverted masses who shall have never either accepted or rejected Christ, is not for any man to declare, simply because He has not informed any man. The Gospel message is for those to whom it comes, and to them are addressed both its promises and its threatenings. All else we must leave to God, in implicit faith that "the Judge of all the earth" will "do right," and that no soul will perish eternally but such as choose death in the error of their ways.

But again: If it would be right in God to damn eternally any single being (say Satan) if he were the only sinner in the universe, would any numerical increase of such sinners change the moral and judicial aspects of the case? As a

matter of sentiment the objection may seem to have much force, but in truth and righteousness none whatever. The fact of a multitude of transgressors in no degree mitigates the guilt of each individual. Some time since three men suffered death for the same murder: had there been three hundred the law's demands would have been the same for each. And so, under the Divine government, the whole race—if all are equally guilty—are dealt with, each in his own proper individuality. While, therefore, it is not at all necessary to accept the horrible alternative of Universalism, of the hopeless perdition of the great mass of mankind, it is clearly seen that the doctrine of the perdition of the impenitent is in no wise affected by any possible answer to the impertinent question, "Are there few that be saved?"

We close as we began, recognising the popular disfavour towards the doctrine of Divine retribution in the future state. The reason for that objection with the profane is quite obvious; with a better class it finds favour just so much as sentimental tenderness dominates over ethical purity and rectoral righteousness. But the Word of God, and the voice of His Church for eighteen hundred years, render this not an open question wherever their authority is final. "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness; but the righteous hath hope in his death."

THE ROYAL ROAD TO RICHES.

CHAPTER VI.—SCHOOLING.

When winter came, Mr. Warren proposed to Jimmy that he should go to school for four months; and Jimmy was very glad of the chance. But, to his great surprise, Mr. Warren decided that he had better attend the academy.

"Not because I think you could not learn a great deal in the public school, but at the academy you can come and go when you please, and we can arrange for you to come home early enough to help George through with the evening work."

So Jimmy was regularly admitted as a pupil at the academy; at first he felt strange and awkward, when he found himself among a set of boys and girls who were rather disposed to look down upon the new comer.

"He's only a hired boy at Mr. Warren's," said a pretty little simpleton, loudly enough for Jimmy to hear her. "I don't see what he wants to come here for."

Jimmy didn't know that the little simpleton's father had been "only a hired boy" for a great many years of his life; but he had enough good sense not to feel at all ashamed of himself or his work, though he did not relish being laughed at, any better than other boys do.

So he felt a good deal relieved, when he heard the teacher say to the little lady,

"I'm only a hired man myself, and I don't see but it's just as honourable to be paid for feeding sheep as for training a lot of young —"

"Say a lot of young donkeys, Mr. Latimer," interrupted a merry girl; "that's what we are, anyhow."

There was just a suspicion in Mr. Latimer's mind, that the merry girl chose to call herself a donkey, for the sake of including her young companion; but he only smiled good-naturedly at them both, and walked away with Jimmy. The few words of quiet encouragement, which he

found opportunity to say to him before he left him, did Jimmy a world of good.

"I'm always glad when I see a boy trying to push his way in the world, especially if he has a good deal to contend with, and not very much to help him. I've been through it all myself. I've been a poor boy, and I'm a poor man now, but I'm getting on a little every year."

"There's another of 'em," thought Jimmy, as Mr. Latimer turned away; "I'd no idea there were so many poor boys in the world; and seems to me the poor ones have the best of it, after all."

"How d'ye like it up to the 'cademy?" asked George, as they tossed down the hay to the horses.

"Pretty well," said Jimmy. "At least I shall like it when I get fairly started, I guess."

Mr. Warren drove up to the house before their work was done, and called Jimmy to take Miss Ruth out to spend the evening with a friend, a few miles away. Jimmy loved driving, and he loved to do anything for Miss Ruth, and so did every one else about the premises; only it seemed, for some reason, that Miss Ruth found fifty ways of helping and pleasing others, while they seldom could find out any need of hers.

The family where she was going were plain, old-fashioned Quakers, and had been early friends and neighbours of the Warrens, in Pennsylvania. One daughter had married and died in New York, and her only child, a pretty girl of fourteen, spent nearly half her time with her grandparents, in Ohio.

Old Mrs. Harmon greeted Miss Ruth and Jimmy with the same quiet, cordial tones, and took them both into the same great sitting-room, with its plain, neat furniture, and great, open fire that filled the low walls with a warm glow. Jimmy found two of his schoolmates here; one an odd-looking boy, a little younger than himself, dressed in a complete suit of drab of the clumsiest make, and with his thick, black hair cut squarely around his head.

"James," said Mrs. Harmon, "this is Hezekiah Benson. Thee remembers his mother, Ruth. She was Mary Read—a worthy woman, but the Lord has afflicted her sorely. Hezekiah is a good lad, and means to take care of Mary, some day."

The good woman nodded approvingly at the homely boy, and sat down again to her knitting; and Jimmy looked at him with a sudden feeling of envy—it seemed to him it must be so pleasant to do something for one's mother, and to look forward to being able to support her, by and by.

Mrs. Harmon's grandchild, Nelly Curtis, was also there, and Jimmy recognised her as one of the girls whose face had attracted his attention at the academy. He remembered the remarks one of the group had made, and felt a little uncomfortable at first, but Nelly was bent upon setting him at his ease, and the three were soon deep in the study of a new historical game which Nelly had brought with her from New York. Miss Ruth left her corner to join them; and if Jimmy had felt disposed to exult over George that evening, he was soon put to confusion by finding that the homely little Hezekiah was thoroughly acquainted with events and characters of which he had not even heard.

Jimmy blundered on for a while, and then, when Hezekiah said, innocently, as if half ashamed of prompting him,

"Why, the *Magna Charta*, thee knows; King John had to grant it to the English to save his crown."

"No, I don't know," said Jimmy, frankly. "I don't know much about any history but our own, and only a little about that."

Hezekiah blushed up to his eyes, and said, in a tone of apology,

"I'm sure it's no matter; thee knows a great deal more than I do, only I learned to read in a book of English history, and that's how I happen to know. Nelly can tell thee I'm a real stupid in grammar."

"He isn't a stupid in anything," said Nelly, with a bright smile; "only I don't think he takes to grammar naturally. I never could make him really see the difference between active and passive."

"I should like to know what I learned to read in," said Jimmy. "I believe I must have picked it up a little at a time for several years. I know I never was set at it, regularly, till I went to evening school at the Newsboys' Home."

"Where was that?" asked Nelly.

"In New York—I was a newsboy there."

"Were you? Why, I live there myself," said Nelly; "I mean, papa lives there, and I stay half the time with him, and the rest with grandmother. He's away this winter, but I generally come here in summer."

"I shouldn't think you'd ever want to go back," said Miss Ruth; "only, of course, you want to see your father."

"I don't know," said Nelly; "somehow I like New York. There's so much stir and bustle. Everybody seems so busy, and out here they don't do very much. I don't like to work so very well myself, but I like to be in the whirl, when other people do."

"Thee isn't an idle child, Ellen," said Mrs. Harmon, affectionately.

"Not with thee, grandmother; but when at home I'm afraid I am. Grandmother looks out for me, though," she said to Miss Ruth; "she writes me splendid letters, and sends me nice, little illuminated cards to put in my books and fasten up in my room. I carried one in my French Reader for six months,—you know I hate French,—but I finally lost it in the street."

"Did it say '*The hand of the diligent maketh rich*'?" asked Jimmy, eagerly.

"That was the very one," said Nelly, wonderingly. "How should you know anything about it?"

"You lost it getting into an omnibus," he went on; "I saw you drop it, and I picked it up. I was sweeping the crossing. I've got it now, at home. You don't know how much it has helped me."

"How strange," said Nelly, after a moment of silent astonishment; but her grandmother repeated, in her clear, low voice—

"A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps."

This strange little incident inspired all with a new interest in Jimmy; and when he left them, Mrs. Harmon gave him a most cordial invitation to visit them often.

CHAPTER VII.—NEW PLANS.

WE must now pass over several years of Jimmy's life, and look at him again when he is eighteen years old. We shall find him still at Mr. Warren's, where he has come to seem so much like one of the family, that they would almost as soon think of sending away the dear old grandmother herself, as "Our James." He is a strong, well-built lad, not

very tall, but active and sinewy, and with the same keen eye and intelligent face which first attracted Miss Fielding's attention, when he stood by the crossing in New York.

George, the man that Jimmy found on the farm when he came, is married, and Jimmy has taken his place as superintendent of the farm in Shelby; and, in spite of his youth, Mr. Warren declares the farm was never so well managed. Nobody laughs at Mr. Warren's "hired boy" now, for he is gentlemanly and well-informed, and has no need to feel ashamed in the presence of any of his young companions.

One evening, he received a letter from his friend George, very awkwardly written and badly spelled, but full of kindly interest in him and his plans. The principal item, however, was a matter of business:

"Sairy and me send our respects to Mr. Warren; and tell him if he has any loose cash to invest, which is sure to bring good profits, my advice goes for to put it into a sheep farm up here. It's land that jines me on the east, and jest the prettiest bit in all the country; nice creek running acrost it; timber and all handy. There's a dre'dful sickly chap been foolin' along with it for a spell, but he's about done up with the shakes and the rheumatiz, and he'd jump at a chance to sell, ef he wa'n't too shif'less to jump at anything. He ain't half so much 'count as his sheep; *they* can jump, you may be shure—don't a soul of 'em know what a fence is for. I only wish't I had money to buy the farm myself, only I couldn't run two farms."

Then followed a description of the farm, giving its size and exact location. Jimmy read the letter and handed it to Mr. Warren, half smiling at the idea that he should buy a farm so far away. Mr. Warren read it all through, attentively, laughing heartily at the message to his wife: "make my respects to Mrs. Warren, and tell her my Sairy can make apple dumplin's to beat any livin' woman 'cept Miss Ruth."

"Bring me the atlas, James," said Mr. Warren, slowly folding the letter.

The atlas was brought, and the wonderful sheep farm traced out on the map of Iowa.

"It must be about *here*," said Mr. Warren. "George's farm lies on this creek; here's his post-office town; and the farm is east of him. It's a fine location. This railroad will come through there, somewhere, in a few years."

Jimmy went back to his book, and Mr. Warren sat silently watching the fire that glowed and sparkled in the grate. He said no more about the farm for several days. But one morning, when Jimmy was out in the garden, laying down some choice grape-vines to protect them through the winter, Mr. Warren came out and stood by him, as if watching the operation.

"If Lester comes for those colts," he said presently, "you can let him have them. I'm going away for a few days."

"Yes, Sir," said Jimmy.

"I'm going to Iowa. The fact is, I can't quite get that farm out of my mind, and I'm going to see it. If I find it as George says, I shall buy it."

Jimmy stopped his work to straighten up, and looked Mr. Warren in the face with a puzzled expression. It seemed to him a strange investment of money, but

he did not feel as if it would be respectful to express his opinion.

"You don't understand it exactly," said Mr. Warren, smiling, but looking troubled, after all. "Well, James, I mean to give you a fair chance in the world, and I can't do what I'd like for you here. My boys are growing up, and I must let them take matters here in hand, pretty soon. If I buy that Iowa farm, I shall want to put you on it."

"Me!" exclaimed Jimmy, in a bewildered way.

"Yes. I'm sure you could manage it. I'll stock it for you, and you may farm it on shares till you get able to buy it, and then you may have it for just what it costs me now."

Mr. Warren paused, and Jimmy thought he must be dreaming, he felt so strangely bewildered.

"Of course I shall miss you here; you've been a good, faithful boy to me, Jimmy, and I've always been glad that you and I were brought together."

Jimmy tried to say how thankful he felt for all the kindness he had met with in the family, but the words seemed to mix up strangely in his throat, and presently he broke down altogether.

"Well, well," said Mr. Warren, shaking his hand heartily, "we won't say anything more about this until I come back. Maybe I sha'n't like the farm well enough to buy it, after all."

While Mr. Warren was away, Jimmy went about the farm in a kind of feverish excitement. He had never realised before, how strong was his interest in everything, and how hard it would be to part with the very least of them. But then to go to that wonderful western country; to be an independent farmer, managing his own business, and by and by actually *owning* one of those splendid farms! It seemed almost too bright a dream to come true.

"I won't think so much about it; for, after all, Mr. Warren may not buy it. But then George is a good judge of farms, and he knows just what Mr. Warren likes. If he does buy it, I'll show him that he hasn't taken so much pains with me for nothing."

Half an hour before the train came in, on the evening that Mr. Warren was expected home, Jimmy hitched the gray horses behind the station, and walked restlessly up and down the platform.

Mr. Warren greeted him heartily, and asked a great many questions about home, as they drove along; but neither of them said a word about the farm. But as they rode silently into the yard, watching once more the cheerful light shining far out from the windows, Mr. Warren said, briefly,

"Well, James, it's all settled. *I've bought the farm.*"

Jimmy's heart gave one quick bound, and then for a few moments he felt almost sad, as if he were already bidding good-bye to what was dearest. As he put away the horses, Miss Ruth's favourite chestnut, Prince Charley, put his head out of his stall with a neigh of recognition. Jimmy stopped to stroke his glossy neck, and could not help saying,

"Good-bye, old Charley; you and I were rough colts together, five years ago. I wonder if my training has done as much for me as yours has for you."

It was plain enough that all the family knew that Jimmy was to leave them, though for a few days

no one said much about it. Arthur, the oldest boy, was the first to speak of it in the family circle:

"I shall be the farmer now," he said, proudly, as they sat around the fire one evening. "I'm most as old as Jimmy was when he came here first."

"O, Jimmy!" said little Alice, "I'm making you two pincushions, one to carry in your pocket, and one to put in your room; and when we go to the store, Aunt Ruth is going to get me some beads to make a watchcase, like papa's. O, I forgot! that's a secret; but you won't tell anybody, will you, Jimmy?"

Aunt Ruth looked a little bit annoyed, but the laugh that followed helped to pass it all off; and then they all began to discuss what they should do when Jimmy was gone, and what Jimmy would do away from them.

"You'll board with George for the first year," said Mr. Warren. "After that, you may be able to get a man and his wife to go into the house, and help you on the farm. I depend a great deal on your having George to advise you. He has good, sound common sense, and understands farming thoroughly."

"And Sairy can make *such* apple dumplin's," said Arthur, roguishly; "couldn't you manage to express a few to me?"

"I'm learnin' to make dumplin's, my own self," said Alice. "I peeled the apples the last time, and some time, when I know everything, I'll come myself, and keep house for you, Jimmy."

"And you can have a little crooked pole, and sit out in the fields watching the sheep, like the shepherdess in my picture," said Frank.

The long evenings of that winter seemed fairly to fly away. Almost every one of the family had some work on hand which was to add to Jimmy's comfort or pleasure on the far-away farm—"Jimmy's farm," as they all called it. The pretty watch-case was secretly finished, but it made its appearance one new year's day to hold a good, substantial silver watch, which Miss Ruth bought as a present for Jimmy. As for Jimmy himself, his evenings were nearly all spent in studying practicalbooks on the management of stock, and talking with Mr. Warren, whose own experience was invaluable to him.

"CHRIST IS ALL."

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

When am I strong? When, Lord, I cling to Thee,
And trust Thy power shall be put forth in me:
Knowing all weakness I, no strength is mine,
But all is Thine.

When am I great? When I myself can see
As small as I appear, great Lord, to Thee:
When a weak child on Thy loved breast I lie,
Then great am I.

O wondrous Love! Thou fill'st my emptiness;
My nakedness is veil'd in Thy dear grace:
My heart and lips, O Lord, shall ever tell
Thy love unsearchable.

G. M. A.

DAMASCUS.

Damascus is a city of Syria, situated in a fertile plain, at the eastern foot of the Anti-Libanus, about one hundred and thirty-six miles north of Jerusalem.

It is one of the oldest civilized settlements in the world, having been built and peopled soon after the deluge, more than three thousand years before London was a city. We find it mentioned in Scripture as early as Genesis xiv. 15, and again in xv. 2. "The steward of my house is this Eliezer of Damascus." Damascus was probably the birthplace of Eliezer.

The present name is Damesh. It is still one of the largest and most important towns in Syria. It has a small Christian and Jewish population, but is principally inhabited by Mohammedans, and is one of their holy cities. They believe that the general judgment will take place there, and that Damascus will be the chief city of the future everlasting kingdom. The oldest standing building is a splendid mosque, which is a conspicuous object in all views of the city. It was formerly the Church of St. John, and was probably built by the early Christians, though the Mussulmans claim the credit of its erection.

Mr. Robinson, in his "Travels in Syria," states that "The houses at Damascus, from a few feet from their foundations, are universally built with stone. In windy weather the streets are incommoded with dust, and with mire after rain. The bazaars, however, redeem the unfavourable impression which the streets and houses produce

upon the stranger on his first arrival. Here, as throughout the East, each class of commodities has its own class of bazaars. They either line the open streets, or are enclosed, and roofed with arches, thus affording shelter from the sun in summer, and from cold and rain in the winter. Many of the latter are very handsome structures, and form agreeable lounging places to the stranger, who generally passes his mornings amongst them, retiring to the cafés in the evening. There are some entire streets of shops, where nothing but boots, shoes, and slippers are sold; others where wearing apparel is hung up tastefully, to tempt the passing stranger; others again, where the sole articles exposed for sale are saddlery and military accoutrements. The manufacture of sword-blades, for which Damascus was so long and so justly celebrated, no longer exists; it was removed to Khorassan, in Persia, after the invasion of Tamerlane. They appear to have been made of thin laminæ of steel and iron, welded together, so as to unite great flexibility with a keen edge. Those that are made now are of an inferior quality. When the business of the day is done, which is generally towards the Asr, (three o'clock P.M.,) they shut up their shops and retire to their homes."

The view of Damascus from a distance has been celebrated in all ages; but though so many glowing descriptions of it have been given, travellers unanimously agree that its loveliness far exceeds all that they had heard. Dr. Porter thus describes his first sight of the city: "A scene of beauty and verdure hung on my view, for which, with all my expectations, I was unprepared. At my feet lay Damascus, embowered in its evergreen forests. The morning sun lighted up its white walls, and glanced from the polished domes of its hundred minarets. Gardens and orchards, teeming with fruit-trees of almost every species, surround the city, and spread far away over the plain; the foliage of these plantations exhibiting every tint of colour, from the sombre hue of the olive, and the dark green of the cypress and the walnut, to the auburn of the apricot and the white glistening leaves of the poplar. The view is as extensive as it is beautiful. Toward the west towers the lofty Hermon, the hoary-headed chief of the eastern hills. An undulating country watered by the 'Pharpar,' stretches along its base. On the south-east there is nothing to arrest the eye, save the dim and quivering haze that hovers over the burning desert. To the north-east runs a long line of hills, towards Tadmor in the wilderness.

"The fertility and beauty of this vast plain, and the very existence of the city itself, depend entirely on the waters of the Barrada (Abana). Four large canals are now led off from this at different elevations. Two others are taken from it before it enters the city. These spread the waters over the plain in every direction." To the Christian, the road to Damascus and the city itself are chiefly memorable as the scene of the conviction and conversion of the "Apostle to the Gentiles." Tradition professes to show the exact spot where Saul was struck to the earth. It is about half-a-mile from the east gate of the city, and is evidently part of the ancient road, consisting entirely of firmly-embedded pebbles which have never been broken up, but stand alone, forming a kind of raised causeway. A wide arch has been made through this causeway; and the native Christians consider it an act of devotion to pass through it.

The street called "Straight" still stands, and bears the same name. The house where Saul is reported to have lodged, and the house in which Ananias is said to have lived, are also shown as "holy places." On both sides little chapels or oratories have been erected, containing Latin pictures and Greek crosses. It is much to be regretted that the natural and even commendable interest which is felt in places which are really hallowed by their sacred associations should be so marred by the extravagances of foolish and hurtful superstition.

CAIN AND ABEL, AS TYPES OF THE LEGAL AND THE EVANGELICAL IN RELIGION.

BY THE REV. JOHN TESSEYMAN.

(*Concluded from page* 160.)

1. THE conduct of Cain, which is copied by the legalist in every age, proceeds upon a principle absolutely false, inasmuch as it supposes the virtuousness of human nature, and that the whole of religion consists in the right training of the moral powers; whereas, human nature is radically corrupt and utterly incapable of self-restoration. Man has lost the balance of his moral nature, and is altogether unable to render a perfect obedience to God; and only by keeping the whole law can he be accepted according to the covenant of works. The law says, "This do, and thou shalt live;" whilst, on the other hand, it declares, "Whosoever shall..offend in one point, he is guilty of all." But who is there that maintains the law of God in its integrity? The whole law includes each individual thought, word and action; and who amongst the sons of men has the audacity to place his hand upon his breast and say, "I am innocent; neither is there iniquity in me"? (Job xxxiii. 9.) If man were now what he was when he first came out of the hands of his Maker, then might he take this position with some show of reason; but since he has lost his original excellence, and has become a mere wreck of his former self, this position is no longer tenable. His life, in consequence of sin, is one great obliquity. He has lost the very *power* to do right. He can only act according to the principle which has possession of, and regulates, his mind, which principle is evil, for "the carnal mind is enmity against God." We do not deny that some estimable qualities may be found in the unconverted man. All traces of his original constitution are not absolutely obliterated. He is like a magnificent temple in ruins: there is sad desolation all around the shivered structure, with just enough of the building remaining to attest its former grandeur and glory. But whilst we allow the existence of some latent elemental virtues in man, we are not to shut our eyes, meantime, to the moral desolation by which these are surrounded, which go to prove a deterioration of human nature past recovery by purely natural means. Man may ruin, but cannot restore himself to a state of perfect moral convalescence. The Bible declares this with reiterated emphasis and the utmost clearness; and we cannot but wonder that any man, with the Bible in his hand, should doubt the matter for a single moment. Even enlightened heathens occasionally gave forth wonderful flashes of truth, and admitted that by supernatural aid *alone* could man attain to a state of virtue and goodness. What the heathens saw "through a glass darkly," we may see in the bright mirror of the Word of God without obscurity. On the one hand we read, "Whosoever shall..offend in one point, he is guilty of all," and on the other, "All have sinned." It is perfectly plain, therefore, that if man is to find acceptance with God, it must be on terms altogether different from those on which the legalist grounds his hopes of reward.

2. A *second* consideration is this: That perfect future obedience, even supposing it could be rendered, can never atone for past transgression. A criminal at the bar would not be excused from suffering the sentence of the judge, simply because he promised to obey the law in the time to come. The law has been broken, and the penalty follows as a matter of necessity. But even supposing the court agreed to overlook the offence and forgive the offender, such a decision would not really leave him less guilty or less deserving of punishment. The analogy holds with regard to man and God. Perfect obedience for the future would not annihilate the past of sin. The consciousness of guilt would still haunt the soul, and the load of condemnation would be as heavy as before. Justice would still adjudge

the culprit worthy of death for one crime, though he never committed another. If man is ever to be saved from the consequences of his sins, it must necessarily be by other means than those which the legalist employs.

3. A further consideration presents itself: That man is under the *curse*. We have already seen that the sacrifice of Cain ignored the fact of sin; as does the legalist also of to-day. It is useless, however, to ignore that of which every man may convince himself, if he will only open his eyes to receive the light, and if he will allow his judgment to act freely and without restraint, instead of warping his judgment and blunting all the powers of the soul until they become incapable of perceiving the truth. History itself is little else than a record of crime. The voice of tradition through all the ages has borne witness to the fact of sin. Experience, too, adds her share of evidence—acknowledges a consciousness of guilt; and what history and experience emphatically declare, the Word of God abundantly confirms: "All have sinned." Sin, then, is a personal fact, and touches the moral life of each one of us. And sin brings a curse: "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things, etc." The concatenation, then, runs thus:—sin—curse—death! Death is the logical issue of sin, morally considered. Man is a culprit under sentence of death. By what means, then, will he extricate himself from the curse of sin? He is plainly shut up to these alternatives: either he must endure the legal penalty of transgression, or else he must seek deliverance through Another. No other course is open to him. There is no other way.

We now turn from the position of Cain, to a consideration of that held by Abel, which, we believe, is the only position tenable by a sinner before God.

1. In the first place, Abel's sacrifice *implied the fact of sin*.—Hence the character of his offering. It bore evident testimony to a consciousness of personal demerit. He realised remorse of conscience; he, at the same time, used the Divinely-appointed means to secure the possession of God's peace and joy. And hence he is a type of those who, in every age, have experienced a sense of individual guilt, and have looked for acceptance through the medium of sacrifice, even the Atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ.

And Abel is set for an "ensample" unto us. It is equally necessary for man to-day to acknowledge the fact of sin. It lies at the foundation of all right thinking in relation to his spiritual state. He cannot advance a single step, until he frankly and fully recognises this fundamental truth. The whole of Bible teaching supposes it. If, for example, the question be asked, "Why did Jesus Christ die?" the answer is, "To save His people from their sins." If you inquire, "Why was the Holy Ghost sent into the world"? the reply is, "To reprove the world of sin." We are shut up, then, to the solemn truth, that sin exists in the world, and that it touches the moral life of each one of us.

2. The sacrifice of Abel suggests a second truth: It was a *substitutionary* offering.—The death of his victim was instead of the death of himself. Abel knew this. There is no doubt that he had possession of the evangelical idea, as expressed by the Apostle, "without shedding of blood is no remission." The first promise, respecting the "Seed of the woman," contained the germ of that glorious fact afterwards developed in the New Testament doctrine of the Atonement; and in every sacrifice which smoked upon the altar, Abel would recognise a very significant type of Him Who, in due time, was to bring about the "restitution of all things."

The Scriptures are full of passages bearing upon the substitutionary character of the death of Christ: "The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died *for* all, then were all dead." "The Son of God.. loved me, and gave Himself *for* me." "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself *for* it." "Christ died *for* our

sins." "He was wounded *for* our transgressions, He was bruised *for* our iniquities." It is a very weak exegesis that would restrict the scope and meaning of these passages to the fact that Christ died merely for our benefit. Such an interpretation certainly does not fulfil the expectations which the words excite. The above-cited passages declare that Christ died for men as *sinners*, as fallen beings, needing supernatural interference in order to their recovery to a state of virtue and goodness. The Apostle sums up the whole matter in these few decisive and clear words, "Christ died *for our sins*." And we glory in the fact. It is the corner-stone in the magnificent temple of Christian doctrine; it is the eternal foundation upon which rests the hope of the human race.

3. The sacrifice of Abel is noteworthy on account of the high place which it assigns to the principle of *faith*.—It was faith which gave so great efficacy to his offering; for, "by faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." It was with him the animating principle of life. It centred in an object. It spanned the intervening distance between his own day and the day of the Messiah, and found, as its culminating point, the Cross of Calvary, where it rested in calm and holy assurance, and brought peace and joy to his heart.

Is it, indeed, so with us? Are we followers of Cain? or of Abel? Are we seeking to please God by our own endeavours, by a series of moral acts and charitable deeds? If so, condemnation will inevitably lie at our own door, and all our "*works*" will but aggravate our doom; and it must come to this, that to us and our offering the Lord will not have "respect," but will reject the offering, and rebuke us for an impious attempt to merit His favour. Be it ours to take the course alternative to this, to follow the beautiful example set before us in the text. Be it ours to bow down before the altar already erected, even the Cross, and the Divine Victim bound thereon; and let us cling to that Sacrifice even as Abel clung to it, as typified by the slain animal; and as Abel offered unto God the acceptable sacrifice, so shall we find our Sacrifice respected, and participate in Abel's acceptance, and rejoice in Abel's blessedness!

ANECDOTES OF THE REV. WILLIAM MARSH, D.D.*

While prosecuting his ministry at St. Lawrence's, Mr. Marsh gave on the week-day a series of sermons on the Ten Commandments. One morning there was heavy rain, and only the boys of the National School were present. The Commandment to be explained and enforced that morning was, "Thou shalt not kill." Mr. Marsh felt that the subject was scarcely suitable for his hearers, but as it came in natural order he decided to give it. One part of the sermon referred to suicide, and contained the following words: "If any man, in the full possession of his senses, takes away his own life, his last act is an act of sin." Many years after, Mr. Marsh visited Weymouth, and as he was walking along the street a man of respectable appearance, after looking earnestly in his face, thus accosted him: "Thank you and bless you, Sir, for saving my life."

"I think there must be some mistake," said Mr. Marsh, "for I do not remember ever having seen you before."

"But I have seen *you*," replied the man, "and never can forget you. I was one of the boys in the National School at Reading, and heard you preach on the Sixth Commandment. A single sentence of the sermon was all that remained in my mind. I commenced business in this town, but after some years of prosperity I was brought, owing to unfortunate circumstances, to the brink of ruin. In my despair I resolved to drown myself; but as I stood on the breakwater about to throw myself into the sea, the words which I had heard fifteen years before, 'If any man, in the

* See this Miscellany for December, 1875.

full possession of his senses, takes away his own life, his last act is an act of sin,' flashed upon my memory, and with all my heart I said, 'By the help of God, *my* last act shall not be an act of sin!' I returned to my home and found comfort in the Bible and in prayer, and that evening I heard a sermon preached in one of the churches which led me to seek and find peace with God. The next day's post brought me a letter from an uncle enclosing a cheque for my present relief; and from that time my circumstances gradually amended until they became prosperous, as they have continued to this time. This has been a great mercy; but the salvation of my soul, when I was on the brink of destroying it for ever, is infinitely greater, and I owe it, under God, to you."

In the summer of 1837, Mr. Marsh took his family for a few weeks' recreation in Ireland. Part of the time he was the guest of Lord Roden. A Bible-reading was held every day in the drawing-room, and at one of those readings Mr. Marsh spoke of the change which took place in the religious views and feelings of Dr. Valpy, and repeated a verse which he wrote shortly before his death. Lord Roden asked Mr. Marsh to copy the lines for him, and fastened the paper on the wall of his study. Some time after, General Taylor, one of the Waterloo heroes, was visiting at Tollymore Park. He had thought little about religion, and did not care for it to be matter of conversation; but Lord Roden noticed that whenever he was in the study he looked intently on Dr. Valpy's verse. Lord Roden at length said to him, "Why, General, you will soon know that verse by heart." With deep feeling the old soldier replied, "I know it now by *heart*." He gave evidence of true conversion, and his last words were the verse which had been to him such a signal blessing:

"In peace let me resign my breath,
And Thy salvation see,
My sins deserve eternal death,
But Jesus died for me."

Years after Lord Roden related this incident in the house of a neighbour. A young officer who had been in the Crimea was present and heard the story, but seemed indifferent to it. It was not long before he fell into consumption, and in his sickness sent for Lord Roden to visit him. He went, and the young man after quoting the simple lines, added: "They have been God's message of peace and comfort to my heart in this illness, when brought to my memory, after days of darkness and distress, by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

LET "NO MAN TAKE THY CROWN."

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

An old man was dying; by his bedside there stood his children and grandchildren, who would soon lose the father and friend so long loved and respected. After speaking, as best he could, to one and all, the old man whispered, "*When I am gone, love Jesus, serve Him, and strive to say every day you live, 'No man shall take my crown.'*"

A few more sighs and struggles, a few more glances around the room, and then the white head sank down on the pillow, the eyes closed on earth, and the good old man passed to the many-mansioned home, there for ever to wear the "crown of glory that fadeth not away."

LET "NO MAN TAKE THY CROWN."

Dear friend! I pray you think
Of that sweet story
About the Lamb of God,
The Lord of glory.
His blood hath bought for thee
A robe of whiteness,
A never-fading crown
Of dazzling brightness.
O! seek God's pardon now,
Lay sin's dark burden down,
And say, "*by Jesu's grace,*
No man shall take my crown."

There is a home for thee
In those fair regions,
Where golden harps are play'd
By countless legions;

There is a peaceful rest
For all the weary,
Far, far above this world
Oft dark and dreary.
O! seek God's pardon now,
Lay sin's dark burden down,
And say, "*by Jesu's grace,*
No man shall take my crown."

Poor child of sin and shame,
Constantly falling,
Come to the sinner's Friend;
His voice is calling.
Trust Him, this very day,
Do not wait longer,
Lest sin's dark chain become
Stronger and stronger.
O! seek God's pardon now,
Lay sin's great burden down,
And say, "*by Jesu's grace,*
No man shall take my crown."

Prodigal son, come home,
Life's lamp is burning,
There shall be joy in heaven
At thy returning.
Friends in the Father's house
For thee are waiting;
This day the homeward step
Thou should'st be taking.
O! seek God's pardon now,
Lay every burden down,
And say, "*by Jesu's grace,*
No man shall take my crown."

Dear reader! young or old,
Thy days are flying,
Thy beating pulse and heart
Cry "dying," "dying;"
Thou soon must leave the friends
And hopes long cherish'd,
Where shall thy home be found
When these have perish'd?
O! seek God's pardon now,
Lay sin's dark burden down,
And say, "*by Jesu's grace,*
No man shall take my crown."

"*Let no man take thy crown—*"
In times of pleasure
Or pain—still keep in view
This priceless treasure.
And then when death shall come,
Through Christ forgiven,
It shall for aye adorn
Thy brow in heaven.
O! seek God's pardon now,
Lay sin's dark burden down,
Again Christ saith to thee,
"*Let no man take thy crown.*"

HORNCASTLE STATUTE-FAIR MANY YEARS AGO.

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE REV. S. JOLL.

It was a lovely May morning; the sun was climbing a cloudless sky, and the feathered songsters were trying in glad chorus their old spring tunes; but they were not more happy than the blooming maids, who, with the country swains, were hastening to the general rendezvous, the village green before the old farm-house. By eight o'clock they were all assembled, and a happier concourse can scarcely be imagined. All were in holiday attire, and the spirits of all seemed well to tally with the joyous recollections of days and weeks just passed away. We wonder not that some of the old men, sons of toil, should heave a sigh when they think of the days of their youth, and say "that the former days were better than these." But all say not so; the more thoughtful and wise remember that not only "the morning cometh," but also "the night." Every hour of the statute-day seemed to change the happy morning group from innocent merriment to reprehensible folly. We are glad to record that it was not so in every case—general is never universal delinquency; but too often the excesses of the hiring-day, like gloomy clouds, hung over the heads of offenders for many following days, sometimes for years, sometimes for life. The effects of that time were like the letting out of water, which never ceased to flow, but became deeper and wider, and rushed on to everlasting ruin. All things considered, we hesitate not to say, with thousands, that we are glad that statute-fairs are gradually dying out. We must not enlarge on this topic, we have a story to tell about olden times.

Our hero's name was John; he was a farm-servant, one of the many converts of early Methodism in our Lincolnshire villages. John's was early piety, it was thoroughly consistent, and, being united with rather superior natural parts and great amiability of temper, it would have made him, had he received the advantage of education, very much superior to the position he occupied. With his own class, the reality of his religion gave him commanding influence wherever he moved, and far beyond his own circle. He was with the merry group on the village green of which we have spoken, and with them he set forth for Horncastle, the nearest market-town. One hour brought the happy party to town. Another hour, or perhaps a trifle more, and the town had been surveyed. By eleven o'clock servants from all the country round were assembled at the market-place, the men grouped together in the Bull-ring, and the girls standing in rows on the north side of High-street, waiting the arrival of masters and mistresses to be hired for another year. They had not waited long before a Mr. Johnson, a farmer from the neighbourhood, arrived, who was seeking just such a man as he thought John appeared to be. To John our narrative will henceforth be confined. Requirements and capabilities were so well met, that a bargain was soon closed, and Farmer Johnson was preparing to give John his "fasten-penny," when the latter, thinking it best to have a fair and full understanding about everything, that there might be no disappointment or dissatisfaction afterwards, said:

"I think, Sir, I ought to name a few privileges which I have been accustomed to enjoy, and which, I suppose, you will not object to, but it is best to name them."

"Privileges," replied Mr. Johnson; "I don't know what you mean."

"Well, Sir, I shall want to go to the chapel sometimes, and to my Class-meeting, for I am a Wesleyan-Methodist."

"O!" ejaculated the farmer, then suddenly turned upon his heel.

It was not long before he met a Mr. Smith, a brother farmer whom he knew, and to whom he said:

"I have just had a very narrow escape."

"Escape," said the other; "have you been in danger?"

"I have indeed! I have as near been taken in by one of these Methodist d——s as could be."

"How taken in?"

"Why, I had nearly hired one; the bargain was made, and I was just about to give him his fasten-penny, when I found him out by a word or two he dropped."

"Who was it?" inquired Mr. Smith, who was not so much afraid of a Methodist as his friend.

"Why," answered Mr. Johnson, "do you see that steady, neat-looking man against the 'Red Lion' gateway?"

"Yes, I see him; and if that is the man you mean, you would not have been much taken in, depend upon it."

"Do you know him?" asked the other.

"I ought to know him, for he has been with me for several years, and, were I not going out of business now, money would not part us."

"But he talks about privileges and Class-meetings. What does the fellow mean?"

"Nonsense!" was the reply; "what have you to do with his privileges? No more than he has with yours. John is a man who always puts duty before privilege. You go and hire him, or some one else soon will; and, if I do not greatly mistake, you will find yourself the master of the best servant you ever had in your life."

Mr. Johnson followed this advice, and in a few minutes an agreement was struck.

John had not been many weeks with his new master before he carried the keys of every storehouse in the yard, his master remarking as he presented them, "Everything, John, will be as safe in your hands as in mine." John bowed, and simply said, "I shall be faithful, Sir." "I know it," said his master, and retired.

A few months passed; Christmas was drawing near, when one morning a butcher (with whom Mr. Johnson was on very friendly and even intimate terms, for they had had many a pipe and glass together) arrived to buy two fat beasts; they could not, however, agree upon the price, and thus they parted. A fortnight afterwards the butcher returned, saying, "I have concluded to give your price for the beasts."

"Perhaps so," retorted their owner, "but a fortnight has passed since I offered them; they are much improved; I shall want more now. Let us go and see them again." They went, and the butcher acknowledged a wonderful improvement, and asked what food was given them. The master told him; but the butcher insisted that the cattle were fattened on something more than had been stated.

"There is nothing," said Mr. Johnson, "that I know of."

"But I am sure," replied the butcher, "there is; whether you know of it or not."

"Well, I know of nothing, excepting they tell me John prays with them every night."

"Do you believe that?" said the butcher.

"Yes, I do, and so will you if you will go with me into the hay-loft about five o'clock, and wait until John comes with his lantern to supper them up; you will then hear him yourself, just before he leaves them for the night."

"Well," said the butcher, "though I do not believe a word you say, you know I have no objection to a lark, and perhaps it will be amusing to see how you climb over a good big lie, so we will go."

Accordingly, soon after the dusk of the evening, both farmer and butcher were safely and snugly secreted in the hay-loft, where they might see and hear all that passed, yet themselves be neither seen, nor heard, nor suspected. They had not been there long before John arrived. Having with the greatest care attended to the provender and bedding of the beasts, he bowed before his Maker, as was his wont, with all reverence, for that stable was to him the house of God. No cathedral could have been more sacred by consecration, than was that stable by the oft-repeated manifestations of the Holy One. Besides, as John often said, his Saviour was born in a stable. John's devotions began with thanksgiving to God who had blessed the work of his hands and made all to prosper; he then sought for a continuance of that grace which he felt he ever needed, and the constant guidance and guardianship of that Providence to which he was so much indebted. He next fervently prayed for his master, saying, "O Lord, save my master, he is a kind master to me, but Thou knowest he is a very wicked man" (just here the master felt the butcher's elbow, and heard him whisper, "There's into you, master"), "and if he continues to live as he is living, he must be lost for ever."

In such a strain John continued for some time. He then prayed, "O God, have mercy on this wicked butcher, he makes my master ten times worse than he would be" (just here the butcher felt the master's elbow, and heard him whisper, "There's into you, butcher"). John's prayer for the butcher was accompanied with such a holy influence that the listeners felt that God was in the place though they had not known it. All irreverence ceased, for the arrows of the Almighty had pierced their inmost souls. John's prayer ended, the master asked his friend what he thought of what he had heard. A lengthy conversation ensued, during which the tide of feeling rose higher and higher. At length they retired to the house, where their distress and alarm became such that they agreed to send for John. The interview need not be described. It was a penitent prayer-meeting of a most remarkable and interesting character; a meeting on which angels would look down with joy.

Two or three weeks elapsed before either of the seekers found salvation, but they did find it, to the joy of their souls. Both, it is believed, joined the Wesleyan

Society; that Johnson did is certain. It is also certain that both kept their religion, and their religion kept them. They have since passed away to a better world.

Horncastle.

LIFTED OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

The summer morning, with its sunshine and dews, broke gladsomely over a lovely spot skirting a fair American city. A cluster of plumy pines and a sturdy fruit-bearing beech occupied the brow of a hill, which, with many a knoll and graceful undulation, sloped to a green meadow watered by a winding stream, catching at its repeated curves the rays of the rising sun. Round about grew the sweet-scented willow, and the slender mimosa tree, on one of whose pensile boughs an oriole was gaily swinging as he smoothed his radiant breast. Among the ripe brown grass, which on every side awaited the scythe, there was as yet no voice of mowers, nor any sound of labour mingling with the matins of the birds.

"The blackberry bushes lean'd over the wall,
And the blue-bird answered the yellow-bird's call,
And the sun lay goldenly over all."

From the foot of the hill a young man looked upon the enchantments summer had wrought. Though keenly percipient of natural beauty and grandeur, the scene before him touched no responsive chord within. The cloud upon his brow and his air of dejection were but faint indications of the gloom and disquietude of his spirit. Until now he had been gay, careless and unheedful of his eternal destiny; but words had been sounded in his ears which stirred his soul to its very depths. "Listen! —pause!—think!" the voice had rung out. "Upon a stupendous ball, twenty-five thousand miles in girdle, which ever goes wheeling and whirling through abysmal space, are placed some twelve hundred millions of men, who go speeding with it more than a thousand miles a minute, along its magnificent path of stars; never pausing, asleep or awake, or loitering a moment in their splendid career. Hold your breath, ye twelve hundred millions of men, and question yourselves—Whence? why? whither?" And solemnly echoed the young man's heart, "Whence? why? whither?" Tremblingly he groped through the long hours of spiritual night, upon his lips the cry of the dying Goethe, "More light! more light!" He turned to the inspired Volume, hoping there to find deliverance from the perplexities which had woven their meshes about him, and a door through which he might pass to security and peace. But he asked not for the illumination of the Spirit; and, staggering before the mysteries of the Word, he stood on the verge of scepticism.

In this state of mind he had wandered out that early summer morning, vainly hoping to have the inward perturbation quelled by the sweet influences of nature.

On reaching his home, his eye was arrested by words so opportune that it seemed as though they had been written expressly for him, and a conviction of the truth of the argument forced itself upon him as he read:

"The school-book whose difficulties the pupil has mastered has lost its educational worth. It has no longer a challenge to his faculties. Its suggestive force has been exhausted. If the Bible is always to be in our world as its teacher, must it not always have a something in it that man does not understand? Tell of a period when humanity in its progressive march shall have mastered every difficulty in the Bible, and you tell of a period when the Bible shall cease to be the teaching book of the race. Intellect in that colossal age will treat it as a vesture it has outgrown.

"Still more, its difficulties are as necessary for the training of the heart as of the understanding. They make us sensible of our feebleness. They humble our proud spirits. They inspire us with stirring questions. They fill us with

devout amazement and solemn awe. They appear to be somewhat analogous to the stupendous highlands and the deep glens; the yawning chasms and the circuitous rivers; the craggy rocks and the dashing seas; there is an air of grandeur, a *living spirit* of sublimity pervading the whole, which starts in the bosom of the spectator inspirations he could never feel amid the tame and monotonous in Nature. Would we have all this removed from the Bible? Would we level its Alpine heights? Would we fill up its awful deeps? Would we make straight its labyrinthine rivers and turn its shoreless oceans into lakes? No. It is when we look up at those dizzy altitudes which we cannot climb, down those abysses which we have no plummet to sound; abroad on those oceans through whose surges no human bark has ever steered its course, that we catch the Apostolic inspiration,—'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!'"

As he set himself afresh to the study of the Bible, he became overwhelmingly conscious of his guilt and peril. But whilst he ardently desired to respond to the call, "Incline your ear, and come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David," he yet sought to approve himself to God by works of repentance and self-sacrifice.

Weeks went by, and still his heart was unvisited by Divine consolation. He was on the point of yielding to despair, when he met with an incident which enabled him in mighty faith to grasp the atonement of Christ. He heard one day the story of a sweet little child who, as he passed through "the valley of the shadow of death," was permitted a vision of something very beautiful, but which he could not well explain. For awhile he lay enraptured. His parents told him God had given him a glimpse of heaven. But soon the vision was marred by the appearance of mountains which intervened. For an instant the countenance of the dying child darkened; then suddenly grew radiant with joy, and as his happy spirit took its flight, he faintly whispered, "A Strong Man is carrying me over the mountains." A flood of light poured in upon the young man's despondent mind. The "Strong Man" stood before him "mighty to save," and lifted over the mountains of doubt and difficulty, and over the higher mountains of sin, his feet were firmly planted on the Rock of Ages, and a new song of praise to his Deliverer was put into his mouth.

Uttoxeter. S. J. H.

BOY-SUICIDE.

In September, 1856, the writer was called to attend the funeral of a little boy only twelve years old. How do you think he died? Like many other children he was quick-tempered, and by small provocations he was thrown into a fit of passion. In that condition he would threaten to do some terrible thing. The other children of the neighbourhood, being acquainted with this weakness of his, would try to vex and provoke him for the fun of the thing, in order to hear him threaten what he would do if they did not let him alone.

By doing this, which was very wrong, they only made him worse. The habit grew upon him,—just as it will grow upon any one who frequently gets angry,—till he became sad and unhappy. Life to him was anything but pleasant. One day he did something which displeased his mother, and she felt it her duty to punish him for it. She probably remembered the proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." She told him to go into the woods, which were near the house, and bring her some sticks to whip him with. He, as usual, became very angry, and asked his mother to give him a rope to bind them with, so that he could carry them better. She gave him a long leather strap, which he took, and started off with his younger brother.

After they had gone a few rods into the woods, he told his brother to go back to the house; and he would get the sticks alone. So the brother started back to the house. The other boy not returning as the mother expected, having been gone a long time, she went to see what had become of her naughty son. She had not searched long before she found him hanging with one end of the strap around his neck, and the other fastened to the limb of a tree. He was dead. In a fit of passion he had committed suicide.

The writer took for his text at that funeral these words from Job: "My soul chooseth strangling, and death rather than my life;" and tried to show how unwise and wicked it was to purposely vex and tease children, or any person, because they were easily excited to anger. By this means, step by step, a highly nervous child may be pushed along until he reaches that step where he chooses "strangling, and death rather than life," and suicide is the fatal result.

All children should first guard against getting angry themselves, and, secondly, avoid all unnecessary provocation to make others angry. Seeing all these tendencies, the Lord says by the Apostle, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath." This applies with equal force to mothers, to brothers and sisters, and to all. Anger is a short madness—insanity, says an ancient proverb. "Anger resteth in the bosom of fools," says the wise man.

THE TRUE AMBITION.

In days long past, I heard the songs
  That poet voices chanted;
"To me," I cried, "like power belongs,
  To me this gift is granted.
I, too, will sing a merry strain,
  The echo of my gladness;
And weary hearts shall smile again,
  Beguiled by it of sadness."
I snatched the lyre with eager hand,
  But, ere a note had sounded,
A voice within me made demand—
  "Thy right, on what is't founded?
None sweep those strings who cannot show
    Far purer an ambition;
  Wait till the hour when thou wilt know
    Thy heaven-appointed mission."

Years pass'd; full oft the page that told
  Of noble deeds, I ponder'd;
The record of the brave and bold
  In quest of fame who wander'd.
And as I read, my heart beat high,
  I long'd to gain such glory,
To win a name that should not die,
  Embalm'd for aye in story.
"My songs shall be the nation's praise;
  Too long my lyre has slumber'd;
It wakes," I said, "and soon my lays
  With poets' shall be number'd."
"Not yet!" those unknown accents said,
  "The song-power is not given
To those who, by ambition led,
  For fame alone have striven."

The years roll'd on; they brought their share
  Of toil, and pain, and sorrow;
And heavy seem'd the load of care
  That came with every morrow.
But still the old wish in my heart
  Held empire unabated;
"When comes the hour to take the part"
  (I said) "I long have waited?
I would not sing for glory now,
  Nor would I sing for pleasure;
But words of comfort, soft and low,
  Should echo through my measure.
Well known to me earth's bitterness,
  Known, too, the springs of healing;
'Tis these, to spirits in distress,
  I fain would be revealing."
"Sing, then," the secret voice replied,
  "And take this for thy guerdon,—
'Tis nobler far than aught beside,
  To lighten others' burden."

K. T. S.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

The Lord's Prayer.—"I remember on one occasion travelling in this country with a companion who possessed

some knowledge of medicine. We arrived at a door near which we were about to pitch our tent, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the rebellers against God. My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said, 'Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves.' He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed, 'May God curse me if ever I curse again those who hold such a belief; nay, more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour is come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat that prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.'"—*Hay's "Western Barbary."*

The Spaniards have a proverb, that "Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow."

Style.—Take this, reader, as a general rule, that the readiest and plainest style is the most forcible (if the head be but properly stored); and that in all ordinary cases the word that first presents itself is the best; even as, in all matters of right and wrong, the first feeling is that which the heart owns and the conscience ratifies.—*Southey's "Doctor."*

"Second thoughts are best." Not always; it depends upon whether the *first* have reference to *duty* or *sin*.

An Awful Event.—"A fearful circumstance occurred at Unstone, near Dronfield. A tailor of the name of Garforth, formerly of Chesterfield, was drinking at a public-house in that village, and, as had been his custom for several years when in liquor, was mocking imbecile persons, and such as had the misfortune to be deformed, and whilst in the act of frightfully distorting his countenance, was struck with paralysis, and remained a most hideous object."—*Derbyshire Courier.*

W. Cattle.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

ALFRED ERNEST CATTON.

Alfred Ernest Catton was born at Bawdeswell, in the North Walsham Circuit, June 23rd, 1854. His parents at that time, though not decidedly pious, were attendants at the Wesleyan chapel, and they earnestly desired that Alfred might grow up in the fear of God. When but a child he was sent to the Sabbath-school, and the vital truths of the Gospel received into that young heart bore fruit in after years before the world in a holy and beautiful life.

During his connection with the Bawdeswell Sabbath-school he was a thoughtful, serious lad, of a sweet, amiable disposition, much beloved by all who knew him. But sweetness of disposition and amiability of character cannot dispense with the necessity for faith in Christ or the love of God in the heart; and though never guilty of open sin, Alfred was led to see that he was a lost sinner needing a Saviour.

It was on March 2nd, 1870, that he experienced the great change of heart so strongly urged by our Lord upon Nicodemus, and received the witness of the Spirit to the fact of his adoption into the family of God.

A short time before he was seized by sickness, in a letter to his aunt, dated March 18th, 1870, he says, "I am now better, this affliction has been for the good of my soul; while laid aside, I felt I had nothing to support me, and saw that I was unprepared for heaven. I read my Bible, and prayed for Divine help. Jesus came to my assistance. I was enabled to believe in Him, felt my sins pardoned, and found peace with God; and now, with renewed strength, I hope, God helping me, to grow in

grace." Some time after he writes again, "I am still improving in health, and I trust also in spiritual matters. I can look up with reverence and say, '*My God*,' and feel that He is *my* Friend. A precious Friend indeed, ever with me to take me by the hand and lead me in the narrow way. I hope to go on my way rejoicing, ever loving, serving and praising God for His many mercies to me. I went to Class on Tuesday evening for the first time, and was much encouraged by hearing the experience of those present. It was good to be there."

When fully restored to health, he continued to evince the genuineness of his conversion by a consistent walk. He retained a sense of the Divine favour, and his life henceforth was marked by entire consecration to Christ.

Early in the year 1872 he removed to Reepham for the purpose of acquiring the knowledge of a business. Immediately after his arrival he felt it to be his first duty to connect himself with the people of God and to join the Sabbath-school. In the shop, the school, or the Class-room his piety was equally conspicuous. Seldom has the injunction of the Apostle been more fully observed, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." During his two years' residence in this place he was most regular in his attendance on the means of grace, so that his Christian character became developed and matured. From letters written at this period, the following will be interesting as illustrating his growing earnestness:

"Very busy—not time to write before; time seems to pass so quickly now to what it used to do; eternity is coming as fast as time is going. I often think of eternity, and the glorious happiness in store for God's children. I delight to meditate on His great love to all mankind, and feel happy because I am His child. My evenings are well occupied,—Prayer-meeting, Class-meeting, preaching, discussion class, temperance committee. I do not feel the want of company. I trust my one desire is to live to the Saviour, and to help in any way that will advance His glory."

In April, 1874, Alfred Catton left the quiet little town of Reepham for London, bent upon obtaining a more thorough knowledge of business, but resolved to regulate his life according to God's Word, and thus preserve his Christian character unsullied.

If every converted young man, who finds it necessary to leave the parental roof and his native village for the large towns of this country, would follow the example of this godly youth, numbers, we doubt not, instead of losing their religion and bringing untold sorrow upon themselves and their parents, would be saved to the Church, become ornaments to society, and the hopes of parents would be joyfully realised.

Having procured for himself an eligible situation, his next concern was to present his note of removal, and seek to be associated with those who, like himself, had chosen the "good part."

He was at once placed under the care of a Class-leader who knew how to watch over him with parental affection. "My Class-leader," he writes, "is a good, earnest Christian, and gives us such hearty, sympathetic advices!" Having joined the Sabbath-school, the spare hours of the day of rest were profitably and usefully employed. In this sphere of labour he was surrounded by a number of intelligent, pious companions who became his attached friends; and in keeping holy the Sabbath, in the service of Christ, and associating with Christian friends, he found far higher enjoyment than was ever experienced by those who resort for satisfaction to the polluting pleasures of the world.

In a situation which he held for some months previous to his leaving London, it was his lot to be cast amongst a number of young men, many of whom were exceedingly depraved, drunken, and blasphemous. Of this character were those who occupied the same sleeping apartment with him. In this trying situation, as we learn from undoubted testimony, he was the same earnest

Christian, and no religious duty was omitted. To his friends he writes at this time:

"My knowledge of business is improving, and I trust I am daily growing in grace, though the progress, I fear, is but small. My faith is sorely tested at times; so much of the world, the flesh and the devil constantly around me, that it is with difficulty I can turn my attention to better things. When I bow in prayer they laugh and sneer at me; but I rejoice that I can take up my cross. I do think it is for some wise purpose God has ordered that I should be thus situated. I pray daily to be kept faithful; and hope I may, by Divine grace, shed a little light upon the surrounding darkness."

For some time his health had been declining, but with characteristic perseverance, he refused to yield to physical weakness, and continued to discharge the duties of his situation till at length, compelled by disease, he relinquished his post, and on January 25th, 1875, returned home to die. It was hoped that rest and proper medical treatment would result in his restoration, but so rapidly did the malady from which he was suffering develop itself, that death ensued within a few days after his arrival at home.

As the final hour approached, he was calm and resigned. He knew in Whom he had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which he had committed unto Him against that day.

When asked if he felt any fear or doubt as to his safety, he replied, "O no! Jesus is with me. 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'" To his sister, who stood by, he said, "Don't grieve for me, I am going to my glorious home. A few more years of suffering, and I trust we shall all meet again."

He died February 4th, 1875, in the twenty-first year of his age. "Absent from the body," he was "present with the Lord."

THOMAS GANE.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR AUGUST, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
July 29	4 19	7 52	3 31m	3 5m	8 9a	11 19a	8 56a
			Sets.				
Aug. 8	4 34	7 35	7 54a	2 21	7 44	10 41	8 16
					Rises.		
18	4 50	7 16	7 46	1 50	4 38m	10 3	7 36
28	5 6	6 55	7 27	1 33	4 35	9 26	6 55

PHASES OF THE MOON.

5th, Full Moon ..... 6h. 38m. morn. | 19th, New Moon .... 0h. 26m. after.
12th, Last Quarter .... 9h. 58m. after. | 26th, First Quarter .. 6h. 17m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Aug. 2nd ..... 7h. morn., Apogee; distance 252,219 miles.
„ 17th ..... 8h. after., Perigee; „ 224,496 „
„ 29th ..... 8h. after., Apogee; „ 251,664 „
Mean distance for the month ..... 238,219 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Aug. 1st ..... 93,020,220 miles.
Sept. 1st ..... 92,459,660 „
Decrease of distance for the month ..... 560,560 „

The *Sun* is descending with accelerated rapidity. The declination at mean noon on the 1st is 17 deg. 53m. 15s.; on the 1st of August it will be 8 deg. 4m. 27s. The daily progress in the ecliptic is about 58m. of space. The daily increase of right ascension, toward the middle of the month, is 3m. 44s. of time. On the 1st a well regulated clock would be 6m. 2s. in advance of a true sun-dial; on the 31st they would be together. The angular diameter increases during the month from 31m. 36s. to 31m. 47s.

The *Moon's* angular diameter attains a minimum on the 2nd, when it is 29m. 29s., and again on the 29th, when it will be 29m. 33s.; at its maximum, on the 17th, it will amount to 33m. 8s. Her greatest angular distance from the ecliptic occurs on the evening of the 14th, when it will be 5 deg. 13m. northward, and again on the evening of the 27th, when it will be 5 deg. 16m. southward. Her greatest southern declination is reached on the 1st, shortly after noon, when it amounts to 28 deg. 33m., and again on the 28th, about 7h. in the afternoon, when it will be 28 deg. 39m. Her greatest northern declination is reached on the 15th, at 2h., when it will be 28 deg. 37m. Her age on the 1st, at noon, is 11 days 7h.; on the 20th it will be 1 day. On the 7th, at 5h. in the morning, *Saturn* will be occulted at Greenwich. Unfortunately, the Sun will then be above the horizon.

In some regions of the earth, but not in ours, *Beta Tauri* will be occulted on the morning of the 15th; *Mercury* on the afternoon of the 20th; *Spica* (Alpha Virginis) a little before noon on the 23rd, and *Antares* (Alpha Scorpii) on the morning of the 27th.

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 5th, at 1h. in the morning; it will be lost in the Sun's rays throughout the month. On the 6th, at 6h. in the evening, it will be very near Mars, but both of course invisible to us. On the morning of the 29th it will cross the ecliptic to the south side.

Venus is now the morning star. At midnight on the 4th it will be stationary; the apparent motion changes to direct. It attains its greatest brilliancy on the 20th, and as it rises 3h. before the Sun, it will about that time be a very conspicuous object. Its form, when at its greatest brilliancy, is a beautiful crescent.

Mars will be in conjunction with the Sun on the morning of the 13th; it passes from the east to the west side of our luminary, and so changes from an evening to a morning star.

Jupiter is still a fine object in the evenings. Its angular diameter diminishes during the month from 40s. to 36s. On the evening of the 15th it will be in quadrature with the Sun. A re-appearance of the first satellite from the shadow of the primary may be witnessed at Greenwich on the 26th, at 8h. 4m. 22s. in the evening. A re-appearance of the second satellite on the 10th, at 8h. 47m. 0s., and a disappearance on the 17th, at 8h. 50m. 41s. in the evening.

Saturn will be in opposition to the Sun on the 27th, at 5h. in the afternoon. The ring attains a maximum length of 43s. toward the end of the month; the width goes on increasing till after the middle of October. Besides the occultation by the Moon on the morning of the 7th, we would anticipate the notices of next month by stating that the planet will be again occulted on the 3rd of September at 7h. in the morning.

Uranus will be in conjunction with the Sun on the evening of the 12th, and of course invisible throughout the month.

Neptune will be stationary on the afternoon of the 8th, when the apparent motion changes to retrograde; on the 12th it will be in perihelion. It rises on the 8th, at 10h., and on the 23rd at 9h. in the evening.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

Norman Macleod was born on the 3rd of June, 1812, at Campbeltown, in Argyleshire. His father was a worthy minister of the Scotch Kirk; his mother, in her ninety-first year, still survives to be "a living gospel to her children and her children's children." As a child Norman was full of life, and had the reputation of being the great talker of the nursery. He received his first instruction in the Burgh School, but was noted rather for his frolicsome spirit than his love of books. He was particularly interested in the ships and yachts moored at the pier; becoming acquainted with the name and use of every line in the rigging and every nautical appliance on the decks. The stories of the sailors opened to him a world of romance, and voyages to Archipelagoes set in golden seas, or to the clime of the walrus and the white bear, frequently filled his imagination. When he was twelve years old his father sent him to Morven to learn the Gaelic language. He boarded during the week at the house of the schoolmaster, but was always at the Manse on the Sabbath. Living at Morven was a great advantage to him, not so much on account of the Gaelic, as of the educational influences of his out-door life. His mind was impressed by a sense of the grand and beautiful in the works of God, as he saw peak rising beyond peak in silent majesty, torrents leaping down the precipices, streams rippling over polished pebbles, and woodlands glimmering with the light of prim-

roses and hyacinths. Emotions he could not then define kindled in his heart, when, from the top of a favourite hill, he looked on lakes and leafy slopes, and away over the shining sea to the blue cliffs of the Hebrides. His father having accepted the charge of Campsie parish, he was sent for a year to the parish school, and then entered as a student in the University of Glasgow. With the exception of logic, the subjects taught in the classes did not excite him to much diligence or enthusiasm, natural science and the writings of English authors being preferred by him to systematic study of Greek and Latin.

In 1831 he went to Edinburgh to study Theology under Dr. Chalmers. The eloquent prelections of the great Evangelical rabbi were to him awful in their impassioned earnestness. He venerated his teacher as rising above other men like Ben Lomond above its neighbouring peaks, and opened his heart to the force of the immense yet benignant individuality by which Chalmers was distinguished. Nor was Chalmers unimpressed by the fine qualities of the scholar, but recommended him as tutor to the son of a gentleman who was at that time High Sheriff of Yorkshire.

Though intended for the ministry, Norman had given few indications of interest in personal religion, but the sickness and death of his brother James stirred his soul and brought him into contact with the realities of eternity. One night he entered freely into serious conversation with his brother, and then knelt by the bed and prayed aloud. It was the first time he had done so, and he urgently besought blessing on himself and his dying brother. When he had gone away James called his mother, and putting his arms around her said, "I am so thankful, mother; Norman will be a good man." His biographer, his brother, says of this incident: "This was a turning-point in Norman's life; not, indeed, such a crisis as is usually called conversion; not that the scene in the sick room marked his first religious decision; but the solemnity of the circumstances, the frank avowal of his faith, and the tremendous deepening which his feelings received by the death which occurred a few days afterwards, formed an epoch from which he ever afterwards dated the commencement of earnest Christian life." It is beyond question that the Spirit had wrought upon him before, and that there were times of doubt and darkness in the future; the light in him increased, with more or less steadiness, from glimmer to clear shining; but a Methodist, narrating his own experience, would, in accordance with Scripture, call "such a crisis" conversion. A sojourn with his pupil at Saxe-Weimar, then a chief centre of intellectual force, followed. There his mental powers were stimulated, and stores of knowledge accumulated; but the malarious atmosphere of gaiety and Rationalism did him more than compensating damage.

In October, 1835, he resumed his theological studies in Glasgow, and resided with his father, who had left Campsie and become minister of the parish of St. Columba. Other students were also boarded at his father's house, among whom were John Mackintosh of Geddes, Norman's dearest friend, and John C. Shairp, now Principal of the United College of St. Andrews. The boarders were under Norman's care, and Principal Shairp has recorded pleasant memories of the way in which he entertained them when college work was done, with his bright talk, his romantic stories, his recitations from the poets, or with his readings from Jeremy Taylor, or Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici."

In the year 1838, Norman Macleod was ordained minister of the parish of Loudon. On the day of his appointment he enters in his journal: "I have got a parish! the guidance of souls to heaven! I shall at the last day have to tell how I performed my duties—part of my flock will go the left; part, I trust, to the right. I, their pastor, shall see this! I am set to gather lambs to Christ. What a responsibility! I do not feel it half enough; but I pray with all my soul, heart and strength that the Great Shepherd may never forsake me. Without Him I can do nothing; with Him I can do all things."

The parish of Loudon contained a population of about four thousand, mostly farmers or weavers. The majority of the farmers were Cameronians, with much of the sternness, severity and fervour that distinguished their ancestors. Most of the weavers were keen Chartists, and some of them infidels, boasting of the illumination they had received from the writings of Thomas Paine. The position of the young minister was not altogether an enviable one, but aided by the Spirit of God, and animated by confidence in the Gospel as "the power of God unto salvation," he laid his plans with wisdom, and worked them out with energy. He visited from house to house, organized a Sabbath-school, and held special services on the Sabbath evening for those who had not suitable clothes in which to appear at the ordinary place of worship. He also gave a series of lectures on geology; and by that and other methods won the confidence of numbers who had indulged in unreasoning prejudices against ministers of religion.

On going through the houses in Darvel, a part of his parish, he called on a poor and aged woman who held strictly to Covenanting principles. He found her seated in the midst of a group of neighbours and friends who had been invited to meet him. Not disposed to receive him as a minister of Christ until he had given satisfaction as to his theology, she put her tin trumpet to her ear, for she was very deaf, and in her sternest tone said, "Gang ower the fundamentals!"

Bending towards her, he shouted out the leading doctrines of the Confession of Faith, and as she could detect no heresy, she gave him her approval and hearty welcome. But the repetition of a creed did not suffice for sceptics; in dealing with them he was compelled to support assertion with argument, and to answer objections to the first principles on which belief in a Divine Revelation is based. In course of time he gained the respect of all classes; and, ere he left London, he knew that his labour was "not in vain in the Lord."

The controversy that ended in the formation of the Free Church of Scotland raged while Mr. Macleod held his first charge. He was not destitute of sympathy with the sentiments of the Evangelical leaders; nevertheless, such were his views of the true relations of Church and State, that he could not divorce himself from the Church established by law.

(*To be concluded.*)

HOLY DAYS AND HOLIDAYS;

OR, MEMORIES OF THE CALENDAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

II.

We might venture on the broad assertion that man, in all ages and under every condition of civilization, has manifested a desire to look into the future. Very frequently he has been stirred to this rather by the anticipation of coming evil than by the hope of coming good; and pretenders to the gift of foresight have not been slow in benefiting themselves by means of the fears of those who have had credulity enough to consult them. Even the savage has his prognostics, in which he puts his trust; or perhaps his sage man, whom he rewards or maltreats according to circumstances. Our British ancestors believed in omens, and the Druids took advantage of this to deepen their confidence in the priestly order. The Roman invaders brought to our shores those superstitions of which we read in the old mythologies, and which invested so many natural objects with mysterious meanings.

The Church did not quite extinguish all the beliefs of Paganism, though it weakened them; and when the Romish Hierarchy sent its emissaries to Britain to corrupt gradually the purer Christian faith they found there, the priests were ready to please the people by sanctioning, with slight alteration, such of their customs and usages as they clung to eagerly because their forefathers practised them. The Britons had their modes of divination and their rites of augury, commenced under heathen gods; which only needed to be linked with the Romish ritual through their association with some saint, to render them quite innocent in ecclesiastical eyes. Very likely the priests in Saxon times set afloat some additional superstitions relative to charms by which future events might be guessed at, and as most of these connected themselves with the festivals of the Church, they strengthened popular trust in

priestly power, and helped also to fill priestly coffers. He or she who implored the aid of some saint to make a charm work effectively, if a seemingly satisfactory result followed, would, in a gush of gratitude, tender to the saint's shrine a thank-offering. A disappointment might imply that the experimenter had been neglectful of the Church's dues, and lead him or her to the presentation of a gift. After the Reformation, and even after Puritanism had eradicated yet more of Romish error, youths and maidens were slow to renounce practices which had been handed down through successive generations, though with increasing enlightenment these became no longer matters of serious faith, but were followed rather as amusements, though of doubtful tendency. So it was with the observances that belonged to St. Agnes' Eve, January 21st.

Now the circumstance that (if we are to credit monkish chroniclers) the so-called St. Agnes died in Diocletian's persecution at the age of thirteen, renders it at the first glance a little singular that she became a patron saint of damsels who sought to obtain information as to their matrimonial prospects. Yet thus it was, indicating that the saint may have been connected with a method of divination which was really of Pagan parentage, solely for the continuance of an old superstition in a new guise. There was a play upon the words "Agnes" and *agnus* ("a lamb"), the figures of St. Agnes usually showing her with a lamb by her side, the emblem of innocence. It was by the reverential keeping of the "St. Agnes' Fast," as it was denominated, that the party of maidens who assembled on the eve of her festival expected to secure, in a vision of the night, a glimpse of the face of the husband who was some day to usher each damsel to a new home. After the fast they were required to depart in silence.

According to some authorities, every one was previously to take a row of pins, and pull out one after another, saying a Paternoster to each, by which vain repetition the interposition of the saint was to be secured. This superstition was taken up by the poet Keats,—that gifted young man, whose bud of promise was nipped in early spring by the frosts of an unkind world,—and the story of "St. Agnes' Eve," as we read it in his poem, pleases as a beautiful piece of poetic fancy, though it does not convey any important moral teaching. Yet it would be well if all modern poets chose subjects as harmless for the exercise of their genius.

The second day of February, called Candlemas Day, must have had at one time its traditions connected with the unseen world, like the preceding anniversary, for Herrick, writing upon this festival, says:

"Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and misletoe;
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye deck'd the Christmas hall;
That so the superstitious find
Not one least branch there left behind:
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see!"

The quaint old poet seems to make a jest of the matter; but we gather from his observations and those of other authors, that the people then thought there was some risk in allowing the Christmas evergreens to remain up when Candlemas arrived, the penalty of neglect being, as was supposed, unpleasant sights

from the spirit world, either by day or by night, probably at the latter time. *We* laugh at such suppositions, but in the Dark Ages, and even subsequently, fears of evil spirits in visible form oppressed not merely feeble women, but men who went undauntedly to the battle-field; and the priests, who should rather have shown the people that there was indeed reason enough to fear Satanic influence, though in a very different way, fostered delusions which added to their power. "Would you be secure from apparitions?" they said, "then pay all the Church's dues, show profound reverence to the persons she has set over you, buy also some of her sacred relics, and no evil spirit shall touch you."

The name of this day is evidently of Romish origin. It is "Candle Mass" day, because on this day before mass was said candles were blessed for the whole year, and previous to the celebration there was a procession of persons bearing candles that had been specially prepared. These candles possessed, when carried by the faithful, a potency to charm or scare away spectres and sprites. There was formerly at Candlemas such a blaze of light in churches and houses, that the wax-chandlers did a capital trade, as it appears to have been a general belief that there was something expiatory in the offering of candles at this season. Hence a reformer exclaims severely, "They light up candles to God, as if He lived in the dark; and do they not deserve to pass for madmen, who offer lamps and candles to the Author and Giver of light?" With some display of ingenuity, however, the Popish writers endeavoured to prove that the principal object of this illumination was to keep in lively remembrance the prophetic words of Simeon in Luke ii. 29—32: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace . . . for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation, which Thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of Thy people Israel." We may still see exhibited, in windows of shops, wax candles as long as pike-staffs, weighing several pounds each, which are not meant for show merely, but are lit in churches belonging to the sect which yet glories in the antiquity of the customs that are kept up on the various festivals of the ecclesiastical year. Should "Anglicanism" continue to make the progress it has done of late, we may look for an increase in the activity of the wax trade; since, in the eyes of many who are casting friendly glances towards Rome, all the superstitions she has spread her shadow over are deemed worthy of respectful regard. It has, for a very long period, been usual in Popish places of worship to have candles burning at the celebration of Vespers, or "Evening Litany," from All-Hallow Mass to Candlemas, no matter whether the darkness renders these requisite or not. And hence originated a saying which has frequently been misunderstood:

"On Candlemas Day
Throw candle and candlestick away."

The allusion is not to the slight lengthening of the day at the commencement of February, which would certainly not justify us in discarding artificial lights, but to the suspension of their use in churches.

A heathen custom associated with Candlemas in the north of England was noticed by Brand, when he was investigating old English usages. The women of a farmhouse took a

sheaf of oats, and wrapped about it some garments of feminine apparel; this was then laid in a large basket, with a wooden club or stick beside it, the hour chosen for this purpose being just before bed-time. On leaving this odd object the mistress and her maids called out, "Brud is come, Brud is welcome." The next morning they looked amongst the ashes under the grate, expecting to find the mark of Brud's club there, and if they fancied they saw an impress, it was hailed as a prognostic that the farming season would be a successful one. In this there must have survived a relic of an incantation supposed to secure the blessing of some Pagan deity.

In the middle of February falls St. Valentine's Day, now chiefly memorable as a day on which overburdened postmen hurry hither and thither, anxious to deliver a host of cumbrous packages, which can scarcely find room in their ordinary bags. But at one time this saint's festival had other observances associated with it, and people drew lots for "valentines" on the eve of the day: the persons so united used to interchange small presents, and there the matter ended. Sometimes at a friendly gathering there was a double drawing, and the gentlemen drew the names of all the ladies, and *vice versâ*, so that it followed from this plan that each person was a valentine twice over; each drawing some one, and also being drawn. Even the young folks had their turn at this amusement, and they were allowed to catch some senior relative or friend of the family, uttering the salutation, "Good-morrow, Valentine!" and expecting a gift, which would rarely be refused. Originally then, as is evident, St. Valentine's Day had not precisely its modern significance. The association of two individuals as Valentines might mean nothing beyond friendship, or it might arise from accident. The quaint Pepys mentions that his worthy wife was, in one February, his Valentine, and he seems rather to have regretted that he had to spend his money in bestowing a present upon her.

But the phrase "Good-morrow," which we have just quoted, may bring us to a pause for a moment; since common as was the salutation in former times, we never hear it now. Were our ancestors more thoughtful with regard to the future than we are, and did they therefore, in greeting each other, extend their kindly wishes beyond the present day? Possibly, and they may have held to the belief propounded by one sage, that the destiny of each day is decided by the way in which we spend its first hour. If so, by saying "Good-morrow" to their friends, men expressed a wish that prosperity might attend them on the coming day which had its events hidden as yet, though the history of the passing day, for good or evil, was already determined. With all its stiffness, there may have been more genuineness in this than in our modern impetuous salutations, which are hardly spoken before they are forgotten. And no great advance, some might say, shows itself with regard to St. Valentine's anniversary, which has dropped some of its old customs, to give a greater impulse every year to the circulation of printed verses and emblematic designs, frequently characterised by silliness or coarseness. One of the earliest valentines, it would appear, resembling the kind we are familiar with, issued from the pen of Charles, Duke of Orleans. In the eighteenth

century, to various artistic devices sent by gentlemen to ladies, there was generally appended some verses, the composition of the sender, whose cordiality mostly surpassed his poetic power. How all this can be connected with the saint, if saint he was, from whom the day is designated, is not very obvious; the chroniclers can only tell us that Valentine was a man remarkable for his goodness and charity, in the old sense of the latter word.

Not many years ago, there survived in some English villages an antique custom, seemingly Roman, usually carried out on St. Valentine's Day. The lads had a bush or bunch of evergreens, which they set fire to, with shouts, and called it an "ivy-girl;" the maidens going through a similar performance, and having their bonfire of a "holly-boy." Now in what considered in itself is a childish game, there was originally a method of incantation, alluded to by two classic poets, and first associated with the presumedly sacred plant, the laurel. The country girls used also to go out, when the middle of February was mild enough to entice some of the early spring flowers, and gather such posies as they could, binding these with ribbon, and hanging them from the ceiling of their rooms in honour of St. Valentine.

JOHN TODD.

IV.—NORTHAMPTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Todd's three years at Northampton sped pleasantly and busily enough. His pastoral and pulpit duties were by no means light, and the demands upon his services by neighbouring churches were incessant, yet he contrived to prepare and publish the two books by which he is most widely known. To very few of our older readers will "Todd's Lectures to Children" be unfamiliar. Now-a-days collections of homilies specially addressed to the juveniles are numerous, and Todd's Lectures are liable to be overlooked among the host of their more recent rivals; but when they were first issued, they stood almost alone, if not in their object, at least in the success with which the design was accomplished. Without underrating current Lectures to Children, we may be permitted to point out that none of them occupy the exact ground of the two series of "Lectures," and "Truth made Simple." These afford an almost complete course of theology for the young. In one respect they are, in our judgment, still unequalled, namely, in the quantity of thought they hold. The preacher's aim appears to have been not only to stimulate the workings of the child's mind, but also to present solid matter on which to exercise it. Yet neither thought nor language is ever above the comprehension of an ordinarily intelligent child, while frequent and apt illustrations sustain the interest. Few books have been more often reprinted; its sale in this country even exceeded the demand for it in America, and it has been translated into all the more, and many of the less, important languages of the world. An edition has been issued in raised type for the blind.

The "Student's Manual" was published the same year as the first series of the "Lectures to Children." The book supplied a felt want; the demand for it was immediate, and has been to this day continuous. Upwards of one hundred and fifty editions have been published in

England, and when Dr. Todd was in this country, he was informed that one hundred and fifty thousand copies had been purchased in London alone. In America its popularity was and is yet greater, and large numbers of the Welsh, French and German translations have been sold. The first cause of this vast circulation must be sought in the intrinsic excellence of the work, but very much is due to the fact that, while dealing with a subject of perpetual interest, it still remains without a worthy competitor. The student who desires advice from books as to his studies, his habits, his behaviour, and the formation of his character, must perforce turn to Todd's "Manual," or search through many volumes for counsels on each separate topic. The solitariness of the work furnishes high testimony to its value and efficiency; if the requirements of the large class to whom it is specially addressed were not satisfactorily met, a more successful attempt to answer them would doubtless have been made by another author. Letters from all parts of the globe, gratefully acknowledging benefits received from its perusal, reached the writer at very short intervals to the close of his life. It may be worthy of mention that a leaf of the "Student's Manual" is among the treasures of the Greenwich Hospital Museum; it is preserved as a relic of the Franklin Expedition, the only portion of a book found with the remains.

The cause that impelled Mr. Todd to authorship is even more creditable to him than the productions of his pen. At his father's death his insane mother lived with her brother-in-law, Dr. Jonathan Todd. About the date of the decease of her protector, her son Jonathan married, and took his mother to his home. The change affected her injuriously; she became subject to uncontrollable paroxysms of rage, that rendered her dangerous to all with whom she was brought into contact. No one of her children could support her, and finally she was consigned to the poor-house. Thence her youngest son rescued her; he found a private family willing to accept the charge of her, and wrote books to defray the expenses, bearing the entire burden alone for no less than seventeen years.

While the church at Northampton was under Mr. Todd's care, no definitely marked wave of revival passed over it, yet largely attended inquiry-meetings were held, many "indulged in hope" and professed religion. The pastor was happy amongst his people, the people were more than satisfied with their pastor; both parties confidently anticipated a lengthy connection between them. A call, however, reached him which a strong sense of loyalty to Congregationalism would not permit him to decline. The whole city of Philadelphia did not contain a single Independent chapel. At the earnest request of the promoters of the movement, Mr. Todd presided at the organization of the "First Congregational Church in Philadelphia." To his surprise and vexation, the newly-constituted Society unanimously elected him their minister. Of the importance of the post—to be the sole representative of his denomination in a town wherein some of the ablest Presbyterian divines officiated—there could be no question. Evidently the success or failure of the enterprise depended upon the man who was placed at its head. Very reluctantly he consented to leave Northampton, and thus consummated, according to his

biographer, "one of the greatest sacrifices" of his life.

The church at the head of which Mr. Todd found himself consisted of only twenty-six members, though around that nucleus was a much larger circle of attendants on public worship. While their own sanctuary was building, they assembled for religious purposes sometimes in a hired room, sometimes in the Baptist meeting-house, the congregation growing steadily and rapidly. Notwithstanding his popularity as a preacher, the path of the pastor was by no means smooth. The ministers of the city had welcomed him at first, and looked with no unfavourable eye upon the youngest of the denominations among them. Soon they began to regard the experiment more coldly, and to treat Mr. Todd with much less cordiality. He ascribed the change to jealousy, but it seems more than probable that he mistook its motive and overrated its extent. He complains bitterly of his exclusion from their pulpits on special occasions, forgetting that he could not be so important a personage in the great town of Philadelphia as he had been in Northampton. Then, according to his own confession, his church was a veritable cave of Adullam, wherein the malcontents of other churches took refuge. And he himself walked far from circumspectly with regard to his brethren. At the dedication of his sanctuary he preached a sermon, afterwards printed, on "The Principles and Results of Congregationalism," in which he compared other systems of church government and other creeds with his own, to the exceeding exaltation of the latter. It can scarcely be wondered at that the Presbyterian majority in the circumstances understood this as a declaration of war. Nor was he altogether satisfied with his own flock, the bulk of them young and nearly all seceders from other communions, with more or less hankering after the churches they had left. Soon after his arrival he writes to Mr. Chaplin:

"To tell the truth, I am placed in new circumstances. Human nature does not seem to be the same thing here that it is in New England. Such a thing as real, deep conviction for sin I seldom find. Professors, in talking, praying, speaking in meeting, do not seem to feel that this is of any importance. If they will only '*resolve*' and 'make up their mind,' and all that, they feel that *this* is religion. I cannot find as* it has ever been the case that people here, in general, have had any conviction of sin previous to professing religion. And yet they appear well, and perhaps give as much evidence, taking the year in and out, that they *are* converted, as those in New England who are taught by law. What shall we think of all this? I confess I am at times at a dead loss what to think. That there is, comparatively speaking, no *stability* in such Christians is plain, but I do not know but they are as stable in religion as in anything about which they are no better informed."

As to "conviction for sin," we judge that Mr. Todd's strictures were well founded; at least we regard it as certain that "true repentance" must precede "saving faith;" on the other hand we are free to admit that that sorrow for sin is sufficiently intense which leads to hearty acceptance of God's offers of mercy through Christ. The pas-

* "*As it has;*" American writers often use "*as*" after this fashion.

sage, however, is quoted not for its theological aspect, but as illustrating the writer's views of the character of those among whom he laboured. Extracts from letters and journals might easily be multiplied showing his extreme discomfort at Philadelphia; one may suffice:

"I have been driven almost to madness by the conduct of some of my people. I do not believe that *Edwards* ever had so bad things said of him, such wholesale lies told."

To add to his misfortunes, his salary was paid very irregularly, a full moiety remained permanently in arrears. But the most crushing burden was the debt upon the chapel —twenty-one thousand dollars! It was a perpetual struggle to pay the interest; a period of prolonged commercial depression ensued, the money to meet the interest could not be raised. In their extremity the trustees mortgaged the building to an apparent friend, who thus obtained the right to foreclose. He proved a traitor. The issue shall be told in Mr. Todd's own words, copied from a private note-book:

"*September* 16*th* [1841].

"My people just begin to learn that our church is to be sold, and have been calling all day in great distress. I know not what I can do for them, or how to advise them. The Lord only can guide them, and I pray that He will. The perplexities are almost innumerable."

"*October* 9*th*.

"My birthday! forty-one years! I have tried to recall the mercies of God; to be affected in view of them; to repent before Him, to mourn, and to ask His forgiveness for the past, His aid for the future, His mercy, His compassion, and His Spirit. O, the past,—how solemn in review! the future,—how solemn in prospect! My God, my Saviour, my Sanctifier, O, never forsake me!"

"*October* 19*th*.

"Asked a dismission from my church—a full, solemn, awful meeting. The debt now upon us is intolerable, together with the opposition of restless spirits. I tried to write and speak and act in the spirit of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is the most severe trial that I ever had. But all the providences of God have worked against us, and it seems to be the will of God that Congregationalism should not be established in this city. I have spared no labours, no anxieties, no efforts; but all in vain. God, in His infinite mercy, forgive my sins, frailties, and shortcomings in duty, and bless my poor flock; I have given my heart's love to my people, but must leave them."

"*October* 22*nd*.

"My church met this evening. In the *hope* that they might yet raise the money needed, they voted to postpone acting on my request till Wednesday next, in the evening. Vain hope, as I fear!"

"*October* 23*rd*.

"All my poor flock are hoping, and striving, and praying for deliverance. *I* have very little hope."

"*October* 26*th*.

"To-morrow evening I expect to be dismissed, without home, without property, without employment, without any future prospects, and with the atmosphere poisoned by the insinuations, the reports, and the falsehoods of the disaffected."

"*October* 27*th*.

"No hopes for my people, no deliverance! The Lord hath hedged up the way. We have spent the day

as one of fasting and prayer,—my family and many of the church.

"*Six o'clock.*—The gentlemen have called to inform me that they cannot raise the money. With many tears and an agonized heart they have come to that conclusion.

"*Nine o'clock.*—It is all over! God in His mysterious providence has severed the tie which bound me and my dear flock together. They have, with many tears, voted my dismission, with their unabated respect, affection and confidence. O that I may have a heart to say, 'Thy will be done!' I know, believe, and, blessed be God, *feel*, that He is wise and holy and good. He hath done all things right, I doubt not, all-wisely and all for the best. To Him I commend my helpless family, my afflicted flock, and my own bleeding heart."

The ministry thus ended cannot be pronounced a failure; twice did "times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" come down upon his congregation, and conversions between these showers were far from infrequent.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THE SAVIOUR.

(*Continued from page* 205.)

CHRIST CONQUERING DEATH.—"Think, my dear friend, of *Him* as dying, and having, by devoting Himself to die, conquered death, divested it of its terrors, consecrated and dignified it, and transformed it into a friend."—*John Foster.*

CHRIST PLEADING WITH MAN.—"He doth not only pray for you, but even to you, ye sons of men. Behold Him now, with the eyes of a Christian's faith and hope, standing on the battlements of heaven, having that for His pavement which is our ceiling, offering His blood to wash your hearts, which He willingly lost for your hearts."—*Thomas Adams.*

CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.—"I ought to study Christ as an Intercessor. He prayed most for Peter who was to be most tempted. I am on His breastplate. If I could hear Christ praying for me in the next room, I would not fear a million of enemies. Yet the distance makes no difference—He is praying for me."—*M'Cheyne.*

"O THAT you would stand gazing up into heaven, not with the bodily eye, but with the eye of faith! O what a wonderful thing the eye of faith is! it sees beyond the stars; it pierces to the throne of God, and there it looks on the face of Jesus making intercession for us: 'Whom having not seen, we love; in Whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.'"—*Ibid.*

"WHENEVER one of a kindred is advanced, and made a favourite at court, how will every one of his alliance (though never so far off) challenge kindred of him, and seek favour by him, and seek to be advanced too! And Christ is 'not ashamed' of us his poor kindred; but being allied to us by His nature, He deigns to call us brethren, and is grieved that we come no oftener to Him with petitions of favour to be put up by Him."—*J. Goodwin.*

LOOKING TO JESUS.—"Fix your minds, the eye of your souls, upon Him. Let your souls be to Christ in the like posture as the cherubims were to His type, the mercy-seat. 'To the mercy-seatward were the faces of the cherubims,' Exod. xxxvii. 9. Let the faces of your souls be still towards Christ, your eye often on Him, as the angels, Matt. xviii. 10."—*Clarkson.*

"O THAT men would draw the curtains and look to the inner side of the ark, and behold how 'the fulness of the Godhead' dwelleth in Him 'bodily'! O who would not say, Let me die, let me die ten times to see a sight of Him?"—*Rutherford.*

LOVE OF CHRIST.—"Your continual prayer should be for faith and love. I admired a holy man in France, who, considering the state of one who was full of doubts and fears, forbade him to think of his sins at all, and ordered him to think only of the love of God in Christ. The fruit was, all his fears vanished away, and he lived and died in the triumph of faith."—*John Wesley.*

"PAUL was so much taken with Christ, that nothing sweeter than Jesus could drop from his lips and pen. It is observed that he hath the word Jesus five hundred times in his Epistles."—*Charnock.*

"HE (John) knew that Jesus was like *the alabaster-box* full of 'spikenard, very costly;' and his whole labour was to break the box, and pour forth the good ointment before the eyes of fainting sinners, that they might be attracted by the sweet savour."—*M'Cheyne.*

PRESENCE OF JESUS.—"In spiritual things this world is all winter so long as Jesus is away."—*Ibid.*

SYMPATHY OF JESUS.—"Observe how He is *touched* by our infirmities, with a separate, special, discriminating love. There is not a single throb, in a single human bosom, that does not thrill at once with more than electric speed, up to the mighty heart of God. *You* have not shed a tear, or sighed a sigh, that did not come back to you exalted and purified by having passed through the eternal bosom."—*Robertson.*

"I FIND His presence eateth out the bitterness of sorrow and suffering. I think it a sweet thing that Christ saith of my cross, 'Half Mine;' and that He divideth these sufferings with me, and taketh the largest share to Himself; nay, that I and my whole cross are wholly Christ's."—*Rutherford.*

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.—"Even as the sun, being so high above the earth, doth convey his light and heat and influence upon the inferior bodies, so Christ, being so highly advanced, is fitted to infuse His spirit and grace here below."—*Sibbs.*

"—THE glorified body of Jesus Christ, in respect of the beauty and brightness whereof all light from sun and stars is but a darksome mote and blackest midnight."—*Bolton.*

CHRIST THE WAY.—"All the Word calls us to Christ. After Me, by Me, to Me. After Me, because I am Truth; by Me, because I am the Way; to Me, because I am the Life."—*Adams.*

TRUST IN CHRIST.—"How constantly through the New Testament is it represented that this committing of the soul to the merciful and exalted Saviour, *just as it is*, with all its conscious weakness, incapacity and self-condemnation, is the grand point of safety and immortal hope, is the escape from the oppression of guilt and the fear of death."—*John Foster.*

CHRIST'S TEACHING.—"He did not soar above vulgar apprehension. He did not abound in learned allusions. His images were all taken from familiar scenes. Other teachers were very fine: He was very simple. They were mechanism: He was nature. 'The poor,' therefore, had 'the Gospel preached to *them*,' and 'the *common* people heard *Him* gladly.'"—*Jay.*

KNOWLEDGE LEADING TO CHRIST.

—"Other things should serve and be made use of as a vantage ground to help us to a better prospect of Christ. Every advance in other knowledge should be to us as Zacchæus getting up into the tree that he might see Jesus passing by. Other light should serve us as a candle to find the jewel, the pearl of great price, and view it better; it should be as the opening of the window, or the withdrawing of the curtain to let in the sun, to let in more of this excellent knowledge." —*Clarkson.*

INDEBTEDNESS TO CHRIST.—"I have nothing, nothing to give Christ but poverty, except He would comprise, and arrest my soul, and my love (O if He would do that!). I have nothing for Him. He may indeed seize upon a debtor's person, soul and body, but he hath no goods for Christ to meddle with: but how glad should my soul be, if He would forfeit my love, and never give me it again!"—*Rutherford.*

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—"The angels in heaven in their glistering lustre are the monuments of His liberality, but not of so supreme an affection as is engraven on the body of His cross."—*Charnock.*

CHRIST OUR CAPTAIN.—"As in wars (which the Philistines knew well in putting their hope in Goliath) the chief strength of the soldiers lieth in their captain, so in spiritual conflict all a Christian's strength is in Christ and from Him."—*Sibbs.*

"WHEN princes will themselves in person go into the field, how doth it encourage their subjects and soldiers! Now Jesus Christ, Who is God, came down into the field Himself,—Who is this that comes from Bozrah? Isai. lxiii. 1. It is I, says Christ, that am 'mighty to save.' The heathens thought that if their gods should but come down they were sure of victory. Now God came down, and was found amongst us as a man, and is become a Captain of salvation."—*T. Goodwin.*

"CHRIST'S OFFICE in heaven is the pardon office."—*Ibid.*

CHRIST THE REFUGE.—"Christ will not deliver up those to justice who fly to Him for sanctuary."—*Clarkson.*

[CANTICLES II. 14.]—"As the timorous dove, pursued by the vulture, and well-nigh made a prey, with fluttering, anxious wing hides itself deeper than ever 'in the clefts of the rock' and 'the secret places' of the precipice, so that backslidden believer, whom Satan has desired to have that he might sift him as wheat, when he is restored once more to the all-gracious presence of the Lord, clings to Him with fluttering, anxious faith, and hides himself deeper than ever in the wounds of his Saviour."—*M'Cheyne.*

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN.—"Let us fly by our faithful prayers to this Physician, and entreat Him for that medicine that issued out of His side, 'water and blood,' to cure all our spiritual maladies. And when in mercy He hath cured us, let our diet be a conversation led after the canon of His sacred truth; that whatsoever become of this frail vessel, our flesh, floating on the waves of this world, the passenger, our soul, may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Amen."—*T. Adams.*

LUTHER'S PRAYER AT HIS DEATH. —"Thee, O Christ, have I known; Thee have I loved; Thee have I taught; Thee have I trusted: into Thy hands do I commend my spirit."

I. E. P.

FOUR STEPS TO GLORY.

THERE are Four Steps unto glory,
To that land of cloudless day,
Where the pains of death are over,
And all tears are wiped away;
To the home of "many mansions,"
To the regions of the blest,
Where the "wicked cease from troubling,"
And the "weary are at rest."

Now the *First Step* is "*Repentance*,"
Or true sorrow for our sin,
And a firm determination
The immortal crown to win;
It is coming for forgiveness
To a just and holy God,
Asking mercy through the merits
Of the Saviour's precious blood.

But a *Second Step* is needed,
This is Faith in Christ the Lord,
Which believes each precious promise
Found within the written Word;
Which desires no other refuge,
Which will rest in naught beside
The belief in the atonement
Of a Saviour crucified.

Then the *Third Step* how important!
Works of mercy, deeds of love,
Leading souls from sin and sorrow
To the better home above;
Telling widows of the Father
Who delights each child to bless,
And relieving helpless orphans
In the time of deep distress.

Then the *Fourth Step* unto glory
Is a constant *trust in God*,
Day by day, in cloud or sunshine,
As you tread life's thorny road;
This trust brings light in darkness,
Joy in sorrow, ease in pain;
Turns bondage into freedom,
Earthly loss to heavenly gain.

Thus, in language plain and simple,
Unto you I now have given
Four Steps to the "many mansions"
In the Father's house and heaven.
First, Repentance, true and earnest;
Second, Faith in Jesu's blood;
Third, Good Works of love and mercy;
Fourth, a constant *Trust in God*.

Every step brings rest the nearer,
You must tread them one by one
If you would receive the welcome,
If you'd hear the glad "Well done:"
Seek lost sheep upon the mountains,
Lift the silver from the mire,
Help the prodigals who wander,
Snatch poor sinners from the fire.

And your crown shall shine the brighter
For each act of patient love,
For each weary, earthly pilgrim
Led to brighter worlds above.
But before you can help others,
You must walk the narrow way,
There are Four Steps unto glory,
Will you take the First *to-day?*

EDWARD BAILEY.

TO THE EYEBRIGHT.

PRETTY flower, that lov'st to dwell
Far from rill and mossy well,
On a common bleak and bare,
In the clearest, sharpest air,
Thou a jewel art most fair.

Peeping from thy nest of green,
With a staid and upright mien,
Thou art neither bold nor shy,
With thy bright and honest eye
Looking upward to the sky.

Buzzing round with busy glee,
Thee-ward flies the honey bee,
From thy little cup he sips
Nectar sweeter to his lips
Than to birds the autumn hips.

Like thee may I give delight,
And make sorrow's eye shine bright,
Smooth the roughness of life's way,
Till the weeping of to-day
Is all pass'd for aye away.

PERTH.

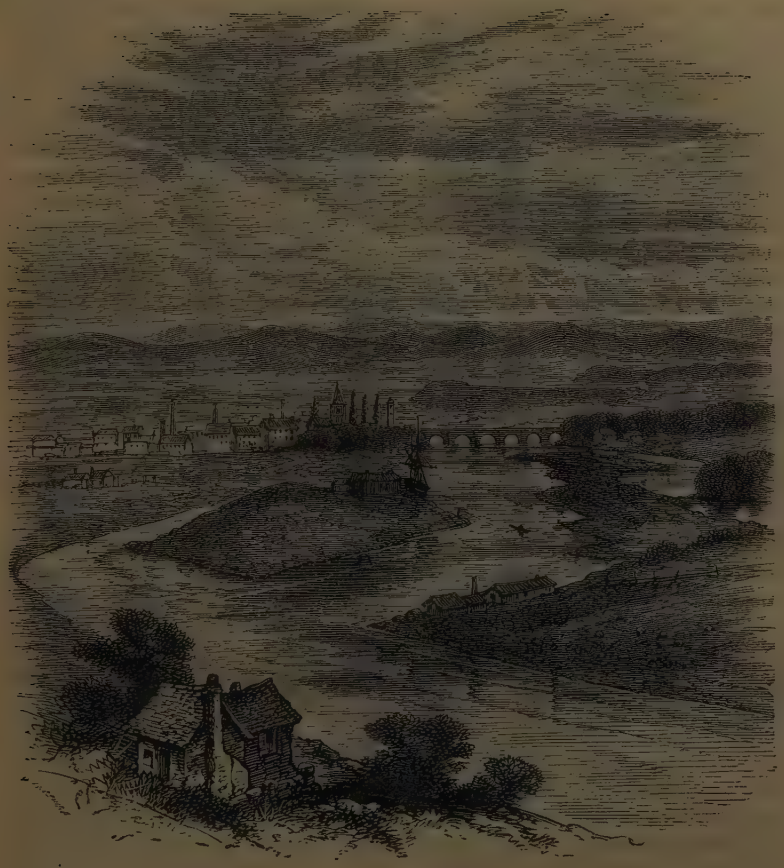
BY THE REV. J. MARRAT.

PERTH, frequently called "The Fair City," stands on a plain intersected by the Tay. It has many historical associations of great interest, and is distinguished in literature as the scene of one of Sir Walter Scott's historical tales. Some of the streets have an antique appearance, and bring to mind days when the splendour

of royal pageants shone on their quaint gables and touches of ornamental masonry. One of the most venerable buildings in the city is St. John's Church, or to use its ancient designation, "The Kirk of the Holy Cross of St. Johnston." According to tradition, it was founded by the Southern Picts soon after their conversion to Christianity. In the course of centuries it was enlarged and beautified, and with its lofty roof, its stately pillars, and rich windows, had all the magnificence of a cathedral; but its revenues having been given to the Abbey of Dunfermline, necessary repairs were neglected, and it was in danger of becoming a complete ruin. Robert Bruce, who had in him something of the Churchman as well as of the soldier, adopted measures for its restoration; and a letter is still extant, in which he requested the Abbot and Convent of Scone to allow stones to be taken for that purpose from quarries of which they were the proprietors. Though much of the imagery with which the church was decorated, both internally and externally, was destroyed at the time of the Reformation, and though the building is now so divided as to accommodate three different Presbyterian congregations at the same hour, it still retains some of the outlines of its former grandeur.

The most pleasing of the modern erections of Perth are the terraces which run along the margin of the Inches. They consist of long rows of substantial and somewhat elegant stone houses, having small gardens in front, which, except during a few months in winter, are bright with a succession of beautiful flowers. But the great charm of Perth is in the natural advantages of its situation. The Tay, over which there is a stately bridge, sweeps past it, and its North and South Inch, level meadows having walks screened by avenues of majestic trees, afford ample space for the recreation of the burgesses, to whom they are ensured in perpetuity by ancient charters. From the Inches the ground is seen rising into heights picturesque with embowered villas, fields, orchards and woods. Kinnoul hill, which, with its slopes and ridges, presents the aspect of a gigantic stairway, seems, when seen at a distance, to touch the town, is separated from it by the river. We cross the bridge, but not without leaning on its parapet to admire the luxuriant foliage which dips down to the waters, whose calm flow is only broken by a gentle splash or a soft ripple. We walk along by garden walls, with leaves and tendrils on their copestones intimating the beauty and fruitfulness within, and here and there have glimpses of shady lawns and flower-beds all aglow with resplendent colour. Coming to the foot of the hill, we begin the ascent, which is so easy as to cause but little weariness. As we reach the higher slopes of the hill, we again and again turn round to look on the towers and spires of the city and the long sweep of the plain on which it stands. At the top of the hill there is a wood, and taking the path through it, we find ourselves on the edge of a precipice more terrible to the eye than Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover. But what a magnificent view! Below us is the Castle of Kinfauns embosomed in trees; the Carse of Gowrie, with its farmsteads, its orchards, and corn-fields, stretches towards Dundee; the Tay, showing blue in the distance, widens into a lake-like expanse; and on the one hand we have the Sidlaws, and on the other hand the Fifeshire hills, each vieing with the other in grace of form and loveliness of hue.

The account of the origin of Perth is not legend, but well-attested history. In the year A.D. 81 Agricola, the Roman Governor of Britain, led the Imperial forces to the north of the country. The Caledonians were unable, with their rude weapons, to resist the advance of the disciplined cohorts, whose victorious eagles were borne forward until the shadow of their wings fell on the sward of the Grampians. When the soldiers of Agricola reached an eminence overlooking the vale of the Tay, they were reminded of a notable scene in their own Italy, and exclaimed, "We have found



another field of Mars on the banks of another Tiber." They pitched their camp on the spot on which Perth now stands, and afterwards built a colonial town, and a wooden bridge over the Tay. They named the town Victoria, but the inhabitants of the country, to whom the houses and temples were marvels of skill, named it Bertha, signifying the Splendid, or the Illustrious. "I have found," says the historian Fordun, "in some old writs, that the town of St. John, now called Perth, was anciently called Bertha." When the Romans retired from Britain, Perth became the principal residence of the Scottish kings, whose imaginary portraits hang in the great gallery of Holyrood Palace. National councils were held there; and for a series of years the city had a political importance greater than that of Edinburgh. It was also distinguished by ecclesiastical magnificence, and abbeys and churches reflected their traceried windows and airy pinnacles in the waters of the Tay. After the battle of Falkirk, Edward the First took possession of Perth, rebuilt its walls, and made it the seat of his deputies. It was held by the English from 1298 to 1312, when it was besieged by Robert Bruce. For want of proper engines, he was unable to make a breach,

but taking advantage of a dark night, he and his faithful followers crossed the ditch, scaled the walls, and soon were masters of the town. Perth again became the centre of the Scottish Government; and though the kings had no palace there, they found ample accommodation in the splendid monasteries with which the city was adorned.

It was in the Black Friars' Monastery that the reign of James the First of Scotland ended in a terrible tragedy. By his energy in reforming abuses and curbing the power of the great barons, James had incurred the resentment of the Earl of Athol, who, with his grandson, Robert Stewart, and Sir Robert Grahame, determined to put him to death. The king had dismissed his guard, and was at supper in the monastery, when Grahame, at the head of a band of armed men, was seen at the portal. The alarm was given, and Catherine Douglas, one of the queen's maids of honour, went to bolt the outer door of the chamber in which the king was sitting, but not finding the bar, pushed her own slender arm as a substitute into the staple. Her generous heroism was of no avail, for the ruffians burst open the door,—the lady's arm being shattered by their violence,—and rushing on the king, despatched him with their daggers, inflicting on him twenty-eight wounds, and also wounding the queen in her attempt to shield him from their strokes. The crime was a frightful one, but not more frightful than the vengeance taken on the criminals.

When the light of the Reformation began to dawn on Scotland, some of the citizens of Perth had the courage to avow their dissent from the superstitions and falsehoods of Popery. Cardinal Beaton, lenient to his own vices, was severe against heresy; and visiting Perth, caused four men and one woman to be sentenced to death, as favourers of the new doctrines. The men were to be hung, and the woman—Helen Stark, the wife of one of them—was to be drowned. Her request to suffer with her husband was not complied with, but she was allowed to accompany him to the scaffold. On the way, she exhorted him to constancy, and as she parted from him, said, "Husband, be glad: we have lived together many joyful days, and this day of our death we ought to esteem the most joyful of them all, for we shall have joy for ever; therefore I will not bid you good-night, for we shall shortly meet in the kingdom of heaven." When her husband was executed, she was conducted to a pool of water, the child she carried in her arms was taken from her, and having commended it and her other children to the charity of her neighbours, she was pushed into the water and held in it until she was dead. The Cardinal saw all this, and such was his cruelty that he was pleased with the sight; but the townspeople were exasperated.

The persecutions intended to hinder, helped on the Reformation; and in 1559, John Knox, being at Perth, preached a sermon in St. John's church, in which he denounced the mass and the worship of images as idolatry. The people, with the exception of a few idlers, quietly left the church at the close of the service, and there would have been no disturbance but for the insolent folly of a priest, who, in order to show his contempt for Knox's arguments, uncovered a rich altar-piece and prepared for the celebration of mass. A boy irritated the priest by a jeering remark, and he struck him. Resenting the blow, the boy threw a stone, which broke one of the images. The noise of the shattered marble as it fell on the pavement was to those who were watching the priest as a signal for action, and in a few moments the altar was demolished and the ornaments of the church were torn down. The tumult brought a mob "of the baser sort" of the townsfolk to the church. They were in a mood for continuing the work of destruction, but as little had been left for them to do in the church, they rushed to the monasteries, and in spite of the remonstrances of the magistrates, shivered the gorgeous windows, defaced the imagery that had been skilfully elaborated in

wood and stone, and turned the chambers in which kings and abbots had held their councils and their feasts into scenes of desolation fit only for the owl and the bat. The Queen Regent, enraged by what had been done to the monasteries, sent her army to take signal vengeance on the citizens of Perth; but the Lords of the Congregation, apprized of her purpose, assembled their forces for the defence of the city. They were animated by so high a spirit that the queen, dreading the consequences of a battle, entered into negotiation with them. The treaty provided that both armies should be disbanded, and that the gates of Perth should be opened to the queen. But she scarcely observed one article of the treaty; and no sooner had the Protestant banners vanished over the hills, than she introduced French troops into the city. Patrick Murray, one of the Reformers, with his family, was looking at the soldiers from a balcony as they marched along one of the streets, when six or seven of them levelled their guns at the peaceful group, and shot Murray's son, a boy about twelve years old. His dead body was carried before the queen, and when told whose son it was that had been slain, she expressed her unqueenly feeling in the remark, "It is pity that it chanced on the son, and not on the father; but seeing that it so hath happened, we cannot be against fortune."

The Lords of the Congregation, indignant at the queen's perfidy, and seeing that she aimed at the overthrow of the civil and religious liberties of the land, again summoned the stout burghers from the towns, and the stalwart farmers from the straths and uplands, to their righteous warfare; and though the queen would have repeated her negotiations with them, they would not trust her amicable professions, but compelled the French to evacuate Perth. From that time the Protestant religion was firmly established in the city, and the people had the advantage of ministers free from priestly pretensions, an evangel (as the Gospel was then called) unobscured by human traditions, and sacraments administered without the addition of Popish mummery.

In the reign of James VI., John Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie, was Provost of Perth. His father had been executed for participation in the Raid of Ruthven, an attempt to rescue the king from his unworthy favourites, Lennox and Arran, by unceremonious though well-intended means. The attempt ended in disaster; the elder Gowrie was brought to the block, and his estates and honours were alienated from his children, but afterwards restored. John was one of the wealthiest barons of Scotland; he used the education he had completed in the University of Padua for worthy purposes; the burgesses of Perth were proud of him as their chief magistrate; and he seemed to have before him a career of unusual happiness and splendour. But the fear or the cupidity of King James involved him in a fate at once sudden and appalling.

On the 5th of August, 1600, James, accompanied by his retinue, rode from Falkland to Perth. The earl was attending a marriage in the city when he was told of the arrival of the king at his house. He immediately went to welcome and entertain him, providing dinner for him and his attendants in separate apartments. Soon after dinner the king was heard shouting, "Treason! treason!" and the earl, hastening to the king's presence, was slain by three of the king's servants—a doom which had overtaken his brother Alexander a few minutes before.

When the people heard that their beloved Provost and his brother had been thus barbarously put to death, they rushed to Gowrie House, and so threatened the perpetrators that the king and his attendants were compelled to keep the doors closed until it was dark, and then to steal quietly away from the city. In justification of his procedure, the king asserted that the brothers, on false pretences, had induced him to enter a closet in which they had placed a man in armour to take his life. There is no

evidence to show that such was the case; but on the other side, the weight of evidence is in favour of the supposition that the king had premeditated the murder of the brothers, and that he fabricated a vile falsehood in order to give some colouring of justice to his crime.

This was Mr. Wesley's opinion, for in the entry in his Journal for May 23rd, 1774, we read: "About ten, I preached to a considerable number of plain, serious, country-people at Rait, a little town in the middle of that lovely valley called the Carse of Gowry. In riding on to Dundee, I was utterly amazed at reading and considering a tract put into my hands, which gave a fuller account than I had ever seen of the famous Gowry conspiracy in 1600. And I was throughly convinced,—1, From the utter improbability, if one should not rather say absurdity, of the king's account, the greater part of which rests entirely on his own single word; 2, From the many contradictions in the depositions which were made to confirm some parts of it; and 3, From the various collateral circumstances related by contemporary writers, that the whole was a piece of king-craft, the clumsy invention of a covetous and bloodthirsty tyrant to destroy two innocent men, that he might kill, and also take possession of their large fortunes."

Perth was the scene of another of the achievements on which James prided himself. This later Solomon, as sycophants called him, with the right hand that was red with the blood of the Ruthvens, could sign a commission for the destruction of a Church which he had sworn to maintain in its primitive order. At the General Assembly of 1590, he "praised God that he was born in such a place as to be king in such a Kirk, the purest Kirk in the world." "The Kirk of Geneva," he said, "keepeth Pasch and Yule. What had they for them? They have no institution. As for our neighbour Kirk in England, their service is an ill-mumbled mass in English; they want nothing of the mass but the liftings. I charge you, my good people, ministers, elders, nobles, gentlemen and barons, to stand to your purity; and I forsooth, as long as I brook my life and crown, shall maintain the same against all deadly." After thus eulogizing the Presbyterian Church, and boasting of what, in his chivalrous enthusiasm, he would do for it, he might have been expected at least to abstain from encroachment on its liberties and interference with its discipline. But the ecclesiastical system of Scotland lost its beauties, and appeared to him as a democratic defiance of royal authority, when he studied it in the light of the English crown and the English mitres; and he spared no pains to assimilate the Church of the North to the Church of the South. By banishing or imprisoning the faithful, and bribing the weak ministers, he succeeded in introducing Episcopacy; and then in obtaining sanction for observances which, though in themselves harmless, were alien to the spirit of the Scotch Church and intolerable to the mass of the Scotch people.

In August, 1618, an Assembly was held in Perth, which, according to Row, the historian, "was not made up of commissioners sent from presbyteries, but of bishops, doctors, deans and such ministers as were the bishop's followers; then the king had his commissioners, and there were sundry noblemen and gentlemen who were written for by the king and bishops, to keep the said Assembly; and sundrie commissioners, sent from presbyteries, were not called upon, nor got they any vote there, the Moderator knowing what they would say." This Assembly, at the instance of the king, passed the Articles known as the Five Articles of Perth. They were:—1. Kneeling at the Lord's Supper; 2. The observance of certain holidays, viz., Christmas, Good Friday, Easter, Ascension, and Pentecost; 3. Episcopal Confirmation; 4. Private Baptism; 5. Private Communicating. It is sufficient to add that these Articles, though confirmed by the Parliament, had as little effect on the obstinate Presby-

terianism of the land, as a proclamation at the Cross in Edinburgh requiring cessation of feud and strife would have had on the clans who brandished their claymores and lifted their fiery standards among the wild lochs and shaggy glens beyond the Grampians.

Perth was visited by Charles I., and also by Charles II., who, after taking the Covenant, was crowned at Scone by the Moderator of the Assembly. The citizens were not so hearty in their welcome of the last of the Stuarts in 1745. A detachment of the Camerons was followed by the Pretender and the main army, which occupied the city for several days, and then marched south, taking away some of the principal inhabitants as prisoners. A few of the rebels remained to guard a store of arms and ammunition, and were attacked by a mob of the townsfolk, but without serious loss of life on either side. The army, on its return from England, would probably have dealt severely with the city in revenge for the attack, but the Duke of Cumberland was pressing forward, and the Highlanders were glad to hasten northward, not dreaming of the awful chastisement that was to come upon them at Culloden. Since then the streets of Perth have never been trodden by soldiers on any other than errands of peace. The history of the city for many years has been peaceful as the Tay in the stillness of a summer evening; and as we look from one of the adjacent heights on the streets and terraces, and on the lovely scenery which stretches from them, we are reminded of the old prophetic words, "Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation."

THE ROYAL ROAD TO RICHES.

CHAPTER VIII.—LEAVING HOME.

JIMMY'S journey to Iowa was a great event in his history. When he started alone from New York in search of his fortune, he was only like a bit of drift-wood, tossed about on the water, not knowing at all where it might carry him, or whether it would land him in a pleasant harbour or on a desert island. But now he went out like a strong ship, with a cargo carefully stored, and a steady hand at the helm. On this great ocean of life, no one can know but that storm and shipwreck await him; but Jimmy meant to meet whatever came, with a resolute heart, and trust in God to guide him safely through.

As the train went rushing away through the darkness, for he started at evening, he could not help thinking of that other journey, and contrasting it with this one. Then he carried all his worldly possessions in the little tin trunk in his hand. Now he remembered the well-filled trunk in the baggage car, which loving hands had packed so carefully, and where every one, from the dear old grandmother to the baby Carrie, had put something which was to remind him pleasantly of the home he had left. By his side was the satchel, where Mrs. Warren had stored an abundant lunch, and in one corner a little bundle of cakes which Alice had put in, with the charge to give them to all the poor children he saw.

"There's no one here to eat them," he thought, as he glanced through the handsome car at the various groups that filled it.

On and on rattled the train, and the tired passengers settled themselves as comfortably as possible for the long night ride, for there were no sleeping cars on the train. At first Jimmy did not feel at all disposed to sleep; he had too many new and strange things to think about. By-and-by, however, he began to doze and dream of his new home in Iowa, and the old one he had just left.

When the uncertain light of the early morning began to rouse the passengers, they were all hurried out of the train by the order to change cars. Jimmy took up his satchel, and was just passing out, when he noticed a poor woman who was trying to make her way through the crowd, with one little child in her arms, and another clinging to her dress, while

she was loaded down with bags and baskets.

"Let me help you," he said, kindly, taking one of her baskets, and lifting the little, struggling child out of the crowd that half crushed it.

The mother thanked him gratefully, and he left them in the sitting-room of the depôt to wait for their train, while he hastened to find his own, which was rapidly filling. There was no lack of children in this day's ride, and Alice's paper of cakes was in great demand.

"Black your boots, Mister!" called the ragged little urchins, as they crowded around the passengers at every change of cars.

"How queer it seems," thought Jimmy, smiling, to himself. "I suppose I used to look just so. I should like to know just how Mr. Warren felt, when I was blacking his boots. I mean to try it."

There were fifteen minutes to spare, so Jimmy put his foot on the block of a keen-looking little fellow, who was loud in his offers to every one who looked at him, to "*black your boots for a dime, Mister!*"

The boy went to work with a will, and Jimmy looked down at him, curiously.

George was waiting for him at the depôt, when he reached his journey's end. He gave him a hearty welcome, eyeing him from head to foot, with a look of the greatest satisfaction.

"I'd have known you anywheres," he declared at last; "but I must say you've shot up amazin' since I first set eyes on you. I've thought about it often and often—that first night you come out with Mr. Warren. You had a kind of wild look out of your eyes, like a colt that ain't broke in; I always liked that look in a boy or a critter; just handle 'em right and they come out tip top."

It was a long ride out to the farm, but George had a great deal to tell of his plans for himself and for Jimmy, and the time passed away quickly enough. There was the route of the new railroad to point out; the place where the steam saw-mill was to be built; and all the other improvements which were to make of Iowa a very garden of beauty and delight.

"There's your farm," he said, at last. "It skirts along by that strip of timber, and comes down to where you see the smoke over that little hummock. That's the smoke of my chimney, and Sairy's there by the winder watchin' for us, I'll be bound. She's a stunner of a woman, Sairy is."

George cracked his whip with complete satisfaction, but Jimmy was too much engaged in examining his farm to care much what kind of a woman a "*stunner*" might be. There it lay, only a mile or so off—*his farm*—the mine in which his fortune lay. He decided in a minute that he had seen no such land as that in all his journey from Ohio.

"The house is right over there," said George, following Jimmy's eyes, "but there ain't any smoke to mark it, and it's getting dusk. The folks moved away last week—went back to Varmount, or somewhere thereabouts, and they'll disgust all their relations, tellin' them what a mis'able country it is up west. I'd like to see a country where such shif'less, no account trash could make a livin', unless cattle growed on thorn bushes, and crops come up all ready for eatin'. Tell you what, Jimmy, I don't make any doubt it was a bad thing that Adam got druv out of the Garden, but somehow it never seemed to me I should relish havin' everything fixed up and sweetened ready to my hand. I believe the Lord must have meant us to get some good out of the curse, after all, for there's nothing ever made me feel better than right-down, solid, hard work. Makes a man feel kind of honourable, as if he had a right to what he ate."

George's home was a plain, substantial farm-house, not yet completed, but built after a western fashion, while timber, ready for building, was dear and scarcely to be obtained. They had finished off a large wing, containing the kitchen and two chambers, and the rest of the house

was waiting for the money to grow out of the fertile ground, in the shape of abundant harvests. "Sairy" was ready for them, with a plentiful supper, which justified her husband's pride in her housekeeping skill; and after a long talk over all that had happened in the old home in Ohio, Jimmy was shown to the great, bare chamber, which was to be his for the next year.

Jimmy unlocked his trunk and began to unpack it. There were books, old friends and new ones—and he filled the great, empty mantel-piece with a substantial row of them. There was the pretty watchcase, wrought by Alice's loving little hands; and he looked at the smooth, white walls, in some doubt whether the model housekeeper would allow of any nails being driven into them. There was the noisy little alarm clock, that had ticked off so many hours for him; he would make a pretty shelf for that: and the beautiful engraving of the "Valley of Peace" he would fasten to the wall on the morrow.

Little Carrie had insisted upon giving him her own china mug, with its painted roses encircling the motto, "*For a good girl.*"

"It'll make a nice shaving mug, you know, Jimmy," suggested Arthur, mischievously.

"It won't look so bad, after all;" thought Jimmy, surveying the room, when he had scattered his pretty keepsakes over it. He had a large card, beautifully illuminated, in his hand, bearing the familiar words,

"*The hand of the diligent maketh rich.*"

"*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord!*"

Good old Mrs. Harmon had given it to him as her parting gift.

"Thee must hang it up in thy new home, friend James," she said, "where thee can see it every day."

"I'll put it right here for to-night," thought Jimmy, hanging it on one of the high posts of the bed, "then I shall see it as soon as I wake."

That first verse always carried Jimmy straight back to the old days when he first spelled out the wonderful promise on the muddy crossing in New York, and he never could wonder enough at the strange ways by which he had been led.

"I have been led, I am sure of that," he reflected; "just as sure as if I could see the Hand that has led me. Nothing ever happened by chance to me, but the Lord has guided me just exactly as Mr. Walters said He would—just as I believe He guides everybody that wants Him to do it."

The new verse came to him like a command and an encouragement from the great unseen Leader whose voice he followed. He saw, as he had never seen before, how one might truly serve the Lord by doing faithfully and diligently the daily work of life to which he was called, and living a humble, earnest, unselfish life, wherever he might be placed.

"I can do that for His service—any one can do that," he thought; and then, thinking of the old and the new, of the days that had been and of those that might be, he fell asleep.

CHAPTER IX.—MISSIONARY WORK.

JIMMY had been in Iowa about two weeks. With the help of a stout man, he had been very busy, repairing fences and putting the barns in order, adding to one of them a long shed for the sheep, which had been accustomed to huddle around the great straw stacks, with no shelter from the severest storms. The shed was a rude affair, and didn't at all suit Jimmy, but carpenters were not to be hired, and George assured him it would do very well.

"'Twon't do to put old Fowler's sheep into too good quarters *all to once*; they'd die of astonishment, most likely; they're used to keepin' warm by exercisin'."

One morning, when Jimmy went over to the house, he was surprised to see the smoke issuing from the kitchen chimney. He looked in at the window, and saw a ragged little boy, about fourteen years

old, sitting on the floor among some old clothes, eating his breakfast, and warming himself by the fire that he had kindled in the old cooking stove. Jimmy watched him a minute, and then took the key from his pocket and quietly opened the door. The boy looked up at him without showing any astonishment, but gave him a familiar nod, and said,

"Mornin', boss."

"Good morning," said Jimmy, not knowing exactly what to say.

"Staid out pretty late, last night, didn't you?" said the boy; "didn't seem to be anybody to home when I came by last night, so I jest histed a winder and stepped in, and made myself comf'table."

"Where are you going?" asked Jimmy.

"Nowheres in partic'lar; I'm lookin' for a place to locate. I stopped a while with a feller down the river a piece, but we had a fallin' out, and I left. Want to hire a hand?"

"For what?" asked Jimmy, a good deal amused. "What can you do? Do you know anything about farm work?"

"Well, no," said the boy, eyeing him from head to foot. "I can't really say as I'm quite posted, but 'taint no great things to learn. I reckon I can get the hang of a sheep pretty quick."

"Where do you live?" asked Jimmy.

"Anywheres at all; jest where I kin find a place."

"But where did you come from, last night, and where were you going to?"

"Trav'lin', boss, trav'lin'." Then giving Jimmy a sharp look, he added, "You needn't be so partic'lar 'bout knowin'; there ain't no reward offered for me. I'll be bound they was glad to get rid of me."

"He's run away from somewhere," thought Jimmy. "I wish I could do something for him, but I don't see how."

"I'll work for my vittles and clothes," said the boy, who seemed to read Jimmy's thoughts in his face.

"I've a great mind to try you; but then there's no place for you to sleep; Sarah wouldn't have you at the house, I know."

"Never mind Sairy," said the boy, saucily; "I'll sleep in the barn."

"Well, come out of here now; I don't want my house burned up; I'll talk to George about it."

The boy gathered up his bundle of rags, and followed Jimmy, whistling merrily.

George was at work near by, and Jimmy went straight to find him.

"George," he began, "didn't you say a stout boy of fourteen or fifteen was just the extra help we needed now?"

"Exactly," said George; "but I know every farmer for twenty mile around, and there ain't such an article to be had."

"I've got a boy out here; I don't feel sure that he'll do, but if we could try him—" said Jimmy, hesitating.

George looked up in astonishment, and then laid down his shovel and walked a few steps to where the boy was leaning over the fence.

"How are ye, old chap?" said the boy.

George took no notice of his question, but looked him steadily in the face.

"You're a runaway," he said, presently. "I saw you up at Mr. Nettleton's, a couple of weeks ago."

"Better send him along," said George to Jimmy.

"What kind of a man is Mr. Nettleton?" asked Jimmy.

"He's a hard old skinflint—a regular miser."

"See here," said the boy, more civilly, "you might give a feller a chance. I come out o' jail, when the old man up yonder took me, and I'd a heap sooner be locked up agin' than to live with him. Hard work, and cuffs, and nothin' decent to eat."

"That's so," said George, musingly; "I staid there once to dinner. If my Sairy was such a mean cook, I believe I'd run away too."

"I should like to try him, if you think it'll do," said Jimmy. "You see, George,

I can't help remembering how much has been done for me, and how people were kind to me when I was no better than he is."

"You never was such a little villain as that, I'll be bound for you," said George, indignantly. "But if he'll sleep in the barn, I reckon Sairy'll give him his meals. It's most April now, and he'll do comfortable enough on the hay with a blanket or two."

So Jimmy agreed with the boy that he was to have a fair trial, and, if he did well, was to receive regular wages,—whatever he could fairly earn. He seemed well pleased with the arrangement, and took up his quarters in the barn with a great deal of satisfaction.

George and Sarah watched him with much distrust, and even Jimmy felt that he could not quite trust him; but he seemed to learn the ways of the farm readily, and Jimmy spent a great deal of time in teaching him to read and write, and trying to train him to respectability. He said over and over, to himself, when he was almost discouraged, "He's no worse than I was—they all had patience with me, and the Lord cares for him just the same as he does for any one else." Yet, in spite of all, he could not help feeling that the boy was *not* like him, and that he did not honestly wish to do right and be a good, true man in the world.

WASTED HOURS.

Thomas Carlyle writes, in his strange style, "This glorious sun of ours, with its mighty energies of light and heat, is but the porch-lamp before the door of dark, unbounded space." Suppose instead of "sun" we put "time," and instead of "space," "eternity,"—does not the idea hold good—that time is the porch-lamp, and that the light shed from it upon life's pathway is intended to teach us to prepare ourselves for the vast realities of eternity? Each, after living a few years in this world, passes out into the unseen, there to live a life without end. How solemn a thought! and how fitted to impress on our minds the value of that portion of time which we spend on earth! Having started on our little journey across those busy, bustling scenes which make up human life, we then go forth into the splendours or horrors of eternity. And yet, short as life is—a span, a dream, a vanishing vapour—we live it only *once*.

Having, then, each of us, only one life on this earth and that a short one, who can estimate the value, real and relative, of each of its component parts? Life is made up of very small portions: moments, minutes, hours, days. Many, like the spendthrift with his gold, think that their store of hours will never end, and yet they so rapidly and so silently steal away, that hour after hour imperceptibly wastes, and life is half gone before they find out how valuable it is.

We all love to see a farm well tilled; and we commend the farmer who makes his land raise the finest crops it is capable of producing. We also commend the manufacturer who so employs his material as to secure the best article at the smallest cost, and the capitalist who so uses his money as to secure the best interest. And in passing through life, may we not regard ourselves as farmers, manufacturers, and capitalists? Does not each find a farm to till in his own heart, and intellect, and soul? Have we not powers given to us which are God-like in their range and capacity, and which we are bound to cultivate to the best possible advantage? Has not each to manufacture, out of the warp and woof of his time and talents, a character and a destiny for immortality? What golden coinage can equal the value of time? and shall we let its precious moments slip through our fingers unimproved? Are not reflections like these well worthy the attention of responsible beings like ourselves? An hour wasted belongs to the irrecoverable past; an hour well improved belongs to him who so used it, and that, too, for ever. No one can rob him of the experience and wisdom

gained, or of the good done, in that one fugitive hour.

We all know that one of the easiest things in the world is to spend money; is it not an equally easy matter to waste time? And as practice in most things makes perfect, so spendthrifts and time-wasters may pursue their evil habit till they become proficient. A man may get into the way of letting money slip through his fingers so easily as to be quite astounded when he finds his pocket empty and his fortune gone. And some people, too, grow so accustomed to wasting time, that they are startled to madness when they hear the knell of a departed life sounding in their ears.

Solomon reads us several lectures on this subject. He speaks very strongly about those who waste hours in bed. But against this habit so much has been said and written, and the unwisdom of it is so patent to all, that a passing notice of it will be quite sufficient. It is true, the body must have a due share of our time and attention—must be fed, clothed, and rested. No one would blame a hungry man for wasting the time needful for him to do justice to a good dinner. And no one would prefer a charge against the weary, worn-out labourer who for six or seven hours was sweetly sleeping in his cottage home. To meet the necessities of our physical nature, a due share of time must be given. He who neglects to eat and sleep sufficiently because he says he cannot spare the time, is about as bad an economist as the engine-driver who cannot afford time to oil his wheels or feed his fire. Nevertheless the very fact that so large a portion of our time *must* be devoted to the necessities of our earthly being, ought to make us more rigidly economical in the use of the portion left.

There is a certain class of time-wasters whom the world, with a kind of patronising irony, calls "busybodies." These use up their spare hours in the profitless occupation of attending to other folks' business, and that, too often, to the neglect of their own. These waste life by inverting God's order. Our own interests claim our *first* attention, and *then* those of our neighbours. There are sometimes cases in which self-sacrifice becomes the loftiest duty; but as a rule, our time is lent us for ourselves,—that we may have scope for the exercise of all the other talents committed to our charge. How can they answer God's design concerning themselves, who are ever needlessly meddling with the affairs of others?

Do not imagine that we would for a moment endorse the conduct of those whose maxim seems to be—

"Self first, self last, self middle, and without end."

Quite the contrary. We think that a man who lives and acts upon this selfish principle, is like a farmer who ploughs and harrows his land, but neglects to put in the seed. He may hope to rear nothing but a crop of weeds. Most of the noble qualities of man's nature are brought out by his intercourse and relations with others. We are as much bound to cultivate and improve all our faculties for the benefit of our fellow-men as for our own. We are responsible for the right employment of our talents, whatever they may be, first of all to the God Who gave us them, then to those among whom we live, and who are necessarily influenced by our life and example. Was Shakespeare's genius bestowed upon him for himself alone? Does it not belong to the whole world for all ages to come? Were Homer, Virgil, Dante and Milton gifted with the fire of genius simply by chance and for their own profit only? Are not their works immortal and ever bearing fresh fruit? And their responsibility, too, will last as long as the effects of their works, whether for good or for evil. We are just as responsible for the proper use of our smaller, as they for their greater talents, and for time precious to us as to them. Are not we under solemn obligation rightly to employ our time, money, memory and skill? Is not every wasted hour not only a direct loss to ourselves, but an injustice to our

fellows? Were that hour improved, others would share in the benefit. The various members of society are so mutually dependent, that no man can improve his money and grow rich without benefiting other people: tradesmen, servants, dependents, friends and a host of others, share to some extent in the prosperity of the amasser of wealth. So neither can a man cultivate the faculties of his mind and grow rich in knowledge and wisdom, without others becoming somewhat wiser and better for it.

These remarks are primarily designed for young men. Most of these know what a leisure hour means now-a-days. Thanks to the exertions of our fathers, the hardest worked among us now has generally an hour or two a-day which he can call his own. It is these *spare hours* which we wish to have well employed. They are a precious boon, or rather a precious *right*, which cost long years and much hard work to obtain for us, and surely, being so precious, we should use them well. The great danger is lest many should be very little better, and lest some should be much worse, for having more spare time.

A cosy chat on a neighbour's hearth-stone, an hour with the newspaper, a little innocent amusement, are all allowable, and some count them as among the sweets of life. But as too much sweet-stuff will spoil the best of stomachs, so too much recreation will tend to unnerve us for fighting the stern battle of life. Those who are always chatting on neighbours' hearth-stones grow by degrees to be idle gossips, tittle-tattlers and scandal-mongers. Newspapers are necessities of modern life, as much as railways or steam-ships; but can you find a shallower man than he whose only library is the daily paper? unless it be he who never reads at all. What man, except a lawyer or student of evidence, is now better for having waded through all the tautologies of the Tichborne case? And yet how much real wisdom and solid knowledge thousands might have obtained during the hours they occupied, not to say wasted over that monstrous trial! Dr. Young declares:

> "Time destroyed
> Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."

Admit the truth of that, and can a more sorry sight be witnessed than that of an accountable and immortal being intentionally killing time, or catering for a few hours' fleeting pleasure—pleasure from which no permanent benefit can possibly be derived?

We grant that physical exercise is necessary for both body and mind, especially to the dwellers in large towns; and that portion of time which is used in giving tone to the system is well spent. We have no desire to deprive our hard toilers of their summer evening's walk or of their healthful recreation. But what about some portion of time for mind-feeding? What about long winter evenings? Are these to be frittered away and added to the list of already wasted hours? Will not our young men mutually aid in saving each other's time? Can they not unite in a kind of joint-stock company, whose object shall be, not only to prevent each other from wasting, but to aid each other in improving, their time? Such a concern, rightly worked, will pay its members good interest. He who puts into it minutes and hours of hard brain-work and diligent reading, will not only confer benefit upon others, but his deposits will come back to him in precious knowledge, rather to be chosen than silver, and in a quickened understanding. The more capital each invests, the more interest he will draw.

We hope the reader is more than convinced that it is his *duty* not to waste, but to improve his time. It may not be easy to escape from habits of trifling once formed. But let him think of the interests at stake. Wasted hours may lead to a wasted life,—a life spent with no due regard to the claims of Christ and of religion. And a life so spent would be followed by an awful eternity. Whatever may be the difficulties in the way, they are nothing when compared with

the tremendous issues pending. Thus much is certain, if we do not set ourselves to redeem the time, no one else can redeem it for us. And he who begins in the strength of God will find the task grow less difficult as he proceeds. Each successful attempt will serve to render the next victory less arduous. Our old schoolmaster used to say, "There is only one thing better than trying, and that is, doing." And when a boy's brains had been puzzled over some tight arithmetical question till he was ready to despair, it was consoling to hear that he had achieved the *next* best thing to success. Most work is hard at starting, but begun all work must be if it is ever to be completed.

In conclusion, we observe there are four things we should all do well to remember:—1. Our time is not our own, it belongs to the God Who gave it; and should be used first for our own improvement, and then for the benefit of our fellow-men. 2. That it will greatly aid us in economising time to adopt a judicious division of our spare hours. 3. The profit gained in a well-spent hour can hardly be entirely lost. It has no wings, like riches, and can never fly away, nor can any one take it from us. 4. Let us never forget that our hours, according as we use them well or ill, determine the happiness or the woe of endless ages.

G. A. P.

THE SPOT OF INK; OR, LOTTIE'S FIRST PRAYER.

A TRUE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

Lottie G—— was the youngest but one of six little girls, who lost their young and beautiful mother very early in their childhood; and we all know what an irreparable loss that is to children of either sex, especially to girls. These children had a very loving, kind father, but he never saw them from breakfast-time till after his late dinner, so that they were necessarily left very much to the care of governess and nurse. Lottie's health being from her birth very delicate, she was sent to the country to the house of her grandmother, a godly old lady, one of the first followers of John Wesley, who showed Lottie, by example and precept, what it was to know and love God her Saviour. She was taught to sing hymns and to sew; and she trotted about the house, garden and fields, after her grandmother, a happy child, growing stronger daily in the pure, sweet country air. Naturally she became greatly attached to this venerable lady, and it was the first trial of her young life when she heard that her father had married again, and that her new mother wished to have Lottie home to train with her five sisters. His wife's wish was endorsed by Lottie's good father, and he wrote to his mother to have the child ready by a certain day, promising that he himself would come for her and bring her home. It was a long journey in those days, sixty or seventy years ago, when there were no railways, or steamboats, or telegraphs. A lumbering stage-coach took a day and night to travel the hundred and twenty miles that separated Lottie's two homes. However, her father was very kind to her, and soothed her as well as he could after the trying separation from her beloved grandmother.

In due time she arrived at the handsome city house, with its numerous servants, and was welcomed to the nursery by her sisters and the old nurse. When dressed, she was taken to the drawing-room to be introduced to her new mother.

Mrs. G—— was a stately, fashionable lady, quite determined to do what she thought best for her husband's children, without consulting their feelings. She meant to make them women of the world, and acted accordingly. They had masters in every accomplishment that was then fashionable—were taken to church once on Sundays, and taught their Catechism. But the sweet teaching that Lottie was accustomed to was wanting, as well as the Christian sympathy from

which it sprung, and the Christian conduct by which it was exemplified. Poor Lottie pined sadly for her country home! Her new mother was jealous, and did not, or would not, understand her feelings. Except for the love of her father, she would have been quite unhappy, for her sisters were gay and healthy, unused to the companionship that she missed, and, with the carelessness of children, they did not mind her timid, sad look. If she would play like the rest, well and good; if not, she might mope alone.

Matters were in this state when, in return for all her bridal parties, Mrs. G—— gave a grand dinner party to her own and her husband's friends. She was not a young person, and she felt it added some prestige to her on the occasion to be surrounded by her six daughters, some of them very pretty, lively children, and all nicely dressed. The four elder ones were, as a great favour, allowed to appear at the dinner-table, and Lottie and her youngest sister were to come in with their nurse to dessert. According to the programme, the two little girls were to stand one on each side of the new mother, to get their *bon bons* and oranges. It was a busy day in the household, so that the nurse had to give some help in the ordering of the table. To allow her time for other matters, she dressed the two little girls early; their hair was curled, and hung over their shoulders, and they wore beautiful embroidered frocks of white muslin and rose-coloured sashes of wide French ribbon, with shoulder-knots of the same. The nurse told Lottie and Amy to be very quiet and good, and that she would come for them when dinner was over and bring them in to dessert, and promised them a grand evening in the drawing-room. Then she left the nursery and shut the door, having the weight of the dressing off her mind. For a while the two little girls sat quietly, and chatted to each other about their dolls and other childish subjects. By-and-by they began to think nurse was a long time away, and they got restless, and walked about the room, and into every corner, quite forgetting the charge of nurse that they should not *stir* from the chairs where she placed them, lest they should toss their nice frocks or tumble their hair. In an unlucky moment, however, they spied an ink-bottle on the shelf which their sisters had been using.

Amy said to Lottie, "O, Lottie, here is the ink-bottle and the pens, and you and I will write letters! Won't that be fun?"

Nothing loth, Lottie joined her little sister, and as they handed the bottle from one to the other, it overturned, and a large blotch of ink stained the front of poor Lottie's handsome white frock. The little child's heart died within her. Whatever was she to do? Her stepmother would see it, and be so *very* angry, and she would be sent out of the drawing-room, and probably be punished to-morrow. Lottie is now a very old woman, and has had many trials, but she never had a moment of more intense anxiety than *that*. What was she to do? Amy, who had been the tempter, was amusing herself, and never minded Lottie's trouble. She had not soiled her frock, and she feared nothing; besides, she was almost too young to think deeply. At last the thought came into Lottie's mind, "Grandmother told me that *God could do everything*, and she asks Him for whatever she wants, and maybe if I ask Him He will take this spot out of my frock, or He will hide it in some way from mother, so that I shall not be punished to-morrow."

While Amy was amusing herself with the pen and ink, too much engaged to notice her, Lottie went to the corner of the fireplace, out of sight, and just lifted up her heart with these words, "O Lord, Thou canst do everything, pray take away this spot of ink, or hide it so that mother may not see it and punish me for it. Amen." She had often *said her prayers*, but she told me herself that *this was her first prayer;* and her prayer was answered. By-and-by, nurse came in her best chintz gown, and lace cap and ribbons, and took the little girls in to dessert, and after placing one on each side

of her mistress at the head of the long table, with its array of guests, she left the room, too full of other thoughts ever to have seen the spot of ink. Wonderful to relate, this eagle-eyed stepmother had Lottie beside her till the nurse came to take her to bed. She was in good spirits, helped her to cake and fruit, and *never saw the ink-spot!* nor did any one else notice it. The dress was put away for washing after the party, and if the laundress saw the spot, she took it out, and never spoke of it in the house. Amy forgot it, so that the secret was Lottie's own, and His to Whom the secrets of all hearts are known, Who thus honoured a little child's faith and heard her prayer.

Many a prayer of hers for herself and others He has heard since. She early cast in her lot with the people of God. Afterwards she brought up children of her own and others, she relieved the poor, and followed diligently every good work; and now, full of years, she is enjoying a happy old age, waiting for the salvation of God, and ready for the call to *come up higher*.

R. R T.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MRS. CORNABY.

Mrs. Cornaby was born at Bermondsey, and at the age of fourteen gave her heart to God and joined the Methodist Society. For seven years consecutively she was a teacher in the Sunday-school of Southwark Chapel. In this work, the fruit of which still remains, she continued till her marriage in 1840. For some years she resided in Southwark, taking a special interest in a mission connected with Southwark Chapel in Blackfriars-road, at which place she was a Leader for several years.

In 1852 she removed with her family to Sydenham. The Wesleyan Society there was in its infancy, and she thoroughly identified herself with all its interests. During many years she was a Class-leader at Sydenham, and discharged her duties with zeal, fidelity and diligence. One part of Christian work in which she took a special interest was the Dorcas Society, of which she was the originator. Her comparatively robust health was first shattered, as the result of family bereavement, five years ago. This first great sorrow was succeeded by a series of family bereavements, scarcely a year passing without some additional grief; the last, the death of her second married daughter (Mrs. Charles Bowyer, of Upper Norwood), occurring only a few months ago. A stroke of paralysis, the precursor of the final attack, brought her to the point of death about two years since; but she rallied so thoroughly that she was able to take her ordinary place in her family and the Church, though relinquishing the more public duty of Class-leader.

On Sunday, January 16th, 1876, she attended the evening service in the Sydenham Chapel, and remained to the prayer-meeting, in which she was noticed to join most heartily, especially in the refrain,—

> "I the chief of sinners am,
> But Jesus died for me."

On returning home after the service she was observed to be ill, and the medical man pronounced the attack to be a second seizure of paralysis. With alternate variations, which sometimes revived the hopes and at other times excited the fears of her family, she lingered till Wednesday, January 26th, when she sweetly breathed her spirit into the hands of her Lord.

During her last illness she expressed strong confidence in Christ.

> "Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
> Or hide for one moment my Lord from my eyes,"

was her frequent language. She spoke much of Christ as "a Rock;" and loved to hear sung or read the hymn beginning "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." "Able

to save," and "Under the shadow of Thy wings," were constantly upon her lips. On her last Sabbath she requested her family gathered around her to sing, "Sweet rest in heaven." Her conversation betokened true humility and gentleness of spirit. "I love everybody;" "I want all the world to know of Jesus' love," were among her last expressions. Thus has passed away from our Church a gentle, noble and loving spirit, respected and beloved by all who knew her.

W. G.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Mister Horn and His Friends; or, Givers and Giving. By MARK GUY PEARSE. Fourth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.—Of the first edition of "Mister Horn," we wrote, in December, 1872:—

"It has seldom fallen to our lot to read a little book so fresh, so vigorous, so racy. We do not know whether to admire most its combined humour and pathos, the perfect naturalness of the narrative, or its sound and wholesome moral. For pungent, pithy plainness of speech, it is quite equal to Mr. Spurgeon's most popular work, 'John Ploughman's Talk.' The book is written to enforce and illustrate the maxim, *a man ought to think as much about giving as about getting.* It would be difficult to name a volume so likely to make men of this opinion as 'Mister Horn and his Friends.'"

A second perusal has only confirmed our good opinion of the work. Handsomely printed and bound, profusely illustrated, the "get-up" of the book is as attractive as its matter. One or two of Mr. Tresidder's head-pieces to the chapters are specially happy and well executed. The full-page pictures are generally worthy to accompany the smaller ones.

Vessels unto Honour: A Word for Christian Workers. By the Author of "Onward to God." London: F. E. Longley.—Is one of an "Envelope Series" of tracts. Its counsels are judicious, its exhortations forcible.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR SEPTEMBER, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Aug. 28	5 6	6 55	7 27a	1 33m	4 35m	9 26a	5 6m
Sept. 7	5 22	6 32	7 3	1 26	4 31	8 50	4 23
17	5 38	6 9	6 35	1 29	4 30	8 14	3 39
27	5 54	5 46	6 3	1 39	4 27	7 39	2 56

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3rd, Full Moon ..... 9h. 13m. after.	17th, New Moon .... 9h. 54m. after.
11th, Last Quarter .... 4h. 20m. morn.	25th, First Quarter .. 0h. 3m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

September 14th	4h. after.,	Perigee; distance	227,605 miles.
„ 26th	2h. after.,	Apogee; „	251,245 „
Mean distance for the month			239,425 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Sept. 1st	92,459,660 miles.
Oct. 1st	91,706,620 „
Decrease of distance for the month	753,040 „

A partial eclipse of the Moon on September 3rd will be visible at Greenwich, and throughout almost the entire of Europe, Asia and Africa. The first contact with the penumbra occurs at 6h. 47m.; the first contact with the shadow at 8h. 15m.; the last contact with the shadow at 10h. 29m.; and the last contact with the penumbra at 11h. 57m. in the morning, Greenwich mean time. At the middle of the eclipse about a third of the Moon's diameter will be in the Earth's shadow.

A total eclipse of the Sun will be visible on the 17th in the South Pacific Ocean. It begins on the Earth generally at 7h. 12m. in the afternoon, in longitude 160 deg. east of Greenwich, and latitude 10 deg. north; and ends on the Earth generally 26m. after Greenwich midnight, in longitude 100 deg. west of Greenwich, and latitude 48 deg. south. The line of the central eclipse begins a degree and a half southward of the Equator at 144⅓ deg. east longitude, and so a little to the north of New Guinea; runs eastward nearly parallel to the Equator to 160 deg. east longitude; then bends downward, through the South Pacific, and ends at 85 deg. west longitude, and 60 deg. south latitude, to the south-west of Cape Horn. The northern line of simple contact begins at 147 deg. east longitude, and 31½ deg. north latitude, crosses the Equator at 145 deg. west longitude, and ends at 86½ deg. west longitude, and 27 deg. south latitude.

On the 22nd, at 5h. in the afternoon, the Sun enters Libra, and the autumn quarter commences.

On the 19th, at 11h. in the evening, *Mercury* will be behind the Moon, only two minutes from the centre of her disc, as seen from that point of the Earth's surface, where the Moon will then be vertical. Consequently at this point, and throughout a large district round it, the planet will be occulted. This planet will be in aphelion on the 8th an hour before noon. On the 17th it will be at its greatest elongation, 26 deg. eastward; and on the 28th it will be at its greatest distance southward from the plane of the Earth's orbit.

Venus is the morning star. On the 14th it will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon, and on the 23rd it attains its greatest western elongation from the Sun, 46 deg.; seen in a telescope the form will then be semicircular.

Mars is a morning star, barely visible before sunrise. On the 17th it will be occulted by the Moon at some regions of the Earth's surface extending from the Equator southward.

Jupiter sets at a comparatively early hour in the evening. On the 2nd, at half-past seven, the fourth satellite only will appear separate from the planet, close to the disc on the south side; the second satellite will be on the disc, and the first and third behind it.

Saturn will be on the meridian on the 11th at 11h., and on the 25th at 10h. in the evening, and will of course be visible through the greater part of the night. On the morning of the 3rd it will be occulted by the Moon, but not to us; it will then be below our horizon.

Uranus rises on the morning of the 10th at 3h., and on the 26th at 2h.

Neptune rises on the evening of the 7th at 8h., and on the 22nd at 7h.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

SIAM AND LAOS.

European knowledge of Further India, of which Siam and Laos form the central States, can scarcely be said to date back beyond the latter half of the present century. This has been owing mainly to the extreme reserve of the natives, who have sought in all possible ways to preserve each independent State from the encroachments of foreigners. These prejudices have, however, been to a great extent overcome through the efforts of American missionaries, who, having obtained access to the country, assure us that it is well worthy of exploration.

The chief physical characteristic of Siam and Laos is the parallelism of the mountain ranges, which run from north to south, enclosing valleys remarkable for their fertility and the picturesqueness of their

scenery, and watered by rivers of considerable size. At the mouth of the river Meinam stands the city of Bankok, the present capital of Siam. A curious-looking place it is; for, in obedience to royal orders, the dwellings of the humbler classes are built on bamboo rafts in the river, the privilege of building on the banks being reserved for persons of distinction.

A long line of huts stretches for several miles up the river. These are fastened by chains to each other and to the shore, and are further secured by poles driven into the bottom of the stream, so that the houses can rise and fall with the tide, without endangering the safety of their inmates. On the river-banks are built the residences of the aristocracy, and the palaces of the two Kings of Siam. The first of these is the highest officer of the realm, whilst the second acts as his representative.

To America alone belongs the honour of preaching amongst the Siamese and Laotians "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." At Bankok, Presbyterian missionaries from that country have for more than thirty years combated the errors of Buddhism, the established religion of the Siamese, or *Tha a Fai* ("Free men"), as they style themselves. This creed—which has been characterised as "the best religion man ever made," and when found in its purity is by no means wanting in spirituality—exists in Siam only in a very corrupt form. It is now rapidly losing its hold on the higher classes, the majority of whom are practical infidels. The masses of the people are professedly Buddhists, but are in reality gross idolaters. Their principal objects of worship are the great sleeping idol and the white elephant. The former, which is an hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet high, is entirely overlaid with plates of gold. It has its throne at Bankok, in the temple of Wat Poh, whither many hundreds of devoted pilgrims annually repair to do it homage. White elephants are also treated with universal and profoundest reverence. They are kept in magnificent stalls in the palace grounds, and adorned with gold and jewels, and are led out at stated seasons to receive the enthusiastic adulation and worship of the natives.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of these superstitions, Christianity is tolerated and its ministers respected; and though its progress cannot be called rapid, not a few of the Siamese have been led to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. Special efforts are being made to raise the social condition of females. Schools for girls have been erected with very encouraging results, for the pupils are eager in the pursuit, and by no means slow in the attainment of knowledge. The adult population have also been instructed by the missionaries in many useful arts. Vaccination has been introduced with most salutary effects. At Ayuthia, the former capital, and at Petchaburi, a charmingly situated town, and the great summer resort of the King and the

European residents of Bankok, the Gospel is being preached with marked success.

In Laos the mission work is of more recent date, yet the truth has been carried to many of the villages scattered up and down the magnificent forests which cover a large proportion of the country. Our engraving represents a scene which often meets the eyes of the travelling missionary. A group of natives are seated on the ground in an open space in one of the forests glades, watching the gestures and listening to the animated words of two village orators, who are discussing the merits of a deceased comrade. At a little distance three or four natives are superintending the burning of the corpse. This will be followed by wrestling and the wild games peculiar to the funeral ceremonies of the Laotians. Like the Siamese, they are not unwilling to lend an ear to the words of the missionaries; for amongst both nations are traceable symptoms of dissatisfaction with a system of religion which has now fairly worn itself out.

The principal mission-station is at Chang-Mai, the capital, which has a population of about fifty thousand souls. Here the Bible has been translated into the language of the natives, many of whom have been soundly converted, whilst many more are anxious to learn to read for themselves the Book which contains the principles of the white man's religion. G. M. A.

JOHN TODD.

V.—HIS LAST PASTORATE, AND DEATH.

Mr. Todd did not remain long without a pastoral charge. Scarcely was it known that his connection with Philadelphia had ceased, when

he received a call to the First Congregational Church, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. A more marked change than from Philadelphia to Pittsfield cannot be easily imagined. The latter was a small town of about four thousand inhabitants, chiefly engaged in agriculture. It possessed a few manufactories, which steadily increased in importance. It was situated in the midst of a valley, with thickly-wooded mountains all round it. The winter's cold was intense; once Mr. Todd was actually frost-bitten when preaching from the pulpit. Accustomed as he had been to aggressive work, it seemed doubtful whether he could undertake successfully and happily the care of a settled and established congregation. The doubt was speedily dispelled, and Pittsfield became Mr. Todd's home for the remainder of his life. The tranquil pastorate of thirty years affords little to record. The church prospered, frequent showers of revival visited it, and the ordinary ministry also was greatly blessed. At the first of these "times of refreshing" occurred a touching and pleasing incident. About thirty persons were assembled in the inquiry-room; this room was so dimly lighted that Mr. Todd found it difficult to distinguish the features of those with whom he was conversing. He sat down by a child evidently in deep distress, and said, "My little one, do you so feel your sins that you feel your need of a Saviour?"

"I do—O, I do!"

"Whose little girl are you?"

"Why, father! I'm your own Mary."

In due course his daughter became a member of his church.

Peaceful as was Mr. Todd's life at Pittsfield, it was by no means idle. Careful preparation for the pulpit, conscientious oversight of the individual members of his flock, editing and composing articles for religious newspapers and magazines, not to mention omnivorous yet thoughtful reading, left him barely time for necessary recreation. Nor could he confine his labours to his own parish. The claims upon him as one of the foremost of American Congregational ministers, alike eloquent in pulpit and on platform, wise in counsel, and skilful in administration, were numerous and heavy. Busily, successfully, and congenially employed, his last thirty years were the happiest of his life. Almost his only sorrows arose from bereavements; sorrows, however, to a man of his strong and sensitive affection, peculiarly distressing.

In the year 1845 Williams College conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and elected him one of its trustees. Ten years later he sailed to England, and travelled over the greater part of this country, and also in France and Germany. He was genuinely astonished at the extensiveness of his celebrity, and the respect that was shown him. Yet more was he gratified by the many testimonies borne to the usefulness of his books.

No account of Dr. Todd, even so brief as our own, can omit all reference to his recreations, to which his filial biographer devotes numerous pages. After his settlement at Pittsfield, some weeks of nearly every summer were spent in the backwoods, living the life of an Indian and enduring the fatigues of a hunter. Very rarely did he secure any of the spoils of the chase, and from clumsiness in the use of his weapons, but from kind-heartedness, that would not allow him to put the

animals to death. When at home, he invariably had some "hobby" on hand, which served at least to counteract any deleterious effects of excessive attachment to his study. Perhaps his pet hobby was his workshop, which he filled with every conceivable sort of carpenter's tool, and in which he placed a wonderful lathe, whose praises he never tired of singing. In process of time he became a very tolerable carpenter and turner. His other fancies were not as profitable. Now he would set his heart on bees, nothing discouraged by the fact that those insects invariably manifested a peculiar aversion to his person, and stung him without mercy. He began bee-keeping in an attic at Philadelphia, to the intense annoyance of his neighbours; but his bees strangely refused to gather honey, not for lack of flowers, but because the sugar in the grocer's shop was quite as good eating, and required less trouble to procure. His final experiment with bees occurred at Pittsfield. He possessed forty swarms; some one informed him his insects would endure the extreme severity of the winter with least inconvenience if the hives were buried in the ground. Forthwith the whole forty swarms were interred, but, alas! when the coffins were exhumed in the spring, they had no living tenants! His fowls shared a similar fate. Observing a very handsome bird by a cottage-door, he bought it, and turned it into his yard; the result may be imagined, when it is said he had purchased a highly-trained game cock!

Even more amusing anecdotes might be told about the innumerable hobbies in the pursuit of which Dr. Todd's restless energy found vent. One may be given, as it illustrates the authority he had acquired over his parishioners. A certain Mr. C—— had forestalled "Rob Roy" as a navigator of rivers in a canoe. Ever eager after some new thing, Dr. Todd commenced a correspondence with the aforesaid gentleman, whose face he had never seen. A wealthy resident at Pittsfield commissioned Mr. C—— to present the pastor with a wherry, equipped for a voyage. Great was the excitement of the town when the marvellous boat arrived at Dr. Todd's door; greater still when the Doctor set forth to receive his first lessons in canoeing from Mr. C——. The crowd prepared to follow, to enjoy the inevitable mishap. The pastor gravely observed, "I do not wish any of you to go to the pond with me," and not a solitary individual presumed to permit himself the looked-for pleasure.

Dr. Todd was strongly of opinion that no man ought to remain the minister of a church when the intellectual and physical powers were not adequate to the performance of every duty of his office. He had resolved, however hale he might feel himself, to resign his position on the completion of his seventieth year. To write and despatch the document cost him a tremendous effort. He was warmly attached to his people; he loved his work fervently. Moreover, a large and expensive family, together with a constitutional aversion to saving and a rather indiscriminate charity, had prevented his making provision for his old age. The letter, addressed to "The First Church and Society, Pittsfield," contains, in manly terms, his reason for resignation, refers modestly to the success of his labours among them, expresses the wish of the writer to

die among his beloved flock, and intimates that he must depend upon them for his support. To say nothing of his thirty years of service, he had repeatedly refused to forsake Pittsfield for far more lucrative posts. The church accepted his resignation, to take effect two years after its date. Not one hint was given of a pension, a silence which Dr. Todd interpreted most unfavourably, but he threw himself into his work with even more than his former ardour. Ere the two years had quite expired, a slight stroke of paralysis compelled him to relinquish his pastorate. A successor was appointed, but Dr. Todd was informed that his full salary would be paid to him as long as he lived. Freed from anxiety and the burden of too heavy labour, Dr. Todd recovered his health.

He preached almost every Sunday; churches near and far desired to avail themselves of his help. He occupied his old pulpit but seldom, from a chivalrous determination to interfere with the new pastor as little as possible. His last sermon to his former flock was preached less than three months before his death. Its closing sentences have an almost prophetic tone: "O, the redeemed! the redeemed! they shall 'see the King in His beauty;' they shall walk with Him in white garments; they shall drink of the river of pleasure which will for ever flow at His right hand. He will meet His brethren, as Joseph did, and say, 'Come near to Me,' and so they will be 'for ever with the Lord.' O, the last look we give on earth we want fixed on *Thee!* and the first look we give in eternity we want fixed on *Thee!* The last song on earth, and the first in heaven, we want to be, 'Praise to the Lamb, Who was slain for us, and Who washed us from our sins in His own blood.'"

His last illness was attended with continual pain, necessitating the administration of powerful opiates. He contemplated death firmly, yet he wished to live. By and by the desire for life left him. A message to his church ends with, "'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.' *And so I stand at the gate, like a little child, waiting for it to open and give me a glimpse of the glory.*" Frequently he prayed for "light," and spoke of a light he wanted to see. The morning of his decease he broke out suddenly in a triumphant voice, that rose to a shout heard throughout the house, "Glory! glory! glory!" His wife asked, "Do you *see* that glory?" "Yes." "Is it the glory you have been wanting to see?" "Yes." A friend repeated, "At evening-time it shall be light," and inquired, "Do you see that light?" "Yes." Again he cried "Glory!" The agony of his disease then evoked appeals for "mercy." He fell asleep, breathing quietly and regularly; so he spent two or three hours, then the respiration grew shorter and shorter, till it ceased. He died August 24th, 1873.

The peculiar characteristic of Dr. Todd's preaching was its dramatic force. The following extract from the conclusion of a sermon from "It doth not yet appear what we shall be," may be regarded as a fair specimen:—

"Suppose in a darkened room there are lying the remains of two men, immortal men, who lived and died under the full light of the Bible. They have both just breathed their last, and both are just about commencing that life and that jour-

ney which will never end. The one was a converted, prayerful man, who lived the life of a Christian; the other always *intended* to become a Christian, but lived and died without any interest in Jesus Christ. They are both dead, and have finished their probation on earth. They died at the same moment. As soon as they have left the body, they are met by a conducting angel, and are told to stop a few minutes on the threshold of eternity and look off into the future. They both pause, and both look onward in the way they are to travel.

"'What dost thou see?' says the guardian-angel to the Christian.

"'I see a land—O, how beautiful! mountain and valley, lake and trees; I never saw anything so fair. I never saw *green* fields before! I never saw *flowers* before! I never saw a *garden* before! and as my eye stretches off, it grows fairer and fairer. I can see farther and farther. O, I can see off in the distance, so far that it would take ages to reach there; and, what is wonderful, the farther I look the taller are the trees, the more brilliant the skies, the fairer the flowers. Wonderful, wonderful glory!'

"'But why dost thou start?' says the angel.

"'I see—I see a form there; off, ages hence. O, how large, how fair, how beautiful! What an angel thou must be! O, tell me, whose is that form—say, angel, whose?'

"But the angel is gone. He is now standing by the side of the other soul—the unconverted man.

"'What seest thou?'

"'O,' says he, 'I am looking off over those dreary, barren, parched fields, over those burning mountains, over those rivers like ink, over those dark, dark openings that yawn like caverns in the far distance! Alas! there is not a green spot in all the vision, not a single flower in all the landscape, not a star in all the darkened heavens, not a resting-place for the foot in all the journey! And the farther I look—and I can see farther than I can travel in ages—and the farther I look, the more dreary it becomes, the more awful and gloomy the opening. O! O!'

"'Why dost thou start back?' says the angel.

"'O, I see in the far distance a most horrid creature! What a form! What self-made scars does he bear! What a mouth of blasphemy! What a terrible sinner! What a horrid creature! O, angel, can a created being ever become like him?'

"'Watch and see,' says the angel.

"Again the angel stands by the side of the Christian.

"'Hast thou found out who that being is?' says the angel.

"'No, no; but, O, how beautiful his garments, how elastic his step, how sweet his songs, how glorious a being, how tall, how wonderful! O that I could see his face!'

"'There, now he is about to withdraw the veil: dost thou know him?'

"'O, angel, it is—it is *myself! myself!* Ten thousand ages hence I shall be that being. It is—O, it is myself!'

"'Hast thou learnt who that horrid creature is?' says the angel to the sinner.

"'O, no! I have watched him, and have wanted him to withdraw that veil, and yet have shuddered to have him! I don't know why.'

"'There, now he is about to withdraw it.'

"'Myself! *myself! myself!* O angel, take away the vision; I shall sink under it! Ages, ages hence I

shall be like *him*, nay, shall *be* him, shall I? I'm coming to *that*, am I? I must tread over that dreary region, I must climb over those burning mountains, I must stalk on, and on, and on; growing great, awful, hideous in sin, till I become that monster of guilt! What an eye, what a forehead, what a being! and that's me! *that's me! that's me!*'

"Alas! alas! 'it doth not yet appear what we shall be!'"

GAMMA.

NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

(*Concluded from page* 260.)

IN 1843 Mr. Macleod removed from Loudoun to Dalkeith. Two years later he was sent by the General Assembly to visit the Presbyterian churches in British North America. Much as he enjoyed the scenery and the adventurous travelling, he had greater pleasure in meeting with Highlanders who remembered his grandfather, and were eagerly affectionate in their inquiries about his father and his uncles and aunts. A communion service at Picton, in which the members of the deputation officiated, powerfully affected him. Four thousand people were assembled on a grassy hill near the town, and he thought he had never looked on a sight so touching and so grand. As he watched the expression of solemn joy on the long rows of Highland faces bending towards the communion table, and considered the remoteness of the communicants from scenes that were still dear to them, and how in their homesteads in the woods, that swept to the horizon, they were as sheep without a shepherd, he lifted up his voice and wept. He was thankful to have witnessed such a sight, and his feeling was, "O that my father had been with us! What a welcome he would have received!" The great outcry of the people was for ministers; and an old Doctor amused Mr. Macleod by saying to him, "We don't expect a very clever man, but would be quite pleased to have one who could give us a plain every-day sermon like what you gave us yourself to-day."

Some months after his return from America, Mr. Macleod attended Evangelical Alliance Conferences in Birmingham and London. Writing from one Conference, he says, "Bickersteth, dear man, is in the chair, and Bunting, noble man, is now speaking. Angell James is about to follow, and Dr. Raffles has finished. It is mere chat, like a nice family circle, and I hope that our Elder Brother is in the midst of it."

In the month of April, 1851, Mr. Macleod suffered one of the severest sorrows of his life in the death of his beloved friend, John Mackintosh, before he had completed his preparations for entering the ministry of the Free Kirk.

About the same time Mr. Macleod received a call to the Barony parish in Glasgow, of which he remained minister to the end of his days. He had many of the essential qualifications for such a position, being as skilful in organizing schemes of parochial activity, as in presenting the truth in an attractive light to his hearers, having a deep sympathy with the poor, and an earnest desire to apply to them the religious and social benefits of Christianity. The Barony church stands near the cathedral, and is one of the unsightliest ecclesiastical buildings in all Scotland. Had it been built as an act of penance for allowing the cathedral to retain its ancient

majesty when so many other cathedrals were demolished, it could scarcely have been uglier. But the man in the pulpit gave to it a charm that was felt throughout Glasgow, and the interest never abated. Since Chalmers thundered in the Tron Church, no preacher gained such influence over the citizens. His manner was deliberate, and was rather conversational than oratorical; his thoughts were not so much like masses of ore quarried out of difficult rocks, as like flowers springing spontaneously from a genial soil; and his sentences were usually short, simple and incisive. He could not speak for any length of time without throwing out an image or introducing a few bright poetic words; but there was no long sweep of rhetorical splendour, and no premeditated climax. The impression he gave his hearers was that he was a man of large human interests, and that he was desirous above everything else that Christ should be magnified in their lives, and that they should be able to rejoice in hope of immortality and eternal glory.

But his heart reached beyond those who attended his church; and the neglected poor were objects of his laborious care. Resting one Sabbath in a beautiful hamlet down the Clyde, he thus expressed himself: "It is awful to think what a holy man with the ordinary measure of practical talent which I possess may do. We seek to be Goliaths, and are killed by pebbles. Could we begin in faith and be as little children, we should slay Goliaths! O my God, make me a good man! O my Father, come what may, make me a simple minded, honest, humble and brave Christian! Let me seek no favour but Thine, and give my heart to no labour but in Thee and for Thee! With God my Saviour as my help and guide, I may, ere I die, be a blessing to Glasgow, especially to the poor and miserable in it, for whom my heart bleeds. A lovely Sabbath-day, with calm seas, purple hills, murmuring waves, devout repose! When shall my brothers and sisters in the lanes and closes find such a Sabbath of peace and beauty in God!"

This was not mere ineffectual sentiment, for he gave himself with great ardour to the task of improving the condition of the men, women and children in the wretched wynds and closes within his parish. Day and Sabbath schools were multiplied, and Mission churches were built; but perhaps no part of his work excited so much interest in Glasgow as the services he held for the poor and destitute on the Sabbath evening. Crowds gathered to the Barony church, and men and women with begrimed faces and uncombed heads were allowed free access to the cushioned pews. As they sat there in their stained and ragged clothes, they suggested a striking contrast to the morning and afternoon congregation; but their behaviour was as decorous as could be wished, and though Bibles and Psalm books were left out for their use, they were never known to take any of them away. The sermon was always appropriate to their circumstances, the truths of the Gospel were plainly and affectionately set before them, and hundreds of them were reclaimed from their sins, and raised to comparative respectability and comfort.

Mr. Macleod was "in labours more abundant;" for in addition to parochial duties, he was connected with various schemes relating to the extension and mission work of the Established Church; numerous de-

mands were made on him for public services; while his literary productions were such as would have been full employment for an ordinary man. He not only wrote "The Earnest Student," "Deborah," and "The Home School," but also edited "Good Words," and helped its popularity by contributing articles which, when collected, formed several volumes. But he made it a rule to rise early, thus obtaining some hours of quiet application to study.

In April, 1858, the University of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of D.D. Though he appreciated the honour, he felt that it was a mark of old age, and took it as a motive to brace all the nerves of his soul in a prompt endeavour to finish the work which God had given him to do. But he was distinguished not only by the favour of his University, but also by the friendship of the Queen. The first time he preached before the Royal Family in Crathie Church was in the year 1854. The sermon was one he had never fully written, but had given at Morven and other places, and he had as much freedom with it as if he had been preaching at a mission-station. He felt that his success in the service was in answer to prayer, and thankfully acknowledged the help of God. In the evening, after wandering in a green field, he sat in quiet meditation on a block of granite, in the midst of beautiful scenery and under a calm, half golden sky. His reverie was disturbed by some one asking him if he was the clergyman who had preached that day, and he was soon in the presence of the Queen and the Prince Consort. Her Majesty stepped forward, and with pleasant manner and smiling face said, "We wish to thank you for your sermon," and also made kind inquiries about his father and his own parish. After that he was several times at Balmoral, and was specially summoned to meet her Majesty there on her first visit after the death of Prince Albert. He thus describes the interview:

"She was alone. She met me, and with an unutterably sad expression which filled my eyes with tears, at once began to speak about the Prince. It is impossible for me to recall distinctly the sequence or substance of that long conversation. She spoke of his excellencies,—his love, his cheerfulness, how he was everything to her; how all now on earth seemed dead to her. She said she never shut her eyes to trials, but liked to look them in the face; how she would never shrink from duty, but that all was at present done mechanically; that her highest ideas of purity and love were obtained from him, and that God could not be displeased with her love. But there was nothing morbid in her grief. I spoke freely to her about all I felt regarding him—the love of the nation and their sympathy; and took every opportunity of bringing before her the reality of God's love and sympathy, her noble calling as a queen, the value of her life to the nation, the blessedness of prayer."

For a considerable period Dr. Macleod superintended the Indian missions of the Church of Scotland, and in 1867 he journeyed to Hindostan to inspect the work of the missionaries. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm, both by the English and the natives. He spent twelve months travelling in the country and on the voyage between India and England.

The year after his return from India he was unanimously elected Moderator of the General Assembly,

and was thankful for the honour, as evidencing the affection of his brethren, and as giving him greater influence in the advocacy of his favourite schemes and organizations. But he did not long survive his Moderatorship. His physical elasticity and vigour were seriously impaired by many years of overexertion, and in 1871 he was compelled to give up many duties in which he had delighted. Though he was frequently disabled by affliction, there was still a hope that he would live on to a fine old age, but he was taken away in the beginning of his sixty-first year. There was much that was touching and beautiful in the closing scenes of his life. He was often employed in silent or audible prayer; he said that he had constant joy, and that the happy thought was continually whispered to him, "Thou art with me." It was the Sabbath, and two of his daughters went to kiss him before going to church. To one of them he said, "If I had strength I could tell you things that would do you good through all your life. I am an old man, and have passed through many experiences, but now all is perfect peace and perfect calm. I have glimpses of heaven that no tongue, or pen, or words can describe." Soon after this "there was a soft sigh, and gently, as one sinking into sleep, his spirit entered the eternal rest."

His death was a national sorrow, and people of all ranks, from the Queen to the poor men and women who had been solaced and elevated by his loving words in the Barony and other churches, united in eulogiums of his character, and in expressions of regret that his genial presence was withdrawn, and that his benevolent activities were at an end. He was buried beside his father at Campsie, and as the coffin, about which a crowd of mourners had gathered, was lowered into the grave, wreaths of flowers from the Royal Family were laid upon it.

"The spot where he sleeps is a suggestive emblem of his life. On the one side are the hum of business and the houses of toiling humanity. On the other, green pastoral hills and the silence of Highland solitudes. More than one eye rested that day on the sunny slope where he had so lately dreamt of building a home for his old age—more than one heart thanked God for the more glorious mansion into which he had entered."

HAPPINESS WITHOUT RICHES.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

"Better is little with the fear of the Lord than great treasure and trouble therewith."—PROVERBS xv. 16.

If we had our choice between a large house and a small house as our home, the house to be our own property and permanent residence, most of us would be ready to choose the large house. Still, it would be well to take time duly to consider. We should inquire whether there were any circumstances connected with the houses that must be taken into account. If the large house happened to be surrounded by bad neighbours who were not likely to remove, and by a polluted atmosphere which we could not rectify, and had an insecure foundation which daily imperilled the lives of the inmates, and was, in many other respects, undesirable; while the small house was, with the exception of size, all that we could wish, we should most likely change our minds, and determine to choose the lesser. We had better possess the dwelling

which would give most comfort. There are other ways of measuring a house besides that with a marked tape-line. So, while we are all ready enough to desire "great treasure," and to look discontentedly on the "little" assigned as our portion, especially if that portion be very small, some of us have sense enough to inquire concerning more than the mere size of our property. Before we can proceed, with any prospect of success, to calculate how much happiness will be derived from the possession, greater or smaller, there are inquiries to make which are suggested by this and kindred proverbs:

1. *How was the possession acquired?*—No doubt Naboth's vineyard would give completeness to the palace grounds. Ahab's royal residence seemed to him, when once he had allowed the covetous thought to rest in his mind, sadly incomplete without this land. Yet Ahab did not find much pleasure when he went down to take possession of it. That day was one of the most miserable in a life to which wretchedness had been no stranger. A city banker had become immensely rich. Because he was so prosperous, his admirers resolved to present him a testimonial. That selected was a full-length painting of the banker himself. A celebrated artist was engaged, and the work was eventually finished. It was then publicly exhibited, and the banker's brother, who had no friendly intercourse with him, was asked to look in and see it. He complied, and gave his opinion concerning it: "It's well done: but the artist has put Sam's hand in his pocket. It ought to have been represented in other people's pockets." In that banker's princely home there was trouble enough. "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right." (Proverbs xvi. 8.)

2. *How the possessors regard each other?*—We read in the following verse, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." We learn that the green pottage mentioned was regarded by the Easterns as about the most meagre of all diet, while the ox which had been fattened in the stall was esteemed the most sumptuous. Perhaps it was part of such an ox of which it is affirmed that one of our kings, who loved good eating, laid his sword on it, and conferred on it the honour of knighthood by the designation, "Sir-Loin." We are here assured that love can render green pottage pleasant, whilst hatred among the feasters can render any luxuries distasteful. Absalom made a feast. No doubt it would be sumptuous, as it was provided by such a prince, and his royal brothers were to be there by special invitation. But those who went, and were allowed to leave, made more speed in departing than they did in assembling. Hatred to Amnon had been cherished in the heart of Absalom, and when Amnon had been slain, the other princes thought it high time to be gone.

"In the cottage there is joy
When there's love at home,
Hate and envy ne'er annoy
When there's love at home;
Roses blossom 'neath our feet,
All the earth's a garden sweet,
Making life a bliss complete,
When there's love at home."

3. *Is true religion among the treasures?*—When the day came to a close in which Paul had stood at the bar of Nero and witnessed for Christ, the Apostle would be taken back to his dungeon and the Emperor would return to magnificent

rooms in his palace. Paul was a poor captive Nazarene, possessing not the ordinary comforts which working men in those days expected. Nero was the master of the world. Whatever he wished for would be at once brought to him. But Paul the prisoner, in whatever dungeon he was confined, had a treasure of greater worth than Nero could boast. It was better with Paul, though his clothing was mean and insufficient, than with Nero, though wearing the much-coveted purple.

A nobleman invited an aged Christian minister who lived near to his mansion to dine with him. Before dinner they walked together through the gardens, and looked at the great variety of trees and plants, many of them exceedingly beautiful and costly. The nobleman then said, "You see, Sir, I want for nothing. I have all for which my heart can wish." To this the minister made no immediate reply, but remained very thoughtful. "What are you thinking?" inquired the nobleman. "I was thinking, my lord," said the venerable man, "that it is possible to have all these pleasant things, and still go to hell." Through the blessing of God these solemn words led to the nobleman's conversion. Henceforward all was employed for God, and God was seen and enjoyed in all. So was the nobleman blessed with "great treasure" and also with "the fear of the Lord."

ODDS AND ENDS FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK.

A Mother's Sacrifice. — The following touching incident was related by a peasant: it occurred in one of the villages of Southern Italy, when the plague was raging in the district:—Whether it were that due precaution had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another, first the young and then the old, of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a labourer and mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home, and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them in a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door, and with a sigh went away. But the elder boy hearing the door shut, went to the window, and seeing her running, cried out, "Good-bye, Mother," in a voice so tender that she involuntarily stopped. "Good-bye, Mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching his little head out of the window; and thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered, and amid a flood of tears, and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of

those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her. She recommended her husband and children to them, and in two days she was no more. "But," added the narrator, "nothing can equal the heart of a mother."

LITTLE THINGS. — Springs are little things, but they are sources of large rivers and lakes; a helm is a little thing, but it governs the course of a ship; nails, screws, pins and pegs are little things, but large things could scarcely be constructed without them. A word, a look, a frown, a smile, a tear, are all apparently little things, but they exert mighty influence.

SOCRATES, TO DEMONICAS.—"Ever apprehend reproach more than danger.

"Death is a frightful thing to wicked men; but the virtuous need only stand in awe of dishonour and ignominy.

"Lay down a public charge with reputation rather than riches; ever considering, that a good name is at all times preferable to a good estate.

"It is better to be a poor good man, than a rich knave; for riches are only of use to the living; and virtue is of much greater service to the dead.

"Inure your body to labour, and your mind to thought.

"Consider well what you have to do, because oftentimes the tongue forestalls the mind.

"Enjoy good things moderately, and bear with bad, patiently."

W. CATTLE.

BALAAM, OR AVARICE.

THERE came a troop of princes from a king,
To converse with a prophet; yea, they came
To bid the prophet do the king's command,
And curse the host of Jacob in the plains
About the bounds of Moab. Jacob's sons
Had filled the king with terror and alarm,
Because their deeds of prowess did resound
Throughout the land of Midian. So he sought
To purchase all the curses of the gods,
And hurl the fatal malediction down
In deadly vengeance on the sleeping heads
Of this great host.

There came a troop of princes from the king;
A second troop, more mighty in renown,
More princely in their title and estate,
Than those which went before. The prophet seeks,
Importunately seeks, that he may go,
And to his ardour to obtain consent,
In righteous wrath Jehovah whispers, "Yea."
So went the prophet to the heathen king;
In honour went he, sitting on an ass,
Accompanied by princes of estate.
His head is full of mercenary schemes,
His heart is full of mercenary loves,
And if a thought of duty be conceived,
Impatience suffocates it in the birth.
His stubborn will determined to procure,
By fair means or by foul, the longed-for gold.
O Balaam! Balaam! cursed be thy tongue!
Thy treacherous heart more cursed, for it sows
Its filthy seed all broadcast o'er the plains
Where Israel camps. Thy sordid, shrivell'd heart
Has lost all sympathy with flesh and blood,
And grown as tough and leathern as the bags,
The money-bags, where centre all thy love:

Those money-bags have swallow'd up thy shame,
And dried the healthy pulse which ought to beat
Within thy bosom, with its fever heat,
Into a mad inflammatory rage
Of thirst for wealth, which will not be appeased,
Nor lulled to slumber. One passion burns
Its fiery way into the bosom's core,
And goads all other passions into quick
And eager service; these its feeders are;
It sends them forth like scavengers to sweep
And shovel up the refuse round about,
And gather everything of every kind.
It does not know pollution; sense of taste
Or delicacy long ago destroy'd,
It hesitates at nothing which they bring:
Corruption—tangible—is full as good,
To satisfy its craving, as the pure—
Nay, better; purity has nauseous grown,
For purity and avarice do not meet;
Alike distasteful, each the other shuns.
The devil stoops to help the soul that longs
To enter his foul service; hence the scene
Which Moses has recorded as the fruit
Of Balaam's base, perfidious advice.
Confronted at the first in his designs
Of avarice, lo! he turns aside,
Nor will he be said nay. Devices fresh
He seeks to shun the Deity and gain his ends.
And when the Deity at last permits
The wretched prophet to proceed, he goes
Unhappy that the fetters make him chafe,
And hold him to the message,—not his own,
Nor that which Balak fain would have him give,
But that which God shall put within his mouth.
But Satan may not always have his way,
Nor may the host of God at his command
Be *any* time accursèd; though it seems
The devil has a mighty length of chain;
And what he has to give, his faithful friends
At any time shall have, who do his will.
And God permits the human will to move,
And Balaam thinks he has outwitted Him.
Poor man! he wants to die a righteous death,
And live a life of *faithfulness to wrong*.
He thinks, no doubt, outwitted Deity
Will recognise his talent and his worth;
Unconscious he how much Satanic power
Has leagued itself with his; nor does he think
His own—as he esteems—is not his own.
O Balaam! Balaam! wretchedest of men!
How strange that thou, of all the sons of shame,
Should'st seek the glittering crown of righteousness!
To all thy fellows thou art mystery:
So sold art thou to avaricious greed,
That thou wilt lend thyself to lead the host
Of God, to whoredom and idolatry.
And yet, forsooth, there lingers in thy heart
Some remnant of the yearning God has left
Within the inner soul of every man
For immortality in righteousness:
Yet all too feebly does that yearning move;
For on the battle-field, among the dead,
They find thee, whom thou subtly mis-led'st,
They find thee 'mid the heaps of slaughter'd foes.
Whither, O ye sons
Of Balaam, whither will ye wend your way?
Will ye tread faithfully your father's steps?
Or, by his story waken'd and alarm'd,
Arouse your soul, then bid a moment's halt
And bring to light whate'er is lurking there?
For thinkest thou that Balaam has no seed?
Yea! Judas was a son of his most true;
And he who barters righteousness for gold

May trace his pedigree through Judas back
To Balaam, not so wise as his own ass.

EBENEZER MANTING.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO RICHES.

CHAPTER IX.—MISSIONARY WORK.

(*Continued.*)

"THERE'S another of my chickens gone," said Sarah, as she opened her poultry house one morning. "It does beat all. I don't see how anything can catch 'em without getting into that trap."

Jimmy said nothing, but he went out and examined the house. For several weeks the chickens had been disappearing, and all the traps they could set failed to catch the thief. That night there had been a light rain, and Jimmy thought he saw the prints of bare feet around the chicken house, but he could not be quite confident.

"Mighty queer 'bout them chickens, ain't it?" said the boy whom he had hired, coming up and peeping into the coop.

"Not very," said Jimmy, giving him a keen look; "I think I understand about it pretty well."

Jo tossed his hoe over his shoulder and went out to his work. Jimmy set a simple trap by the door of the chicken coop, but did not trouble himself to watch it for a day or two. But there was one thing he did watch, and that was Jo; and when he began to see some mysterious movements on his part, he paid a visit to his sleeping room in the hay, and found a quantity of fishing lines and hooks, and a tin box of matches, carefully hidden away.

"O ho! my fine fellow," said Jimmy, "you'll be burning us all up, some of these nights."

He took out his knife and shaved off the ends of the matches carefully and smoothly, and then put them back in their hiding-place.

That night Jo declared he was "clear beat out," and crawled away to his nest earlier than usual. Jimmy went to his room, too, but as soon as the family were in bed he took up his watch at the little back window, which looked towards the barn. By and by a dusky figure came slowly out from the stable door, and took its way towards the chicken house.

"Just as I expected," said Jimmy, nodding to himself; "that's Jo—and I shall have to let him get another chicken before I can trap him."

He crept down the stairs just in time to see him reach his arm into the chicken house, and grasp a chicken so adroitly that it had only time for a short, half-smothered cry, that hardly disturbed its mates at all. When the chicken was secured, Master Jo gathered up several other articles from the barn, and started across the cornfield.

"He's going to the river to fish," thought Jimmy. "I wonder if he can have any companions."

Watching him a moment to make sure of his course, he went quietly back and awakened George, by a rap at his window.

"I've got track of the thief," he whispered; "dress yourself as quick as you can, and come out."

George came out in a moment.

"Hark!" said George, "that's Jo's whistle, up among the brush; I've heard him call the cows that way. Why don't he light up, I wonder?"

"I don't believe his matches work first rate," said Jimmy. "I fixed 'em for him."

Presently they saw Jo come down from the brush and join a boy with a lantern, and the two moved rapidly on toward the river, where some boys were already fishing.

As soon as they were busy at their sport, George and Jimmy crept nearer, and soon learned all about the mysterious disappearance of the chickens. The boys were from a small settlement up the river, and had been in the habit of coming down there to fish every few days, stealing chickens wherever they could lay their hands on them, and broiling

them for a midnight feast. They seemed to have very good success at their fishing, but Jimmy could hardly persuade George to keep still till they were ready to light their fire.

The boys presently came up into a little sheltered hollow, and lighted their fire. Jimmy could hardly help laughing, to see Jo try match after match from his box, until he finally threw them down in disgust. Then he produced the chicken, and began to strip off the feathers.

The roasting and broiling went on finely, and the savoury odour of the chicken began to reach the watchers.

"Smells nice, don't it?" said George. "I'll be bound they sha'n't get a bite of it."

After a moment of consultation, the two rushed forward with a shout that would have done credit to a couple of Indians. George made directly for Jo, and held him to the ground with his great foot. The others came to quarter at once, and made no attempt to get

away. They were made to tell their names, and pretty severely threatened, and then allowed to depart; but George brought Jo to his feet with a vigorous shake, and began to march him toward home. At first the boy pretended to feel quite jolly over it, begging Jimmy to go back for that prime topknot, and not leave it for the skunks to eat, after all the trouble he had taken with it. "Jest done to a turn," he added, with a sly glance at George.

"I'll do you to a turn," said George, with a jerk at his collar; "I'll teach you to steal topknots."

When they reached home, George marched his prisoner to the barn.

"What are you going to do?" asked Jimmy.

"Goin' to take my pay for the topknot, and all the rest of my chickens the little vagabond has stole. Goin' to give him the worst whippin' he ever got in his life."

"Pitch in, old feller," said the boy, with a grin.

"Do you think that's the best thing to do?" asked Jimmy, anxiously.

"I know 'tis," said George, confidently; "anyhow I'm goin' to try it. 'Twon't do me any good to send the little sneak to jail, and I'll be bound he'll be far enough away before morning."

Jimmy felt very much like going away, but on the whole he felt bound to see the matter fairly through; and in his secret heart he could not help a little feeling of respect for the unconcern with which Jo took his whipping. It seemed a pity not to turn so much endurance to good account.

"There," said George, taking up his gun and coat, "I've settled my account with you, and now you can take yourself where you please."

"He'll set your barn on fire before morning, like as any way," said Jimmy.

"That's so," said George; "might lock him up in the smoke-house."

"I'll take him up to my room," said Jimmy. And without another word he bade Jo bring his blankets from the hay, and come with him. Jo obeyed in silent wonder.

"Now then," said Jimmy, as he turned the key in the door, "I'll fix you a bed in this corner, and you can rest comfortably till morning. You must be very sore and tired, and you'll have to go early in the morning."

Jo looked on while Jimmy arranged his bed as well as he could on the floor, and then sat down upon it and began to look around the room and watch Jimmy.

"I'm lame enough," he said, at last, throwing off the thin coat which Jimmy had given him only a few days before.

"Yes," said Jimmy, "and it's a pity you should begin a wandering life again. I really thought you were going to do something for yourself. I'm sorry for you, Jo."

"I don't see why *you* care," said Jo, leaning his elbows on his knees, and looking earnestly at Jimmy; "'tain't nothin' to you what becomes of me."

"O yes, it is; it's something to everybody," began Jimmy, then stopped, feeling that the boy couldn't understand that. "I *do* care what becomes of you. I've tried hard to help you and make you want to be a good boy. I remember that if somebody hadn't done this for me, I shouldn't have been any better than you are, and I'm sorry for you, Jo."

Jo rolled up his sleeve and began to examine the red marks George had left on his arm.

"You can have me locked up, you and the other feller," he said, at last.

"But we don't want to. If I thought you were really sorry, Jo, and would be an honest boy, I'd try you again. I mean if I *could*, though George wouldn't have you here, I'm afraid."

"No more I wouldn't stay. I'm obliged to ye; but you're the first feller that ever cared what become of me."

The boy looked at Jimmy as if greatly puzzled to account for his interest.

"This 'ere's a mighty nice room," he said, examining it; "your father buy you them picters and things?"

"I haven't any father or mother; they died before I can remember."

"No more hain't I," said Jo; "sometimes I wish't I had."

"But I've had plenty of kind friends, and I've got a Father in heaven. He's always helped me, and He's ready to help anybody in the world. He'll help you, Jo."

Jo looked for a moment wistfully at Jimmy, as if he half wished somebody would help him, and then he said,

"I reckon He don't trouble Hisself much about my business. There's a heap such as me in the world, and wuss, too; and nobody don't seem put out by 'em."

Jimmy felt in his heart how true it all was, and how little one could do, after all, with so much sin and misery. But, looking at the forlorn little heap there in the corner, he suddenly remembered a lesson that had come to him only a few days before.

"Jo," said he, earnestly, "don't you remember, when we hunted over the farm for those ugly burrs that get stuck in the sheep's wool, how we cut down all we could find on *both* sides of the fence? Because one weed will scatter seed over an acre of good ground."

"Yes, I remember," said Jo, stupidly.

"Well, that's the way we have to do for each other, all of us. If I don't pull up the weeds in *your* field, they'll scatter bad seed into mine, and so I shall get punished for my neglect. I wish I could help you to pull up the weeds, Jo. I really believe you might make a good man yet, if you'd only try."

"Maybe," said Joe, doubtfully; "anyhow, I'm glad if you care. I didn't s'pose anybody really cared what became of me. If I was to go clean out of this and take a new start somewheres, it'll be because you cared about it. Maybe I will."

Jo curled up in his blankets, and Jimmy prayed the good Lord to strengthen his heart, and give him wisdom to do his part of the work, though it was ever so little. He meant to have watched his little prisoner, but very soon he fell asleep, and when he awoke in the early morning, he found him tying up his few possessions, ready for a start.

"You must not go without your breakfast, Jo," he said.

Joe felt stiff, and a little sober.

"They won't give me none," he replied, gruffly.

"O yes, they will! I'll go down and see." And Jimmy soon came back, bringing a substantial breakfast for the boy, and a lunch for his pocket; for Sarah's tender heart had relented at hearing of the whipping he had received.

"It would only be tempting him to evil, to send him off hungry," she said. "Tell him I don't bear him any ill will, and I hope this will be a lesson to him."

"You needn't look to hear no great things of me," said the boy; "but I'm glad I know you *care*. It's a heap easier, when anybody cares."

Jimmy stood by the road and watched the little waif start out anew on his wanderings. Rather soberly at first, but soon, shouldering his bundle, he began to whistle as merrily as if he were an heir of the world, going to take his inheritance.

CHAPTER X.—DAVIE.

JIMMY'S first summer of farming proved remarkably prosperous, and he was fairly astonished at his own success.

But now the heavy rains of autumn set in, and the small streams were soon swelled into rivers, and the larger ones into torrents. All along the rivers came the same story of dams and bridges washed away, and sawmills carried down by the freshets.

"Hard times up to the Warner Settlement," said George, one evening; "Deacon Hadley just come down and says the sawmill's gone, and all the flat below the bluff under water. David West's new house was up to the second story in water, and they looked all the time to see it go."

"Poor West," said Jimmy, "and he's worked so hard to get him a home before

cold weather; he'll be completely discouraged."

"His folks were all up to 'Lijah's,'" said George, "and I never see such a set of discouraged creeters."

"No wonder," said Jimmy; and that night, while the rain beat at the windows, he could hardly sleep for thinking of the homeless family, and the ruin the storm was bringing.

Early the next morning he was out on horseback, all over his own farm, to see that everything was snug, and then, after breakfast, he rode away to the Warner Settlement, partly to see how a western river looked tearing through its channel in all the fury of a freshet, and partly to see if he could render any help.

At the bend of the river, half-a-mile below the settlement, he found nearly all the men hard at work, trying to save the timbers of the mill and the lumber, as it came down the stream, by drawing it to the shore. West was not the only homeless man among them, but they seemed to take hold with good courage to save what little was left.

"Is your house still standing, West?" asked Jimmy.

"The cellar ain't stirred, I reckon," said West; "that was all there was left this morning."

Everywhere Jimmy found the same brave spirit of endurance; not a whit discouraged, but ready to go to work again. Only West's family, who had just come to take possession of their new home, looked rather dismal, as they thought of spending the winter with friends who had scarcely room for themselves.

Jimmy went away with a plan in his mind, which he turned over and over, as he rode home.

"I'm sure Mr. Warren wouldn't care; I'm sure he'd be the very first one to do it himself," he thought.

"George," he said, when they sat at dinner, "do you think Mr. Warren would care if I let West have my house till spring?"

"For what rent?" asked George, coolly.

"None; except the pleasure of helping a good, honest fellow out of trouble."

"That's cheap enough," said George.

"It seems a good deal to me; you can't think how strange it seems, that I can do anything to help others, and I'm sure they might as well be using the house this winter as to have it empty. Besides, if they want to pay rent, they may board me."

"You hain't a speck of feelin' for me and Sairy, I believe—well, manage it your own way; I dare say Mr. Warren 'll be suited; only, if you get them folks in, don't you blame me if you can't just get 'em out when you want to."

So Jimmy offered his empty house to the Wests, and it was thankfully accepted, the family, however, insisting that he should board with them, as some compensation. West was a carpenter, and, while he was busy, whenever the weather would allow, in preparing a house for his own family, he found time to make many substantial improvements in Jimmy's house, so that even George admitted that he was a very profitable tenant. With the spring, the West family moved back to the Settlement, taking up their quarters in a small house, further back from the river, and from that time Jimmy Marvin's praises were a favourite theme at the Settlement.

There were wonderful stories of his learning, and his shrewdness, and his skilful management, until he grew famous almost without knowing it.

"That boy's bound to be somebody," said George to his wife; "it does beat all how he makes everything go that he puts his hand to."

"It's the motto, I reckon," said Sarah, thoughtfully; "he always keeps it in his room—'*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*'"

David West had recommended a new tenant to Jimmy; a sober, industrious Scotchman, who had just come to the Settlement with his rosy young wife.

So the grave young Scotchman and his neat, careful wife had been duly

installed at the house. They brought with them another inmate, a little pale-faced Scotch boy, whose great dark eyes looked sadly out from under a white brow that fairly overshadowed them, and whose thin fingers were bent from always grasping the crutch that helped him to hobble from his chair to the door, on sunshiny days. Poor little, crippled, deformed Davie! life seemed to have few pleasures for him. Sandy and his wife were kind and gentle with him, but he had such a lost, weary look, it made one's heart ache to look at him.

"His faither and mither died on the ship, when we came out," said Mary, "and I promised his mither, she was my old neebor, never to let her poor laddie want a bit of bread, or a sup of porridge, whilst I had a taste for myself. And I'll be as good as my word to poor Davie; but any one can see the laddie pines; he's not one of our kin, and he don't take kindly to new faces."

But if Jimmy was not one of poor Davie's kin, it was soon plain to see there was some strong tie between them, for the weary little face learned to light up with a new pleasure at the very sound of his steps, and he would drag his little deformed body to the door, evening after evening, to watch for his coming. It was very seldom that Jimmy had not found some treasure for his little friend; a handful of wild strawberries, a cluster of bright flowers, or even a curious pebble; anything was enough to give pleasure to one who was so shut out from the world. And then Jimmy's books! How the little fellow devoured them; reading till weariness forced him to lie back in his easy-chair, and gaze with never-satisfied eyes upon the picture he loved best, "Sunset in the Valley."

"The laddie's left pining for his mither," said Mary; "I'm thinking he'll go back to see old Scotland again, one day."

But little Davie shook his head at her cheerful prophecy, and said, quietly,—

"I'll see the faither and the mither, but I'll not see Scotland again."

"We don't care for Scotland now, do we, laddie?" Jimmy would say to him; "we'll make a pleasant home here, and Davie'll teach me all the old Scotch tunes to sing."

Then Davie's great eyes would kindle, and he would sit in the door and sing the "Ingle-side," and such old simple songs as he had heard his mother sing. His voice was sweet and clear, and Jimmy loved nothing better than to hear him sing. They read history together, and little Davie, with his keen intellect, was a match for many an older head. Jimmy was often amused by his shrewd observations upon the heroes of history.

Jimmy's interest was constantly increasing, in all the surroundings of his new home. He was growing more and more to feel that he was an important member of society, and was looked up to by others around him. He had even grown accustomed to hearing himself called "Mr. Marvin," instead of Jimmy, though George still stuck to the familiar name. But he never for a day forgot the dear home in Ohio, where so many warm hearts still kept loving thoughts for "Our Jimmy," and many were the letters that were exchanged between the two farms. Once, Mr. Warren had taken a week to look at Jimmy's western home, and had expressed himself more than satisfied with the way the farm was managed. How proud Jimmy felt to show his tasteful home, with the many little adornments that he had found time to gather around it; the neatly-kept outbuildings, and the young orchards with their carefully-trained trees!

"Most of the farmers around here," said George, "think they can't spend time to 'tend to fruit, till they get their farms in trim. I was something of that mind myself, till Jimmy put me up to settin' trees."

"Every tree I set," said Jimmy, "I kept thinking of the poem in Arthur's reader—'*It will grow while thou art sleeping.*' They did grow, too, and now the rest look at them, and begin to be anxious about their own fruit. They've

lost years of growth, though, and now they'll have to wait for it."

"Jimmy," said Mr. Warren, "suppose you take me up the river to some of those lumber mills, and let us see where we can do best in getting stuff for the new barn."

Davie half started from his chair at hearing this, for a trip to Burley's Mill had been one of the pleasant excursions that he and Jimmy had planned, as soon as the autumn work was over. But, of course, they could not take him now, he thought; and the patient little fellow tried to go on with his drawing quietly.

"We can take Davie, I suppose," said Jimmy, as he harnessed his glossy horses to the light farm wagon; "there will be plenty of room for his chair, and he has so few pleasures."

"Certainly," said Mr. Warren; "I think one never gets the full enjoyment of a ride without a child along to share it. Their senses are so keen and quick, and they see so much that our dull eyes miss."

"Davie is hardly a child," said Jimmy, "though he does not grow any larger, nor seem any older than he did a year ago. I think, sometimes, his soul is full grown now."

Davie had laid down his pencil, and was leaning wearily back in his chair.

"Now, laddie, come on," called Jimmy, cheerily; "we're all ready for that famous ride to Burley's Mill."

"O, am I to go?" said Davie, eagerly, starting up on his crutch; "do you really want me?"

"Of course I want him; would I go without my Davie?" said Jimmy, picking up the chair, and helping him to the floor.

Davie and his chair were safely stowed in the front of the wagon, the basket of lunch prepared, and Mary's thick plaid thrown in for Davie, in case he should need a wrap. Then the reins were loosed, and the handsome horses stepped proudly away down the smooth prairie road, which followed the course of the river for miles and miles to the northwest.

It was a clear, sunny day in late October, and here and there were little wooded tracts, where the trees were gay with bright leaves. On the rounded pastures, thousands of sheep were nibbling the short grass, for it was a region of sheep-farms, and now and then a troop of colts would trot up to the fence, lift their graceful heads to take a look at the travellers, and then dash away as if proud of their freedom.

"I never see such a troop of colts," said Jimmy, "without thinking of the first time I went to your house. I haven't got over the feeling yet — I always want to swing my hat and race off with them."

Quiet little Davie looked up into Jimmy's glowing face with a look, half admiration and half pain. This quick, strong leaping of the healthy blood in all the pulses was something he could never know, and his little, thin hands closed tighter over the arms of his chair, as he thought what it must be.

"Is it easy for you, Davie?" asked Jimmy, kindly.

"Yes; it is a good day," said Davie, simply, and the old look of peace came back to his face.

Mr. Warren felt as proud as if a personal honour had been done him, to see how almost every one they met gave Jimmy a respectful recognition. George had slyly told him that they were "going to run him for Justice of the Peace."

"He'll go in, sure as shootin'; there ain't nobody else up to the Settlement that'll hold a candle to him for book larnin'; and then only think of *our Jimmy* bein' Squire Marvin!"

It had only seemed like one of George's jokes, to Mr. Warren, but now he began to consider, and count up the years, and sure enough, it was a fact that the boy by his side would be twenty-one at his next birthday. A man already! Could it be possible? Well, he looked manly enough, with his sinewy frame, and fine open face; but where had the years

gone? and could it be so long ago that a little, ignorant boy had blacked his boots on the streets of Columbus?

"I must be getting old myself," he concluded; "well, the Lord doesn't mean to have the work of this world stop with one set of men. He always has another growing up to take their places. They're like Jimmy's trees—they grow while we are sleeping, and first we know, here they are, all ready to take up our burdens and carry them better than we have done."

The bluffs by the side of the river grew higher, and the road began to leave the prairie and wind slowly down among them, towards the flat below.

Presently they came into a sandy strip where the pine leaves lay thick upon the road, and the air was sweet with the strong, resinous smell.

"This is only a narrow ridge," said Jimmy, "and seems strange enough among our other timber. If you listen now, you can hear the falls."

A dull roar of water began to come through the trees, growing louder as they went on, and the road ran close to the river, which was broken into whirls and eddies by the rocks.

"You wouldn't think they could raft over that," said Jimmy, "but they do, in the spring, when the water is high."

"What a lovely place!" said Mr. Warren, as they came in sight of the mill; "I didn't imagine a lumber mill could be so charmingly surrounded."

The horses were securely fastened, and a thick plaid spread down for Davie, under a great tree, where he could lie and watch the foaming water, and then Mr. Warren and Jimmy went to transact business with old Tim, the foreman of the mill.

Tim treated Jimmy with great respect, but he had a horror of speculators, who were clearing the country of the lumber which the settlers so much needed, and he regarded Mr. Warren at first with a suspicious eye.

While they were talking with Tim, a boy came past the door of the mill whose face struck Jimmy at once as familiar, though he was at a loss to remember where he had seen him. But when they joined little Davie, below the fall, and sat quietly eating their lunch and talking over their agreement with Tim, the same boy came down from the mill, and stood in the road near by them.

"I do believe that's Jo," said Jimmy, starting up and going toward him.

There was no mistaking the face, now, though Jimmy was pleased to see that it wore a very different expression, and had lost its look of lazy cunning.

"So you are working here, are you, Jo?" he asked, with a hearty shake of his hand.

"Yes, Sir; I came up here right after I left down below. I heard, down to the Warner Settlement, that old Tim wanted a boy, and I made up my mind, if he'd take me, I'd make one fair try for it. It was pretty tough startin', though, for the old feller made me own just all I'd been up to; and I just made a clean breast of it, and told him what you'd said to me, about its bein' everybody's business what became of me. He concluded to give me a chance, and I've staid right along ever since."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Jimmy, earnestly; "and I hope you'll keep on doing well. If I can help you, I shall be glad to."

"You *have* helped me," said Jo. "When I seen you drive up, to-day, I went straight and told Tim, 'There's the feller that said he cared what became of me;' and Tim, he rolled down his sleeves, and says he, '*I'd rather shake hands with him than with a king.*'"

"Come here," said Jimmy; "I want to introduce you to the man who cared what became of *me*, and who took me, when I was a poor, friendless little boy, and made a man of me."

Jo shook hands with Mr. Warren, with a look of awe in his eyes, but they were full of love and gratitude when he turned them on Jimmy.

"Is he one of yours, too?" he asked, nodding at little Davie.

"Yes, he's one of my friends; he belongs to me as much as to anybody—don't you, Davie?"

Davie smiled lovingly at his friend, as if he felt it very pleasant to belong to somebody.

As they rode home by the delightful river road, Jimmy told Jo's story to Mr. Warren, and they talked together over the wonderful ways by which little things are often made the means of great good.

"Have you enjoyed the ride, Davie?" he asked, as he lifted him carefully from the wagon.

"Yes, it is a good day," said Davie, peacefully.

METHODISM IN PERTH.

BY THE REV. J. MARRAT.

Walter Savage Landor, though indifferent to Christianity as a directive force for his own great genius, was able to appreciate Christian excellence. In a trenchant pamphlet on "Popery: British and Foreign," he says, "The gentle and virtuous Wesley brought about him as great multitudes as ever surrounded the earlier Apostles, and worked as great marvels in their hearts." This testimony, when guarded by the explanation that it was the Spirit of God accompanying Mr. Wesley's labours that made them so effective, is undeniable. Judæa, while the faces of the Apostles were yet luminous with the flames of Pentecost, was not the scene of more wonderful conversions from sin to holiness than was England when Mr. Wesley, having found "the righteousness which is of God by faith," devoted the powers that would have ensured him a deanery or a bishopric to the evangelization of his countrymen.

But in Scotland his success was not so rapid, or on so large a scale as in England. Unlike the bulk of the English, the Scotch already had a religion; and the Presbyterian Calvinists of the North were armed by their prejudices against the Episcopal Arminian from the South. An intelligent ecclesiasticism, if nothing more, had covered the ground before Mr. Wesley came to it, yet his ministrations were not without beneficial effect on the doctrine and experience of the people. Though he did not shatter the rock grim from base to summit with Genevan stratifications, he dropped seeds into its crevices which have since germinated into a goodly vegetation, and sent down roots which are noiselessly widening the fractures, and threatening the unsightly formation with displacement and demolition. Mr. Wesley's appearance in Scotland inaugurated the rise of a more genial theology; and those hard lines in the Confession of Faith which restrict salvation to an imaginary number called the Elect, read in the light of that Divine good-will to all mankind so boldly preached by the English Arminian, are becoming more and more repugnant to the Scottish mind. Nor should it be forgotten how much Mr. Wesley did in teaching Scotchmen to distinguish between the form and the power of Christianity. They were too apt to content themselves with a religion that, like the mail of the old barons, was a stiff external covering, allowing but little room for the dilation of the heart by jubilant feeling; and they needed and were benefited by Mr. Wesley's testimony to the inwardness, the vitalizing energy and experimental effects of religion. He showed that it was not enough for them to "fill the water-pots with water" from the "wells of salvation," and to keep them in their houses for ornament and show, but that they must drink the water, and be able to give personal attestation of its medicinal virtues. His expostulations and counsels were strange to many of them, as a Gaelic song would be to an English ear, but some were convinced, and the results of his teaching are felt directly or indirectly in thousands of Scottish hearts at the present time.

Methodism appears to have been introduced to Perth some time before Mr. Wesley visited the city. In his Journal for Saturday, April 23rd, 1768, he says: "I rode over the mountains to Perth.

I had received magnificent accounts of the work of God in this place, so that I expected to find a numerous and lively Society. Instead of this, I found not above two believers, and scarce five awakened persons in it. Finding I had all to begin, I spoke exceeding plain in the evening to about a hundred persons, at the Room; but, knowing this was doing nothing, on Sunday, 24th, I preached about eight at the end of Water-gate. A multitude of people were soon assembled, to whom I cried aloud, 'Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near.' All were deeply attentive; and I had a little hope that some were profited.

"At the Old Kirk we had useful sermons, both in the morning and at five in the afternoon. Immediately after service, I preached on 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' The congregation was so exceeding large, that I doubt many could not hear. After preaching, I explained the nature of a Methodist Society; adding, that I should not look on any persons at Perth as such, unless they spoke to me before I left the city. Four men and four women did speak to me; two of whom, I think, were believers; and one or two more seemed just awakening, and darkly feeling after God. In truth, the kingdom of God among these is as yet but as a grain of mustard-seed."

Mr. Wesley went forward to the North, but returned to Perth in a few days. He rode from Dundee through the Carse of Gowrie, admiring the fresh green of its meadows and the luxuriance of its orchards; and soon after his arrival at the city, walked out to Scone Palace. A few pictures and tapestries hung on the old walls; but he was most interested in looking on some exquisite needlework executed by Queen Mary when she was a prisoner in Lochleven Castle.

In April, 1770, Mr. Wesley was again in Perth:

"Saturday, 21st.—Pushing through violent wind and rain, we came to Perth in the afternoon. This evening the Tolbooth contained the congregation, and at eight in the morning. The stormy wind would not suffer me to preach abroad in the evening, so we retired into the Court-house, as many as could, and had a solemn and comfortable hour. Monday, 23rd.—I walked over to Scone, and took another view of that palace of ancient men of renown, long since mouldered into common dust. The buildings, too, are now decaying apace. So passes the dream of human greatness!"

In April, 1772, Mr. Wesley was once more in Perth. He arrived there on the evening of Saturday, 25th, and sent to the Provost, Mr. Alexander Simson, asking him to grant the use of the Guildhall for a religious service. He preached there on the following morning, and as the weather was too cold for an open-air meeting, gave a sermon in the same place in the evening. Provost Simson, who had probably been at both services, and had been impressed by the high gifts and noble character of the preacher, invited him to lodge at his house. Three godly ministers sat with him at the Provost's table, and a pleasant and profitable conversation was followed by solemn prayer. The next day Mr. Wesley rode to Dunkeld, and though the weather was still very cold, preached to a large congregation in the open air. On the Tuesday morning he went through the Duke of Athol's grounds, and saw "a summer-house in the middle of a green-house, by means of which one might, in the depth of winter, enjoy the warmth of May, and sit surrounded with greens and flowers on every side." At night Mr. Wesley was again at Perth, preaching to a large and serious congregation, most likely assembled, as on the previous Sabbath, in the Guildhall. We may justly think of the Provost, and some of the bailies and councillors as being present, and as listening with intelligent interest to the scholarly and powerful, yet simple sermon. At the close of the service they grouped about him, and after, as we may presume, a ceremonious outpouring of municipal eloquence, presented him with the freedom of the city. Of the diploma Mr. Wesley says, "I

question whether any diploma from the city of London be more pompous, or expressed in better Latin." This curious document may be thus translated, "The illustrious order of Magistrates and Honourable Court of Aldermen [senatorum] of the famous city of Perth, as a token of their well-merited love and kindly sentiments towards John Wesley, have invested him with the immunities of the above-mentioned city, and with the privileges of the fellowship and brotherhood of a burgess: This 28th day of April, in the year of our salvation, 1772." Among other privileges, Mr. Wesley had, as a burgess of the city, a vote in Parliamentary and municipal elections, and the right granted by royal charter of angling in the Tay for salmon.

The guildry register on which Mr. Wesley's name was recorded, was not one of the most insignificant in the kingdom. Noblemen had frequently held the office of Provost; and King James, in order to ingratiate himself with the citizens after the murder of Earl Gowrie, managed to get himself elected to the chief magistracy. There is a history of Perth in rhyme, in which it is said:

"But of all privileges this is the bravest,
King James the Sixth was burgess made and provost;
And gave his burgess-oath, and did enroll
With his own hand within the burgess-scroll
And guildry-book his dear and worthy name,
Which doth remain to Perth's perpetual fame,
And that king's glory."

Mr. Wesley again visited Perth in May, 1774. He preached on the Saturday night to a large congregation. "But," he says, "I could not find the way to their hearts. The generality of the people here are so wise that they need no more knowledge, and so good that they need no more religion! Who can warn them that are brimful of wisdom and goodness to flee from the wrath to come?" He was, however, determined that they should be warned, and on the Sabbath he gave them three sermons, which, if not as vehemently delivered, were as bold and faithful as any that had been thundered from the lips of John Knox. "I endeavoured to stir up this drowsy people by speaking as strongly as I could, at five, on 'Awake, thou that sleepest;' at seven, on 'Where their worm dieth not;' and in the evening, on 'I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God!'" The people did not forget the stirring words of their fellow-burgess, and two years after there was such a desire to hear him that no building in the city could have contained the congregation, and he preached on the South Inch, as grand a sanctuary as he could have wished, for there was the wide sweep of level grass on which the crowd stood; the rows of trees were like stately minster-aisles, the waters of the Tay went gliding past in silvery radiance; and the Hill of Kinnoul, garlanded with foliage, stood in calm majesty as the background of the scene.

Mr. Wesley's last visit to Perth was on Friday, April 30th, 1784: "We went to Perth, now but the shadow of what it was, though it begins to lift up its head. It is certainly the sweetest place in all North Britain, unless perhaps Dundee. I preached in the Tolbooth to a large and well-behaved congregation. Many of them were present again at five in the morning, May 1."

Methodism has never been very powerful in Perth, yet men who have risen to Connexional renown have come out of the Perth Circuit. One of these was the Rev. A. Strachan, who stands conspicuous among the writer's earliest memories of Methodist preachers. It was from him he received his first ticket of membership, and though then too young to appreciate his sermons, he has a vivid remembrance of his animation in the pulpit, and his evident desire to edify and encourage the people of his charge. Mr. Strachan was a native of Perth, and was educated in the principles of Christianity by a godly mother. Though outwardly blameless, he did not feel the need of a personal Saviour until he went to Glasgow, and was convinced of sin while listening to a sermon by the Rev. Valentine Ward. Soon after experiencing a change of heart, he returned to Perth and began to preach. In obedience to a

Divine call, he offered himself for the work of the ministry, and was accepted by the Conference of 1815. He rendered good service in the pulpit, and also to the literature of Methodism by his "Life of the Rev. S. Leigh." "Possessing," according to his obituary in the "Minutes," "a clear and vigorous understanding, and having early formed habits of patient and laborious research, his mind became well furnished, not only upon ecclesiastical and theological questions, but also upon general and scientific subjects, of which ample proof was given in his writings and public addresses. As a preacher he was characterised by originality, argumentative power, and unswerving fidelity in unfolding the mediatorial work of the Lord Jesus. He was wise in winning souls, exemplary in pastoral duties, and his attachment to Methodism was combined with the widest catholicity of spirit."

But the Perth Circuit can claim the yet loftier honour of having given the distinguished brothers M'Owan to the Methodist ministry. They were born at Crieff, in Perthshire, a town "beautifully situated on the slope of a hill at the head of Strathearn." John, when a young man, had gone to reside in Glasgow, and, like his friend Alexander Strachan, was converted under the ministry of the Rev. V. Ward. The letter he sent home, giving an account of his new and delightful experience of the power of religion, made a deep impression on the heart of Peter, and he began to seek the Lord. After a severe inward struggle, he was able to rejoice in salvation by grace, and in the street, and in the fields, and the wood behind the town, his song was—

"My God, I am Thine, What a comfort Divine,
What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!
In the heavenly Lamb Thrice happy I am,
And my heart it doth dance at the sound of His name."

But Calvinistic reasonings and prejudices gathered over his soul as clouds gather over a Highland loch, making darkness where for awhile there had been broad and beautiful light; and his trouble was such that he was often unable to sleep, and wandered about in restlessness and silent anguish. Happily he found relief and repose in the grand doctrines of Evangelical Arminianism. The Rev. W. Clegg was at that time stationed in Perth, and occasionally visiting Crieff, was led to take particular interest in the young man, who, with dark hair in heavy masses on his forehead, and eyes keen as those of the eagle above the crags of Ben Cruachan, listened to his sermons as if every word had in it a message of life or death. In 1814 the Rev. R. Heape was appointed to the Perth Circuit; a second preacher had not been requested, and as there was not work for two in Perth, it was decided that Mr. Heape should endeavour to raise a Society in Crieff. A Class-meeting and also prayer-meetings were commenced, and young M'Owan was brought into closer connection with Methodism. He was still troubled by doubts on the Calvinistic question, but having been induced to read the works of John Fletcher, his difficulties were entirely removed, and a sermon preached by Mr. Heape on the words, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me," was effectual in restoring him to peace of mind. He had not been long in the Society before the Circuit preachers asked him to take an appointment at Methven, a small village between Crieff and Perth. At first he thought they were mocking him, and when he saw they were in earnest, stoutly argued against their proposal; but his own sense of duty to God and to his fellow-men at length prevailed, and walking to Methven, "met the people in the name of the Lord, and found no lack of words, matter or feeling." While hesitating as to whether he should yield to the urgency of Messrs. Clegg and Heape, he sometimes went into the wood at the back of the town, and endeavoured, in its green secrecies, to relieve his mind by preaching salvation to an imaginary audience. He thought that no human ear could possibly hear him as he stood among the firs; but he afterwards had

the satisfaction of meeting a man who told him that he was on one occasion an unobserved listener, and was so impressed by what he heard that he repented of his sins, and found mercy; and that he still rejoiced in the favour of the Lord. The sermon in the wood was the beginning of successes continued through many years, and won in every part of the United Kingdom, by a ministry seraphic in its ardour, and sublime in its passion for the salvation of souls; and the Perth Circuit may well rejoice that it was by its agencies the great powers of Peter M'Owan were drawn into the fellowship and developed in the labours of the Methodist Church.

The history of Methodism in Perth is not distinguished by many striking incidents, but some years since a minister stationed there lifted the little Society into unwonted prominence, and drew around him the choicest intellects of the city. Lawyers, doctors, journalists, clergymen, and civic aristocrats, crowded the chapel to listen to his unique and chastely beautiful discourses. He did not triumph in the resonant climax or the long sweep of impassioned rhetoric, for which many great preachers have been renowned; but the calm grace of his delivery fascinated the mind, and even the lifting of his finger is still spoken of as having a marvellous effect on his audience. His thoughts, while evangelical, as if he had received them in conversation with Paul or John, were singularly original in form and combination; were represented in rhythmical words and images that a poet might have envied; and resembled, in their loftiness and mystic splendour, an Egyptian obelisk when touched into luminous majesty by the beams of the rising sun.

The Wesleyan Chapel in Perth stands in South-street. It is a "third loft," being simply the floored gallery of a larger chapel. There is nothing in it remarkable excepting the clock, which, instead of the usual numerals on the dial, has the hours marked by letters which make the words—

"MIND ETERNITY."

TRUST IN JESUS.

A PHYSICIAN who was once visiting a Christian patient had himself been anxious to feel that he was at peace with God; the Spirit of God had convicted him of sin and need, and he longed to possess "that peace which the world cannot give." On this occasion, addressing himself to the sick one, he said: "I want you just to tell me what it is, this believing and getting happiness—faith in Jesus that brings peace."

His patient replied: "Doctor, I have felt that I could do nothing, and I have put my case in your hands—I am trusting in you. This is exactly what every poor sinner must do in the Lord Jesus."

This reply greatly awakened the doctor's surprise, and a new light broke in on his soul.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed, "simply trusting in the Lord Jesus? I see it as I never did before."

Yes, Jesus said, "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." From that sick-bed the doctor went a happy man, rejoicing that his sins were washed away in the blood of the Lamb.

A PRAYER ANSWERED.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON, who stood at the head of American artists half a century ago, was at one time so reduced by poverty that he locked his studio in London, threw himself on his knees, and prayed for a loaf of bread for himself and his wife. While thus engaged he heard a knock at the door, which he hastened to open. A stranger inquired for Mr. Allston, and was anxious to know who was the fortunate purchaser of the painting of the "Angel Uriel," which had won the prize at the exhibition of the Royal Academy. He was told that it was not sold.

"Where is it to be found?"

"In this very room," said Allston. "It is for sale, but its value has not been adequately appreciated, and I would not part with it."

"What is its price?"

"I have done affixing any nominal sum. I have always so far exceeded any offers; I leave it to you to name the price."

"Will four hundred pounds be an adequate recompense?"

"It is more than I ever asked for it."

"Then the painting is mine," said the stranger, who introduced himself as the Marquis of Stafford, and from that time he became one of Mr. Allston's warmest friends and patrons.

THE CLASPING HAND.

I WANT you to notice the peculiarity of Christ's kindness to the neglected and vile. He crossed their threshold as a guest; He went into their houses as a friendly visitor. He sat down with them as on an equal footing. He made Himself at home with them. He suffered them to make entertainments for Him. He drew up with them to the household board. He ate with them, and drank with them, and talked with them in cheerful, social converse. He maintained no distance, kept no reserve; opened His lips, warmed and brightened them in the light of His benignant smile, and made the hour and the place full of the joy of His comforting presence.

O, what good this did them! This was friendship that cost something, and that meant something; it was genuine and true. It gave Himself to them, and it won them to Himself. If He had stood aloof and sent some message to them across the chasm between, if He had dealt in rebukes, or even in invitations from a distance, He would have gained nothing. He must prove what was in His heart; and if He were shy of them personally, He might have talked love for a lifetime and made no converts. It was the acting out of His love, going under their roof, taking them by the hand, brushing His garments freely against theirs, reclining with them at supper, for a time a member of their family—it was this that tested Him and won them. The example of Christ remains for His people. It was not, in this matter, an incident of His life; it was characteristic; it ran its golden thread through all His intercourse with men. There is nothing taught us more explicitly by the whole record than the use the Saviour made of His personal and social power to recover and elevate the lost.

We make but little progress in social reform. More than eighteen centuries have gone by since the true method of this reform was so beautifully illustrated, and yet how few have been the trophies of Christian charity from those whose character is not more clearly expressed than their treatment when we call them "the abandoned!" We are quite willing to stand on our immaculate social heights and fling a tract down below, and point our wandering brothers and sisters to some isolated shelter we have provided for them; but we are not willing that their feet, climb they ever so diligently, should cross our threshold, or that ours should cross theirs. Ah, the hand that only *points* is too cold, too white, too distant! It is only the *clasping* hand that can guide one astray, warm with a brother's love, and sinewy with a brother's strength.

O that Christian people would be true, at whatever cost, to the ideal of Christian beneficence! Innumerable hands, I speak what I know, are stretching up out of miry places in the midst of us, to take hold of some helping and saving hand. The Hand that was wounded touched them; shall not ours?—*Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D.*

COURAGE AT THE LAST.

THE excellent Sir William Forbes, the biographer of Beattie, uttered this: "Tell those," said he, "that are drawing down to the bed of death, from my experience, that it has no terrors; that in the hour when it is most wanted there is mercy with the Most High; and that some change takes place which fits the soul to meet its God."

When the loyal Earl of Derby came to his execution, although he had said,

in previous times, that he could die in fight, but knew not how it might be on the scaffold, he now said he could lay his head on the block as cheerfully as on his pillow.

"Let my people know," said the pious Archdeacon Aylmer, "that their pastor died undaunted, and not afraid of death. I bless my God that I have no fear, no doubt, no reluctance, but an assured confidence in the sin-overcoming merit of Jesus Christ."

So said President Finney: "Give my love to the people of Princeton; tell them that I am going to die, and that I am not afraid of death."

"O, do not fear to die!" said Mrs. East, in dying; "you will find the Word of God sure; all will be fulfilled, and you will find it so."

These were the words of Halyburton: "I, a poor, weak, timorous man, once as much afraid of death as any—I, that have been many years under the terror of death, come now, in the mercy of God, and the power of His grace, composedly and with joy to look death in the face."

HYMN FOR HARVEST-HOME.

Young men and maidens join
In songs of rapturous praise,
Your tuneful notes combine,
Your hallelujahs raise;
In crowds into God's temple come,
And shout your thanks for harvest-home.

Old men and children rise
And bless our bounteous Lord,
Another year's supplies
For man and beast are stored;
O come into God's temple, come,
And swell your hymns for harvest-home.

Our God has sped the plough,
And sent His children food,
And lo! we praise Him now,
The Giver of all good;
With joy into God's temple come,
And sing our songs of harvest-home.

Bright sunshine and soft rain,
O'er upland, vale, and hill,
Have swelled the golden grain,
With bread our mouths to fill;
O come into God's temple, come,
And sing your songs of harvest-home.

Enough for rich and poor,
God's bread is freely given,
The bread and water sure,
Like manna shower'd from heaven;
Come, then, into God's temple, come,
And swell the songs of harvest-home.

Who feeds on heavenly bread
Amid earth's sin and strife,
By living manna fed
On Christ, the Bread of Life;
Ye shall into God's temple come,
And sing in heaven *your* harvest-home.

O glorious harvest-day!
The Church her sheaves shall yield,
And angels bear away,
Till God's elect are seal'd;
O God! may we Thy children come,
And join that heavenly harvest-home.

Benjamin Gough.

DAILY SECRET PRAYER.

"Be mindful of daily secret prayer," was the advice given by an aged minister to a young friend who came to him for counsel.

"But I am in business."

"No matter; you can find time for secret, earnest devotion."

"But my business so presses upon me, overwhelming me at times, for hours together, that I cannot retire for secret prayer."

"You can engage the more earnestly in such prayer before business opens in the morning, and after it closes at night. Besides, you can be much in the spirit of prayer during your business hours. In spirit, in heart, you can often look up for Divine guidance and help during the day."

"I will try it."

"Do so. God will help you. His promises are sure, and apply to men of business as to all others. Never, *never* forget or neglect secret prayer."

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

JOHN GUSTARD.

JOHN GUSTARD died at Morpeth, January 31st, 1876. He was born at Morpeth in the year 1807, and received his first religious impressions in the Wesleyan Sunday-school. At thirteen years of age he was sent to London to serve his apprenticeship. He attended the services in the Wesleyan Chapel, Kentish-town. Under a sermon preached in the open air by a Local-preacher, from the words, "For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not," he was powerfully convinced of sin, and at a Lovefeast held soon after, he was enabled to believe on the Saviour and rejoice in His great salvation.

After finishing his apprenticeship he returned to Morpeth. He became an active member of the Morpeth Society. He honourably and faithfully sustained almost all the offices open to a layman in a small Methodist Circuit.

As Sunday-school teacher and Superintendent, Class-leader and Local-preacher, he rendered abundant and exemplary service. For more than forty years he took a lively and loving interest in the affairs of the Wesleyan Societies in Morpeth and the surrounding villages. In several places in the Morpeth and Blyth Circuits the first Methodist sermon was preached by him.

Two years before his death his health began to decline, and it was with deep regret that he was compelled to relinquish some of the more active and laborious duties to which he had been so long accustomed. During his last illness his mind was habitually stayed on Divine things.

The soul-sustaining promises of God's Word, and verses from the much-prized hymns in our Hymn-Book, were frequently on his lips. To one who visited him he said, "In all my afflictions, Christ is precious." To others he expressed his unwavering confidence in the promises of God, and his complete assurance of the sufficiency of that Divine Saviour Whom he had learnt to trust and love.

His dying counsels to his sorrowing family were, "Trust in Jesus," "Live to God," etc., etc. He assured them that his confidence in God's goodness and faithfulness remained unshaken, and expressed his firm and full persuasion that He would be to them also a covenant-keeping God. While he had strength to do so, he ceased not to praise and pray. His end was peace. At eventide it was light.

Large numbers of mourning friends and neighbours crowded to the Morpeth Chapel on the evening of Sunday, February 13th, to hear Mr. Gustard's funeral sermon preached by our resident minister. The unvarying testimony of all who knew him, whether converted or unconverted, was, "He was a good man; He tried to do his duty."

J. F.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR OCTOBER, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Sept. 27	5 54	5 46	6 3a	1 39m	4 27m	7 39a	2 56m
Oct. 7	6 11	5 24	5 23	1 55	4 24	7 5	2 14
17	6 28	5 2	*Rises* 5 43m	2 14	4 21	6 31	1 32
27	6 45	4 42	4 56	2 37	4 18	5 57	0 52

PHASES OF THE MOON.

3rd, Full Moon	10h. 56m. morn.	17th, New Moon	9h. 57m. morn.
10th, Last Quarter ..	10h. 19m. morn.	25th, First Quarter ..	7h. 55m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

October 10th	3h. after., Perigee;	distance 229,934 miles.
„ 24th	10h. morn., Apogee;	„ 251,294 „
Mean distance for the month.....		240,614 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Oct. 1st	91,706,620 miles.
Nov. 1st	90,915,890 „
Decrease of distance for the month.....	790,730 „

Mercury will be in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 13th at 6h. in the morning. The planet will be a little southward of the Sun's disc. Were it visible, the apparent diameter would be 10 seconds, nearly half that of Venus. With a good telescope the planet may be seen on the 11th, on which day it will be in perigee, or at the point nearest to the Earth. The form will of course be a thin crescent, just like the Moon when about a day old. Toward the end of the month it will rise nearly two hours before the Sun, almost due East, and may be seen with the naked eye. On the 16th, at 9h. in the evening, it will be near the Moon, but below our horizon; at the same hour on the following day it will pass through the plane of the Earth's orbit, from the southern to the northern side. It will be stationary on the afternoon of the 21st, after which the apparent motion becomes direct. On the 28th, at 8h. in the evening, it attains its greatest elongation from the Sun, 18½ degrees westward.

Venus is emphatically the morning star; the form slightly gibbous. The apparent diameter diminishes during the month from twenty-two to seventeen seconds. On the 12th, two hours before noon, this planet will be in ascending node, that is, in the plane of the Earth's orbit going northward. It will be near the Moon on the evening of the 13th, and not far distant when rising on the morning of the 14th.

Mars is a morning star; greatly inferior in splendour to Venus. It will be near the Moon on the evening of the 15th. On the 17th it will be in the celestial equator near Eta Virginis, after which the declination becomes South.

Jupiter is now barely visible after sunset, low in the south-west. On the 20th it will be in the neighbourhood of the Moon. On the 3rd and 17th, at six in the afternoon, the Satellites will all be on the east side of the planet, in the order of their actual distances. On the 19th, about the same hour, the first Satellite may be seen on the disc of the primary. The distance from the Earth is increasing, and of course the apparent diameter diminishing; toward the middle of the month it is thirty-three seconds. In May it was forty-six seconds, the maximum value for the year.

Saturn is visible all the evening till after midnight. An occultation of this planet by the Moon may be witnessed on the evening of the 27th, throughout a large district of the Northern hemisphere and part of the Southern, but not at Greenwich: toward half-past six the planet will be very near the edge of the Moon.

Uranus rises on the 12th at one in the morning, and on the 27th at midnight. It is now in Leo, about four degrees from Regulus.

Neptune will be in opposition to the Sun on the 26th at 11h in the evening. On the 23rd it will be on the Meridian at mean midnight.

The Moon will cross the Pleiades on the evening of the 6th, and several occultations may be witnessed. If carefully observed in a known locality, with a well-regulated chronometer, observations of this class are very useful for determining the laws of the Moon's motion.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

(Castleton Castle, from a Photograph by Mr. Richard Keene, of Derby.)

THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.

Many descriptions of the Peak of Derbyshire have been published, but probably none more terse and correct can be met with than the following extract from "Days in Derbyshire," by Dr. Spencer T. Hall, author of "The Peak and the Plain," etc. :

"'But where is the Peak?' If you ask a dweller on the plain of the Nottinghamshire border, (the site of what once was Sherwood Forest,) he points to where the evening sun is just dipping out of sight, over a picturesque range of hills, stretching from Crich to Ashover; he also directs your eye to the still loftier ridges of Wirksworth and Middleton

Moors, beyond that first line, and to the dun cap of Masson rising over Matlock-Bath, about which the last red gleam of day will linger latest, and says the Peak is there!

"But if you are sauntering out in the neighbourhood of Moss-side or Trafford, near Manchester, some fine morning at sunrise, and ask any one acquainted with the view, what or where may be yon line of dark hills filing along the horizon from east towards south, he tells you that it is somewhere about Chapel-en-le-Frith and Buxton, and that it is the Peak of Derbyshire! while the sportsman on Blackstone-Edge, the wayfarer wending slowly up from the Huddersfield side of Yorkshire, or the spinner escaped from Glossop Mills on his holiday stroll, will each point up to the summit of Kinderscout, where the snow—it is so high—has sometimes been known to linger till near midsummer, and will tell you exultingly that *there* is the Peak!

"Go down to Sheffield, and ask any one you may meet, from the woodman on Wincobank, the poet loitering on Shirecliffe, or the herdsman at Ecclesall, to the milk-boy descending from Chantrey's Norton, or the bilberry-gatherer beyond Ringing Low, and they will severally direct you to the Pole on North Stanedge, the high moors that stretch away from the Rivilin by Moscar, Burbedge, and Longshaw towards Baslow, or to far hills beyond, (the whole including more country than you could march across on a long summer-day,) and call it all the Peak!

"Again: you shall stand on Bardon Hill, or on the rocks near the monastery of Mount St. Bernard, in Leicestershire, gazing far, far out to the north-west, as the azure sky of afternoon softens into violet, and from violet into liquid gold, and you shall see *six horizons*, ridge rising gradually above and beyond ridge, as I have seen them, to the remotest ken; and next you shall see those ridges still more defined, in consequence of the gentle films of evening mist rising slowly from the valleys between them, but not as yet high enough to obscure their tops; while anon the sky above is becoming marbled with bright streaks of crimson cloud,—

'Like Jacob's ladder, tracking the way to heaven;'

and the whole scene, so vast, so grand, yet so soft, in its many minglings of light and shade, is indelibly impictured upon your soul, as the intelligent historian of Charnwood Forest at your side tells you that the second and sixth of those horizons embrace the Peak!

"Once more: the traveller by rail, whether from Cheshire or Staffordshire, arriving at Alton Towers or Rocester, going thence to Ashbourn, and scaling Thorpe Cloud, that so conspicuously sentinels the lower entrance to Dovedale, looks abroad from right to left, and all around. Gaze wheresoever he may, his eye rests on beauty; and (though how exceedingly remote from Crich or Kinderscout, Matlock,

or Buxton, the map will show you) he, too, exults in the glowing consciousness of having already reached—the Peak!

"Finally: the stay-at-home traveller in books,—or, as things go, it may perchance be one of the modern writers of them,—who derives his topography from novels and his history from romances, and knows all about the *Peveril* from Sir Walter Scott, is as sure as if he had been born (like Jerry Royse) in one of the caverns there, that the Peak is at Castleton, and nowhere else; while, curiously enough, each of many of the people who inhabit the region bearing that name, although it comprises about half the county, devoutly believes *the Peak, par excellence*, to be the particular locality where he happens to reside; yet wherever, the wide world over, you may meet a man from Wirksworth, Bakewell, or Buxton, his heart will give an extra throb if you happen to mention his native Peak, and he will speak as proudly as if he owned them, of ancient Haddon and modern Chatsworth, its far-famed palaces."

The writer from whom this quotation is borrowed, who formerly resided in the county of Derby, furnishes in his own case an additional instance of the value of "self-help." A reminiscence of his early life may here be given to encourage young people in habits of useful reading, whilst indirectly it illustrates the influence exerted on our villages by Methodist Literature more than half-a-century ago.

In 1854 I was present when Dr. Spencer T. Hall gave a lecture on "Virtue in Humble Life." At that time I was but slightly acquainted with him. He stated that when a boy at home (in Sherwood Forest) he one week-day evening accompanied an elder sister, who was a Methodist, to the Wesleyan chapel, when the minister, after preaching, announced that a series of Magazines published by the Body was on sale. One of these was "The Youth's Instructor," price 4*d*. His sister decided that he should take it in. It was the first purchase of a book he had ever made. It was carried home in triumph, and its contents read with pleasure; so much so, that some of the neighbouring families were visited, to whom portions of the book were read aloud. This called forth commendation, particularly from one old woman, a Methodist, who exclaimed as the boy read to her, "Bless that tongue!"

"This," said the lecturer, "was the first expression of approval for doing anything of that sort which I had ever received in my life. It seemed to put my energies in motion, and from that day to this those words have scarcely been absent from my mind." It was added, that the mental stimulus thus afforded, in connection with the monthly publication referred to, had exerted a decided influence on the lecturer's character and pursuits.

It is not necessary to append any further lengthened notices of this mountainous region. By lovers of the marvellous, the village of Castleton has for generations been much resorted to. It lies in a dale

immediately at the foot of Mam Tor, one of the highest mountains in the Peak, having an altitude of more than two thousand feet above the level of the sea. In the seventeenth century the philosopher Hobbes, and Izaak Walton's friend, Charles Cotton, both published poems on the wonders of the Peak. One of the chief sights is the Peak Cavern at Castleton, which is indeed a strange place, and has often been described. In June, 1833, it was visited by Dr. Chalmers, whose graphic account of the occasion will be found in his Memoirs by Dr. Hanna. The Castle is an ill-shapen ruin standing on the verge of a rocky precipice that forms the roof of the cavern. It has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott's tale of "Peveril of the Peak," which for many readers has all the charm of authentic history, but it has little foundation in fact. The castle is a Norman structure, and was probably built by William Peveril, the natural son of William the Conqueror, to whom the traditions of the country ascribe it, and who certainly owned it at the time of the Doomsday survey, in the record of which it is denominated "the Castle of the Peake."

Castleton and Tideswell have each an ancient parish church, presenting several points of interest to the antiquarian. A former Vicar of Castleton was the grandfather of Hester Ann Rogers. He held the living twenty-six years, and his remains lie interred in the chancel of the church.*

Derby. JOSEPH JONES.

THE HAPPY PRISONER.

A TRUE STORY.

"WHEN a *strong* man *armed* keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when *a stronger than he* shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him *all his armour* wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils." Blessed be God, Who loved us *as sinners*, shut up in the house of the strong man, unable and unwilling to escape, and sent the "Stronger than he,"—*God "manifest in the flesh,"*—to save and deliver our helpless, guilty souls! "Is *any* thing too hard for the Lord?" "There is *nothing* too hard for the Lord;" for "with God *all* things are possible."

These passages force themselves on my attention when I think of the story told lately by a military chaplain not long returned from India with his regiment.

There was one young man in the regiment abroad, who was a proverb amongst his comrades for uncommon wickedness. He seemed literally to drink in *all* iniquity like water. Drunkenness, impurity, lying, blasphemy, and, in fact, general depravity without one redeeming trait, seemed to single him out as one upon whom Satan had set his mark, and of whom there was no hope. But God seeth not as we see, His thoughts are far above ours. While He abhors He pities, for "His mercy endureth for ever." Every effort had been made to reclaim this poor slave of sin, tied and bound with its chains and fetters. He did not care

* See this Miscellany for 1874, page 355.

for punishment, and returned to his evil deeds with fresh zest. On one occasion, however—*the last!*—he was sentenced to ten days' solitary confinement in what were called "the cells." He heard his sentence pronounced by his officers with his usual recklessness, and as if to brave it out, turned to one of his comrades when he was being taken to the cells, and said, "I say, have you a book for me? Give me something to read." His fellow-soldier, in mockery, handed him a Bible, anticipating a rough reception for the loan. To the surprise of his comrades, the prisoner opened it, and said,—"What's this? a Bible! Well, better than nothing," and carried it into his cell, where he was locked in and left alone.

By his own account, related afterwards, the moment the door was locked he dashed the Bible to the floor with a terrible curse, and threw himself on his bed to sleep! He dozed for some time, when towards sundown he heard singing in a room beside the cells, where the chaplain met a few godly soldiers in the cool of the evening, to read the Scriptures together, pray and sing a hymn before gunfire. The tune arrested the prisoner's attention, though he could not distinguish the words. It was a familiar tune, which he had often sung, as a boy, at the Sunday-school he attended in Dublin. The power of association is very strong, and it acted now on his mind in a wonderful manner. In a moment the days of his childhood came before him,—his father, whose grey hairs he had brought with sorrow to an untimely grave; his poor afflicted, widowed mother, and all her exhortations, her prayers and tears; his brothers and sisters, doing well in their native land; and he an exile, a prisoner in a foreign land, without a friend, without character, without hope in the world, without God, and nothing before him "but a certain fearful looking for of judgment"! The wretched man felt horror-stricken. He sprang out of bed, picked up the Bible, and opened it at the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, a familiar chapter learned by heart long ago. He turned, as if by instinct, to the 14th verse: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He closed the Bible, kissed it, and reverently laid it on his pillow, and he himself fell upon his face on the ground in the corner where the Bible had lain, and there he spent that whole night in prayer to God, with strong crying and tears. "*God be merciful to me a sinner*," the publican's prayer, has never yet been rejected, nor was it in this case. He rose from the ground in the morning justified, "a new creature" in Christ Jesus, a child of God, and an heir of glory We may well exclaim, "*What hath God wrought!*" and "Who teacheth like Him?" The "Stronger than he" had come upon the "strong man armed" and delivered the captive! He told the chaplain afterwards that he never in all his life spent ten such happy days as the ten days of his imprisonment in the cells at the cantonment of ———.

The day he returned to parade, his comrades were surprised at the change in his countenance and bearing. The lion had become a lamb. The canteen was deserted by him; he was gentle and thoughtful in his look and manner, attentive to

his duties, and obliging to all, and as soon as he had an hour to himself, he went into some retired place to read his Bible, pray to his Saviour, and praise Him in the hymns that he had learned in his childhood. For some time the godly men were afraid to trust him, his former gay companions looked coldly on him, and he was left alone with his newly-found Father. But his Father's arms were open to him; the raiment, the shoes, the ring, the rejoicing over the lost son, were all his. After a time his godly comrades received him into fellowship, "and he went on his way rejoicing." The chaplain said he never knew a more beautiful and satisfactory case of true, abiding conversion than this poor soldier's, whose name it is not needful to mention. Suffice it to say, that on the return of the regiment from India, the chaplain had the pleasure of attending this young man's wedding in Dublin. He married a Christian young woman, got his discharge from the service, and is now a prosperous tradesman in England.

If this true story should fall into the hands of an unsaved man, what encouragement is here for the chief of sinners! "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." "The pleasures of sin," such as they be, are but "for a season;" but the pleasures at God's right hand are "*for evermore*," and they are purchased for us by the blood of His dear Son, freely bestowed, without money and without price.

"Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?"

What encouragement there is for faithful Sunday-school teachers in this narrative! Many a time, we may well suppose, had this boy's teacher named him at the Throne of Grace, and besought a blessing on his teaching of him, on the lessons, the prayers, the hymns, the addresses to the classes; and though the teacher may not have lived to see the answer to his prayers, his reward is with God, his prayers were heard, his teaching blessed, and teacher and taught shall rejoice together in the day of the Lord's glorious appearing. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." "Sow beside all waters," for the Lord's Word shall not return to Him void.

"But none of the ransom'd ever knew
How deep were the waters cross'd,
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.

"And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
'*Rejoice! I have found My sheep!*'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'*Rejoice!* for the Lord brings back His own.'"

R. R. T.

"WILL YOU MEET ME IN HEAVEN?"

"WE may never meet again on earth; will you meet me in heaven?" said a kind Christian gentlewoman to a boy of about eleven years of age, as she bade him "Good-bye." They stood together at the door of the lady's dwelling one lovely Septem-

ber afternoon; and the boy, who had received many good impressions from that loving teacher, had just been told that she was about to leave the neighbourhood. Many little acts of kindness came into his memory as he stood before her, and reflected that in all human probability they would never meet again on earth. Whilst these thoughts were passing through his mind, the lady (whose name was Miss Mason) had been looking earnestly into the boy's face, and at last had broken the silence by saying, "We may never meet again on earth; will you meet me in heaven?"

The lad's bright eyes grew dim with tears; he could not bear the thought of parting from his kind friend; he could not say farewell without giving the promise she desired, and yet he hesitated at entering into an agreement so important to the welfare of his soul.

Gently Miss Mason placed her hand upon his shoulder and said,—

"Edward,—*By God's help will you try?*"

And then the little fellow raised his eyes to the speaker, and said with earnestness, "Yes; I will." A few more words of encouragement and counsel passed from the lady's lips, and then she bade her little friend a long farewell.

The years sped slowly by, bringing many changes to the home of the boy; his brother, a young man who had been afflicted with lameness from his earliest youth, was called home to rest from his sufferings when he had scarcely reached the age of manhood. But that lame brother feared no evil, for "the valley of shadows" was illumined by the presence of the Sun of Righteousness.

A few months afterwards the father of the lad was cut down by the hand of death, but ere he died he bade his children follow him to the skies; and Edward sought the forgiveness of that father's Saviour, and more than ever resolved to seek strength from God to meet his friends in the better land.

. . . . . .

"My dear boys," said a Sunday-school teacher, "I am giving you the last lesson I shall give as your teacher in this class. I have told you many times of the love of Jesus, and have besought you to make Him your Friend and Guide for time and for eternity. And now I am leaving you; God alone knows whether we shall meet again in this world; but, my dear boys, we can meet again in a fairer land than this; and I want you, *one* and *all*, to promise that, by God's help, you will meet me in heaven by and by. Will *you* promise, Walter, and *you*, Harry, and *you*, Edward and Robert? Alfred! William! John! will *you* also determine with the others that you will strive to do God's will here, so that we may all have a joyful meeting, never again to part, in the many mansioned home of the skies?"

The boys in that class were trying vainly to keep back the tears which would trickle down their faces as they listened to the teacher's earnest words; but *all of them* promised to give their hearts to Jesus, and by the help of God to fulfil their engagement to meet their teacher in heaven.

The promise thus given was not forgotten by many of the scholars to whom I have referred. In two or three years' time the teacher heard from one of his boys that he was still mindful of the lesson given that Sunday afternoon, and would keep his promise. Another met that teacher in the street, and thanked him for the faithfulness with which

he had spoken, stating also that it had led to his conversion. A third wrote from Gibraltar to tell his friend that he should ever bless and praise God for the earnest entreaty that teacher had made, for by its influence he had been brought to yield himself to God.

The last-mentioned young man was a shipwright, and had to bear a great deal of opposition from his ungodly associates. This was not all, for his father was a miserable drunkard, and persecuted his son, until the latter, in despair of ever doing any good at home, enlisted in the army, and was sent to Gibraltar.

There he tried to do good amongst his fellow-soldiers, and sought to induce others to love the Captain of his salvation, so that, with him, they might glorify God here, and meet, never more to part, hereafter.

Reader, *the boy* to whom that lady spoke, *the teacher* of that young men's class, and *the writer* of this story, are one and the same. Will you not let him ask you, with all a brother's affection, and with a desire for your present and eternal happiness, "*to meet him in heaven*"? My friend, I have tried to show you how much good a few kind words will do—how, like good seed, they may bring forth much fruit; and now let my last words be a repetition of the lady's to the boy, "Will you meet me in heaven?" God help you to say, "*I will.*"

EDWARD BAILEY.

MANUEL.

A CHAPLAIN in the United States army, having leave of absence for his health, whilst on his travels arrived in San Francisco. His history and antecedents being somewhat uncommon, he was invited by one of our pastors to give an account of his early life, and conversion from the Roman Catholic faith, before the usual week-night congregation. This he did in an exceedingly interesting manner. He is a native of Madeira. After giving a description of this beautiful island, and its abundant productions of fruits and flowers all the year round, he told us his parents were zealous Romanists, and early initiated him into the faith and practice of their church. In his father's house was a chapel, in which were the images of several saints, pre-eminent amongst them being the Virgin Mary, dressed in satin, with a crown on her head studded with pearls; she was also adorned with a diamond necklace and ear-rings. His mother would tell him to kneel before this statue, for it represented the "Mother of God," and "Queen of Heaven;" adding, "Manuel, if you should ever be in trouble or sorrow, go and tell the Virgin all about it. She has a mother's heart, and will always pity and help you."

He was intended for the priesthood, and was early taught to read. At seven years of age he was taken to confession, and not only conscientiously answered the questions of the priest, but voluntarily confessed taking a piece of candy from his mother. He was early taught Latin, and his father decided upon his proceeding, when old enough, to Canada or the United States to acquire the English language. When he was eleven years of age, a beautiful ship came one day into the harbour of Funchal. It proved to be the brig "Clio," of Boston. When he saw it, he entreated his father to let him sail in that ship, and eventually he had his wish. It was arranged for him to return with the captain and

his wife to their home near Boston. He was most kindly treated by them, and more than once during his school-days accompanied the captain on his annual voyage to Madeira. In due time he was sent to New York to complete his studies.

One day a gentleman, who for years had been a zealous Tract-distributer, put a tract into his hands. He could read English perfectly, and accepted the tract from curiosity, as it was the first he had ever seen. Knowing from a glance at its contents that it was a Protestant publication, he sought the privacy of his own room to read it, and not only locked the door, but plugged up the key-hole, lest the prying curiosity of his fellow-students should get him into trouble with his preceptors. He read this tract over and over again, feeling each time more and more convinced that there must be grave error in the teachings of his own church. He procured a Bible, and secretly studied it. He met again the gentleman who had given him the tract, and through his invitation began to attend week-day prayer-meetings. His mind seemed to be prepared ground for the good seed, and very soon he embraced Protestantism, wrote to his father explaining the change his views had undergone, and the impossibility of his entering the Romish priesthood.

As he expected, the answer was an angry remonstrance, accompanied by the threat of being disowned and disinherited in case he failed to return to "his *duty*." Before this letter arrived he had become acquainted with the "Pilgrim's Progress," lent him by his shoemaker, who was a German Lutheran, and from it obtained clearer knowledge of the way of salvation. This alienation from his family, whom he tenderly loved, was a real trial of his faith. One of his new Protestant friends encouraged him by quoting the promise, "Bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure." And he did more, for he taught him his own profession, and soon Manuel could earn one hundred dollars per week as a dentist. But he loved the truth which had made him free, and longed to communicate its saving light to others, especially to his relatives and old friends in Madeira.

He gave up his profession, studied for the ministry, was settled in due time as pastor over a country congregation in Massachusetts. His labours were blessed; but after a year he resolved to visit "home" once more, and accordingly arranged for a few months' absence, and sailed for Madeira. His letters to his father had never been answered, so he naturally felt some anxiety as to his reception. However, his mother had only been restrained by her husband from urging him long ago to visit them. One day, as from her balcony she was looking at a ship with the American flag in the harbour, she saw three young men walking up the steep street towards their house. Suddenly recognising in one of them her long absent but still beloved Manuel, she ran downstairs and into the street, where she received her son with open arms and every expression of affection. His father also welcomed him when he entered the house, and after a day or two even allowed him the use of a large room, in which he might assemble all his relatives and friends for the purpose of explaining fully the change in his opinions and belief. He gladly availed himself of this opportunity to preach the Gospel, which he did in a crowded

room, and with so much effect that several, including an old uncle,—a Catholic priest,—were melted to tears.

Two Scotch gentlemen were in the island at that time on a preaching tour; Manuel joined them, and from his knowledge of the country and the language, proved a valuable aid. So many conversions followed the proclamation of the Gospel, that persecution on the part of the priests and more bigoted Catholics soon arose. Before long Manuel had to fly for his life. One dark night he walked nearly thirty miles to the country house of his aunt, a baroness, who willingly received him, but could not protect him long. Eventually, not only for his own sake, but that of his parents, he thought it wisest to quit the island for that time and return to America. But the good work went on, and a year ago Manuel once more visited his beloved home, there to enjoy the happiness of seeing his father, mother, sister, and all his relatives, except one, real converts to Protestantism, and many of them consistent Christians. He found between four and five thousand Protestants in Funchal and in the country, and he was instrumental in arranging for the emigration of several hundred of the Portuguese natives to the United States. They have formed a settlement in Illinois, where they now support *four* churches, and are enjoying in their adopted country full "freedom to worship God."

San Francisco. M. D.

"BREAKERS AHEAD!"

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

THE passengers and crew on board the "Duncan Dunbar" were enjoying the evening breeze. The day had been oppressively hot, as days in the tropics are always felt to be by persons accustomed to a climate like that of England. Those on board who had no tasks to perform had been listless and wearied beneath the scorching rays of the vertical sun, and the sailors were pleased when their needful exertions were finished. But at eight o'clock in the evening every one felt refreshed. The air from the surrounding ocean was invigorating, and all in the ship, gentlemen and ladies, officers and men, began to manifest a cheerfulness which had not been perceptible since noon. The ship was gliding rapidly through the smooth waters, and as the voyage from London had hitherto been propitious, it seemed that Sydney would be reached speedily as well as safely. But suddenly a cry was heard, "Breakers ahead!" A momentary silence ensued, and then the voice, loud yet tremulous, again sounded forth, "Breakers ahead!" There, right in their path, in the midst of what had during the day appeared limitless ocean, was the white foam, beautiful, yet indicative of peril. The helm was immediately put to port, that the danger might be avoided. Quietly did the ship glide on, manifesting no concern or fear, though the eyes of scores of human beings were now fixed on that beauteous yet appalling spectacle. There was no need to utter the cry again, for every individual on board the "Duncan Dunbar" was aware of the solemnity of the crisis, and that all that now could be done would be done. A few more brief moments, and the ship struck violently on the reef which had been seen too late. Much damage was done by the shock, and water poured into the hold. It was found impossible to move the vessel. The catas-

trophe had occurred at high water, and in a short time the ship was left firmly imbedded in the rocks above the retreating waves. Those waves, however, would speedily return. No time must be lost, if life was to be preserved even for a short period. So Captain Swanson, with a few of his men, proceeded in a boat to ascertain whether there was any part of the reef uncovered at high water. Eventually they were satisfied that there were two places which, in ordinary tides, remained a little above the water. Most likely a specially high tide would cover the whole, and drown every individual upon them.

By much effort, daring and skill, all were landed. A hundred and seventeen human beings crowded the little islet of rock, and a small quantity of provisions and water was also secured. Death might thus be held at bay for a short period. What must they do when their very limited store should be exhausted? The darkness of night was dreadful, for amid the gloom the rising tide might sweep them all away. When the light showed that in such a tide there was room left for them to stand, the scorching heat was intolerable. Without shelter would they not speedily be driven to madness? Even then, amid their distress and fear, the question was debated, How did the catastrophe occur? Why was the ship allowed to approach so near the fatal reef? It was evident that the captain and other officers had done their utmost. They were aware of the existence of the reef; but in their charts they were informed that a beacon named "the Syren" had been erected, and that cocoa-nut trees were growing on the reef. But of the beacon nothing was left but a few prostrate and half-decayed timbers, and the cocoa-nut trees had also been overthrown. No blame was therefore ascribed to the captain. All felt that to his efforts and ability they owed the preservation of their lives before and after the awful cry was raised, and on him, under God, they still depended. So, crowded together on that little speck of rock in the midst of the ocean, they confided in him, and cheerfully attended to his directions. Before we state the result of their misfortune and bravery, there are other thoughts which may prove advantageous.

Those on board the "Duncan Dunbar" would never forget that cry, "Breakers ahead!" They had been thus taught in an exceedingly impressive manner, that danger may be nigh when least apprehended. We shall do well to bear in mind at all times and in all circumstances that peril of the most dreadful kind is ever in the path of the transgressor. The overthrow is only a question of time. The final catastrophe may not occur during the next twenty years, and it may happen in less than twenty minutes. But so much as this is sure, that the transgressor of God's law, unless he repent, will inevitably perish. We cannot predict the manner or the hour; but these will become history in due time. "Though a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him: but it shall not be well with the wicked, neither shall he prolong his days, which are as a shadow; because he feareth not before God." (Ecclesiastes viii. 12, 13.) To those who are living in sin, the voyage of life may, for a season, appear propitious; yet the crash, the terror, the wreck, the

irremediable ruin, will come. There are, in the case of all evil-doers, "*breakers ahead.*"

Transgressors are in constant peril, *however merry they may be.*—We have nothing to say against people being happy. There certainly is not too much happiness in the world, so nobody need try to make it less. Preachers need not disparage it; emigration commissioners need not send it out of the country; doctors need not invent any sort of vaccination to prevent it spreading; philanthropists need not print placards for places of concourse bidding us to take care of our hearts and beware of gladness. We would not diminish happiness. Nor would we harshly condemn those who have a noisy way of expressing their joy. When very intelligent people are also very happy, they are generally very quiet. But then many of us have only a small portion of either intelligence or gladness, and so we must not be set in the stocks for making a noise over the latter. Children will like to blow penny trumpets, to the end of time. All that we have to say concerning gladness is, that it will not avert any catastrophe to which we expose ourselves. The people on board the ill-fated "Duncan Dunbar" were enjoying themselves, but their lightheartedness had no effect on the rocky reef. Be sure that you are in the right course, and then be as joyous as circumstances allow. But forget not that laughter will not avert destruction. Lads who on Sunday are playing on the ice, having absented themselves from school and chapel, may laugh so loud as to be heard half a mile off in the clear, frosty air, but when the ice breaks they will drown as easily as though they had been ever so solemn. Men who exulted that they could get abundance of strong drink far away from home, have been crushed to death by a collision on the railway as they returned, although the moment before the chorus of an impious song was heard from their lips above the clatter of wheels and the whistle of the engine. Merriment is no preservative against God's righteous judgments. It is of course impracticable to declare when the evil-doer will reach the fatal spot; but the merriest is on his way thither. It lies right in the road along which he is hurrying. The only question is that of time. The voyager may have forgotten all warnings, and may be boisterous in his jollity. But there are "*breakers ahead.*"

Transgressors are in constant peril, *however successful they may be.*—Early in the year 1853 the ship "Cleopatra" arrived at Port Phillip, in Australia. No catastrophe occurred during the voyage nor at its close. If the helmsman or sailors ever saw "breakers ahead" during the long voyage from England, they succeeded in avoiding the rocks or reefs. All the passengers landed in safety. Among these was one who carried more treasure on shore than he desired his associates to know of. In cash alone he had ten thousand pounds, besides a considerable amount of valuable property. He had previously traded under the name of "Spriggs and Co." All the firm, however, walked beneath his hat. There was no other partner in the concern, sleeping or waking, senior or junior. The entire establishment, in his person, had transferred itself to Australia. Who could limit the heights to which he might attain in a new country of vast capabilities? Whatever the recent voyage might have been, it seemed

as though to that man the voyage of life would henceforth be as prosperous as it had been in the past. Yet were there *breakers ahead.* Three days before the arrival of the "Cleopatra," the screw steamer "Sarah Sands" had reached Port Phillip. One gentleman, Mr. Charles Falconer, inquired at once concerning the "Cleopatra," and appeared deeply solicitous to witness her arrival. Indeed, from the hour they sighted the port he seemed to have nothing to do but watch for the "Cleopatra." Mr. Falconer was a detective officer on a special mission. He had travelled all the way from England in the swiftest steamer just then sailing to Port Phillip, that he might arrest the man with the ten thousand pounds. "Spriggs and Co.," late of the City, had obtained goods to the amount of thirty thousand pounds, had turned most of them into cash, and had then absconded. As the scoundrel stepped on shore, he might be congratulating himself that neither storm nor whale had been sent after Jonah. If even they sighted the "Sarah Sands," the guilty man would not know that the warrant for his apprehension was on board that steamer. But the warrant was there and an able and determined officer to execute it. Thus, in a few hours after the rascal reached Port Phillip, arrangements had been made for the conveyance of him and his booty to England, the money to be returned to those who had been defrauded, and he to be punished. Now doubtless there are many wrong-doers who so limit their operations that they never have been, and never will be, convicted in any human court of justice; yet are they in grievous peril. Drunkard-makers, who grow rich by the misery, degradation, and damnation of their unhappy customers, are in danger. They may dress well, and build villas, and send their children to expensive boarding-schools, and set up a carriage, and possibly subscribe to a few charities: yet as certainly as they have, wilfully or recklessly promoted intemperance, vice and ruin, they will be called to account. So will the men who foster the Sunday excursion traffic. So will knaves in every department, reputable and disreputable. The voyage may seem as prosperous as those of former days, when men bartered beads, fish-hooks, and knives for gold-dust, ingots and diamonds. But, however successful, the transgressor is in awful peril. No wrong-doing can result in permanent prosperity. When sailing on smooth water and beneath sunny skies, and while picking up wealth in a wonderful manner, destruction is at hand. There are *breakers ahead.*

Transgressors are in constant peril, *however numerous or applauded they may be.*—Men often imagine themselves safer because they are in a crowd, and in some cases they are really so. Thus travellers crossing an Eastern desert join some caravan that they may unitedly resist the prowling banditti; and travellers used to act in a similar manner in our country when they must cross lonely places, such as Hounslow Heath. But there are other cases in which association, however extensive, is no protection whatever. When a huge man-of-war, with a crew of five hundred men, foundered, each man was as effectually drowned as though he had been the only one on board. Wicked men no doubt do fancy themselves safer because of their association with each other. When a race-course, or theatre, or Sabbath-breaking train, or steam-

boat is full, it seems as though the disobedience to God's laws was not so glaring. Yet each transgressor is in as much danger as though he were alone. When surrounded by an admiring crowd, it is doubtless easy to forget the danger. Thus it was with that wicked king Herod who caused the Apostle James to be put to death, and did his utmost to murder St. Peter also, that he might please the Jews. Would he not feel quite safe when an admiring multitude were applauding his eloquence, and declaring with shouts that he was more than human? Yet beneath his gorgeous robes the horrible decay and the feast of worms began. The Almighty could reach the daring sinner on his lofty throne and in the midst of his admiring flatterers. In like manner the hero of the workshop, of the tap-room, of the billiard-table, of any place of resort, is, while ungodly, in daily peril. The greatness of a crowd will not screen any wrong-doer, and the loudness of applause will not deliver him. Though the vessel be crowded with admirers, there are, in the course of every transgressor, "breakers ahead." "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished." (Prov. xi. 21.)

What became of the passengers and crew of the unfortunate "Duncan Dunbar"? They were thankful to find that no ordinary tide entirely covered the reef, and as they had secured some little provision they might survive a few days, and might be seen and rescued by some passing vessel. As soon as possible they rigged out a life-boat, and in it the captain and a few picked men started to seek help from the distant land. Then followed days of great anxiety and distress. Exposure to the fierce rays of the sun and want of suitable food occasioned painful indisposition. Fatal disease seemed imminent. The unfortunate people could sometimes discern in the distance the white sails of a passing ship. Such signals of distress as they could make were displayed, and loud cries were raised. But all these efforts were ineffectual. No ship came near enough for their crews to see or hear them. But when hope was well nigh gone, they saw a steamer coming in their direction. Straight on and swiftly did it journey. The captain and his associates had been successful in reaching a harbour, from whence, with the utmost expedition, a steamer was sent forth to their rescue, and *every one* who had been wrecked in the "Duncan Dunbar" was thus providentially saved.

Christ waits to save every evil-doer!—He will deliver none from future punishment who persist in transgression; but He is able and willing to deliver all who will turn to Him. There is no guilt which He cannot remove; there is no heart He cannot sanctify; there is no sinner whom He cannot save. "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." Go to Him in penitence and prayer. So will He save you from sin. Then instead of "*breakers ahead*," there will be the glorious haven of endless repose and gladness.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS FOR PREACHERS.

NECESSITY FOR GRACE.—"He is like to be but a heartless preacher that hath not the Christ and grace that he preacheth in his heart."—*Richard Baxter.*

"BUT, O! study universal holiness of life. Your whole usefulness depends on this. Your service on

Sabbath lasts but an hour or two, your life preaches all the week. Remember ministers are standard-bearers. Satan aims his fiery darts at them. If he can only make you a covetous minister, or a lover of pleasure, or a lover of praise, or a lover of good eating, then he has ruined your ministry for ever."—*M'Cheyne.*

"If you will venture on the great undertakings of the ministry, if you will lead on the troops of Christ against Satan and his followers, if you will engage yourselves against principalities and powers, and "spiritual wickedness in high places," if you will undertake to rescue captive sinners out of the devil's paws,—do not think that a heedless, careless course will accomplish so great a work as this."—*Baxter.*

PREPARATION.—"I find that writing sermons is not prayer."—*Dr. Payson.*

"Do not take up the vain excuse of your rawness or inexperience, which you may imagine or assume. For sterile modesty is never pleasing, nor that humility laudable which passes the bounds of reason. Attend to your work. Drive out bashfulness by a sense of duty, and act as a master."—*Bernard.*

"It was his (M'Cheyne's) manner on a Saturday afternoon to visit one or two of his sick who seemed near the point of death, with the view of being thus stirred up to a more direct application of the truth to his flock on the morrow, as dying men on the edge of eternity."

THE EVENING STAR.

The evening star is shining
Above the sunset flush,
Whose radiance is declining
'Mid Nature's holiest hush.

The evening star is brightening
As daylight beauties fade,
And every moment heightening
Its lustre is display'd.

The evening star is sparkling,
A diamond in the sky;
The more the night grows darkling
The brighter to the eye.
Sweet star of love and duty,
It looks with kindly smile,
And flashes in its beauty
To soothe me after toil.

How pure its light, how radiant,
Unsullied, undefiled!
Down the celestial gradient
It comes to me unsoil'd.
How welcome, calm and pleasant
The evening star of life,
God's goodness omnipresent,
With loving influence rife!

Brighter and brighter growing,
So gentle are its rays,
Its warm and mystic glowing
Stirs my cold heart to praise.
Heaven speaks with soft persuasion,
And shines on my abode,
And every scintillation
Is full of love and God.

The evening star is shining,
And now with millions more
Is silently combining
To gladden sea and shore.
Like thee, fair star of beauty
And radiance, be it mine
To fill my sphere of duty,
And daily rise and shine.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO RICHES.

CHAPTER XI.—OLD FRIENDS.

JIMMY was sitting in his pleasant little room, deeply interested in a new agricultural work, when he heard a halting step coming slowly up to the door.

"That's Deacon Hadley," said Davie, who was lying in his favourite place on a soft rug before the open fire.

Davie had grown weaker all the fall, and the cold weather seemed to strike a

deadly chill to his heart. Almost all his days were passed now on the lounge in Mary's room, with the toddling baby for company and amusement, and his evenings with Jimmy, though he had little strength now for reading or study.

"I'm not in haste to go," he would say, "but I'm just waiting now, and it won't be long."

Deacon Hadley came in, with his kindly, benevolent face, and after a friendly word with Davie, sat down by the fire in silence.

"How's your rheumatism to-night, Deacon?" asked Jimmy, seeing the old man looked grave.

"O, not worse, to speak of! I get about pretty spry, for an old fellow like me. I don't expect to be young again, James. You young men have got to put your shoulders to the wheel, now."

"It won't be very hard, now you've gone ahead and broken the road for us," said Jimmy.

"That's just it. I'm afraid some of our young men don't see what the work is that the Lord expects of them, and they're spending their time and strength in folly. I came down to see what could be done about it."

"About what?" asked Jimmy, not understanding him.

"Why, our young men and boys up at the Settlement. They don't read or study, or do anything of evenings, but loaf around the tavern and grocery; and some of 'em are getting in bad ways, I'm afraid. Now if there could be something started to interest them—a Lyceum or a Farmers' Club, or something of that sort."

"That is just what I should like, and I am sure it would succeed, if any one would only give it a start."

"And you are exactly the one to give it a start," said the deacon; "the boys won't listen to an old fellow like me, but if you take hold of it, a Farmers' Club will be sure to take."

"I'll try it," said Jimmy, hopefully; "and let us make it something especially for the boys: they need to feel that they have an interest in what their fathers are doing."

And so, over the little table in Jimmy's room, was planned what afterward grew into a regular Farmers' Club and Debating Society. It was not a part of the plan that Jimmy should be President of the Debating Society, and really take the lead in the Club; but he soon found himself filling both places without any choice of his own. And when it was urged that the Society must have an address from its president, Jimmy consented to give them a little talk upon some practical topics, though he would not hear of its being called a *lecture*. It was only for the young men and boys of the Society, but somehow the fathers and mothers felt curious to know what was being said to their sons, and so the pine benches at the hall were filled by the whole population of the Settlement. Jimmy's heart almost failed him; but he wisely concluded that he would say to the boys just what he had intended to say to them, and let any one listen who pleased.

"That's what I call good common sense," said old Deacon Hadley, when the address was finished. "It's just such talk as young men need to hear, and just such as they'll listen to and remember, because it comes from one of themselves, a real, hard-working farmer, who knows what he is talking about."

But nobody listened to the young speaker with such unbounded pride and delight as little Davie. He had been so anxious to go, that Jimmy had wrapped him carefully and taken him to the hall, where he sat through the whole, with his glittering eyes fixed on the speaker's f[illegible]

"Are you very tired, Davie?" asked Jimmy, as he laid him once more on the rug, by the warm fire.

"I'm always tired now, you know," said Davie, with a faint smile; "but I'm glad you let me go. I remember it all, but I liked my part the best."

"What part do you mean?"

"Why, don't you know? My part. I thought you meant it on purpose for me."

Davie raised himself on his elbow, and looked at Jimmy, with a faint flush from the fire on his thin cheek, as he repeated, eagerly,

"'We cannot all hope to accomplish some great thing by our own separate effort, each has his life work given him; and there is a Master Builder above us, by whose skill the whole is fitted together and brought into harmony. Let us use our best powers of mind and body to do well whatever part He assigns us; for none of us can tell now which has the most important work, and a lack in the smallest part may mar the whole.'

"That is it," said Davie. "I thought He had not given me any part; but now I see that perhaps He knows what I am doing, and has saved me some work so small that only He can see how it is needed."

The child rested contentedly on the rug, and Jimmy did not like to disturb him. He was too much excited to feel like sleeping himself, and they sat there alone for nearly two hours.

"'He hath made everything beautiful in its season,'" repeated Davie, dreamily, as Jimmy was assisting him to his bed; "in its *season*, you know; and some things have one season, and some have another. My season will come: I think it will come pretty soon, now."

Later in the night, Mary knocked at Jimmy's door, in alarm.

"Davie's in one of his spells again, and I'm thinking he'll surely go, this time."

In a moment Jimmy was by his bedside, but Davie could not speak, at first. His breath came in broken gasps, and his hands were pressed tightly over his little, fluttering heart. He could smile, though, and presently he found breath to say, brokenly,

"'Beautiful in its season—beautiful in its season;' my season is coming now;

I'm so glad." After a while he whispered, faintly, "*Sing!*"

Jimmy hesitated a moment, and then sang, to an old Scotch tune,

"Kind Shepherd, open wide
Thy tender arms, to fold
This little, weary lamb,
That wanders in the cold;
"The dreary moor his feet have cross'd,
With want oppress'd, in darkness lost;
Kind Shepherd, on Thy sheltering breast,
Now let Thy little lamb find rest."

Davie's face grew very quiet as he listened, and his hands loosened and fell away from his heart. He tried once or twice to sing, but only faintly whispered,

"Kind Shepherd, open wide,"

and then he lay back on the pillow, and closed his eyes. The Shepherd opened His arms, and little Davie was dead.

"He's found the faither and the mither, poor laddie," said Mary, smoothing back his hair; "there's small need to greet for him; such a weakly lamb is best in the fold."

Davie had grown to be such a friend and companion to Jimmy, that he felt fairly lost without him. Child though he was, his mind was more ripely developed than that of many a man, and Jimmy found no one to take his place. The quiet evenings at home had lost their great charm, now the little figure was gone from the rug, and the readings of history had not half their old interest, without Davie's quaint remarks and keen criticism.

Jimmy was almost homesick, and began to think seriously of a visit to Mr. Warren's family. And when Mr. Warren himself wrote to urge it, Jimmy concluded that it really would be best for him to go. It was not a very pleasant time for travelling, but the young farmer must not be away from his farm after the spring work fairly set in, and there was a promise of life in the swelling buds of the red maples, and here and there a faint greenness under the shelter of some hill.

"I wonder how it would be if I had a home of my own to go back to?" thought Jimmy, as they drew near Shelby; and he leaned eagerly from the car to catch the first glimpse of familiar objects.

"Peanuts! Five cents a glass!" called the train boy, as he passed down the car.

Jimmy started at the sound, and looked curiously at the boy, feeling very much as if he had met his old self again.

"How disappointed I was," he thought, "when I lost my place on the train. It seemed as if I was set clear back in my prospects of success. I wonder what would have become of me, if I had kept it?"

And while he was thinking the matter over, and remembering how earnestly Mr. Walters had once assured him that the best thing that ever happens to us is to be disappointed in our plans sometimes, they reached the station at Shelby.

"Just the same station," thought Jimmy; "I do believe we should have had a new one, up in Iowa, by this time."

Ah! Jimmy, that was proof positive that you belong, heart and hand, to the young enterprise which is already pushing away from the hands that gave it its first start.

This time it was Arthur who awaited him at the station, a fine, manly boy, not a little proud to show Jimmy how well he held the reins, and how fully he was trusted at home.

"These are my colts," he said, touching the handsome bays; "I trained them myself—they never needed any breaking. Father says, all horses want is teaching, and he wouldn't give a cent for one that was *broken* to harness."

"Your father understands training—training colts and training boys," said Jimmy; thinking how at that home there had never been any but loving, interested workers.

"Who has the garden this year?" he asked, as he saw that the work of cleaning up had already commenced, and the berries were trimmed and tied up.

"Alice and Lester—he's the new boy,

and he's real smart. They mean to do great things, and beat Aunt Ruth and me—we had it last year."

How well Jimmy remembered that first summer, when he had helped Ruth to take care of the garden; and now to think that little Alice was old enough to manage it!

"If the rest have changed as much as you have, I shall need to be introduced," he said, with an uneasy glance at the windows.

"You won't know Alice, then; she's most as tall as Aunt Ruth, and don't like to be called 'Puss' any more."

Jimmy had not much time to consider, for the whole family came trooping out to meet him; grandmother, with her cane, and little Carrie, who had given her precious china cup, two years before, to "my Dimmy."

It was plain they all knew him, and no son need have asked for a more loving welcome than they gave him. In spite of the change which two years had made in the younger ones, he was at no loss to know the old, familiar faces; and in a few moments all the first shyness of feeling wore off, and Jimmy was a boy at home again.

There was so much to tell on both sides, so many questions to ask of the new home in Iowa, and of George and Sarah, and so many improvements on the farm to be looked at, that it was evening before Jimmy found time for a quiet talk with Grandmother Warren by her easy-chair.

"Sit down here now, James," she said, "these young folks must let me look at thee."

She put on her glasses, and took a deliberate survey of his face.

"I've heard that in a new place, men find new temptations; is thy heart right yet, before the Lord, James?"

"My heart is right, grandmother," said Jimmy, honestly. "I've never seen any reason for being sorry that I undertook to serve Him."

"You're goin' to have a s'prise party," said Carrie, rushing into the room; "Nelly Curtis has got back again, and she, and Hezekiah, and Grandmother Harmon are all coming over here to spend the evening. Dilly just come to tell Aunt Ruth."

At dusk the old-fashioned family "ark," as Arthur called it, drove up to the door, and Hezekiah got out, as shy and awkward as ever, and helped Grandmother Harmon and Nelly to alight.

Jimmy thought he had never seen any one so lovely or so graceful as Nelly Curtis, and as he watched her coming slowly up the yard with her grandmother, he heartily wished himself back on his farm in Iowa.

"I tell you but she's a stunner," said the admiring Arthur, who would sometimes use slang in spite of his mother, and was ignorant of any such sensation as bashfulness. "All the fellows in town are crazy over her, but she takes to that old butternut of a Hezekiah just as much as to anybody."

Grandmother Harmon's friendly greeting set Jimmy a little at his ease, and Nelly's merry welcome, and Hezekiah's profound awkwardness, soon made him forget all about it.

"Did you ever see such a precious old guy?" said the irreverent Arthur, who had coaxed Jimmy into the woodhouse to crack some nuts. "I think Quakers are splendid for women and old folks, but they've no business ever to pretend to be young."

"That's because you don't know," said Jimmy; "Hezekiah would be awkward, anyhow; he can't help it when he's so bashful."

"I don't see how being bashful makes a fellow awkward."

"It does, though; if people could only forget all about themselves they would appear better. They are always wondering whether they are saying and doing the right thing, and so they are stiff and miserable."

"'The hand of the diligent!'" exclaimed Nelly, coming to the door and peeping in; "only see what wonders it is working; come in, Alice, and let's help them."

Arthur gave her a seat on a pile of clean white shavings, and she and Alice began to "help" by eating the nicest of the nuts before they found their way to the dish.

"Never mind the dish," she said; "they taste a great deal better out here. Somehow the smell of these shavings makes me think of the woods, and I could shut my eyes and fancy I heard the bluejays screaming, and the nuts pattering down on the dry leaves. Hezekiah took Alice and me down to Lynn's Woods, last fall. Such a day as we had, didn't we, Alice?"

Alice assented to the pleasant remembrance in her quiet way, which set Jimmy to thinking of the difference between the two girls, but Arthur broke out in his blunt fashion,

"The idea of going nutting with Hezekiah! I shouldn't think he could climb a tree without a step-ladder."

"But he can, though; he's splendid to go nutting with. I believe he should have been a wild boy, for he delights in the woods, and he knows every tree and plant that grows, and can tell such wonderful things about the birds and squirrels. Papa is going to give him a place in his counting-house next year, and then he can support his mother. That's what he wants to do."

Arthur felt a new respect for Hezekiah; more on account of his woodcraft, however, than anything else; and so they went on chatting and jesting, until, in spite of Nelly and Alice, "the hand of the diligent" conquered, and the dish was piled with nuts.

They went back to the parlour, to find Hezekiah had forgotten himself entirely in an animated account he was giving the company of a pedestrian excursion to visit some favourite springs in Virginia.

"He ain't so slow, after all," whispered Arthur, "if you could only keep him stirred up."

"I've never been anywhere yet," said Nelly, deploringly; "papa never gets time to take me, he's so full of business. I wish girls could get up pedestrian excursions as boys do. Boys have all the fun."

"They ought to have some fun," said Arthur; "they have all the work to do; I mean all that amounts to anything."

"O, Arthur Warren!" said Aunt Ruth, "how dare you make such a rude speech before the women of this house? For my part, I get all the pedestrian excursions I can manage, every day of my life."

"The work of the world is pretty equally divided," said old Mrs. Harmon; "the Lord wants no idlers in His vineyard, and He pays them no wages."

"That's grandma's favourite motto," said Nelly, "I believe I hear it every day in some shape; 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich.'"

"I like the one you gave me when I went to Iowa, better," said Jimmy, "it seems to have all the other motto, and a great deal more—'*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*' It gives a motive for all the work, something beyond 'making rich.'"

"They've got that very motto on a card at the Newsboys' Lodging House, where grandmother and I went last winter. Don't thee remember, grandmother? I told thee then."

"Yes, I remember; thy friend has gone back to England, James, quite worn out with labour."

"Mr. Walters! how I wish I could see him; and did you see any of the boys—?" Jimmy stopped and laughed, for he recollected that it was eight years since he left there, and the *boys* were men, as well as he.

"How strange it all seems," he said. "I often wonder how it would have been with me, if a few little things had happened differently—if Miss Fielding had not sent for me on that Christmas day, or if Nelly had not lost her card on my crossing."

"Such things don't *happen*," said Mrs. Harmon, "they are all ordered for us. I don't doubt the Lord has some special work for thee, James, and He has been leading thee to it."

"The Lord has a special work for each of us, I believe," said Mr. Warren, "and one man's part is just as important as another's."

"I don't like to think of it that way," said Nelly, gravely. "It doesn't give you any chance to do as you please, but holds you up to trying always to find out your duty."

"What does Alice think?" said Aunt Ruth, smiling at the earnest face that was lifted timidly to hers.

"I was only thinking how it would help me in my work every day, if I could think that all the little, common things were duties, and that doing them well was really accomplishing something —"

Alice stopped, half frightened at herself, but her grandmother said, kindly,

"We talk foolishly about great and small things, for none of us can tell what the Lord counts great."

"Come and sing for us, Nelly," said Arthur, who could not be still a moment longer.

They opened the piano, and the young folks gathered around it.

Nelly dashed through a brilliant succession of songs and instrumental pieces, and then Alice played a few sweet, simple accompaniments to the tenderest songs, which she sang in a low, clear voice. Then all together joined in some familiar pieces that fairly made the house ring with music; but through it all Hezekiah's ringing tenor sounded clear as a bugle, completely carrying away Arthur with admiration.

When the good-byes were all said, and the old ark drove away with its load, Jimmy and Aunt Ruth stood alone by the parlour fire.

"Nelly is a beautiful girl," said Aunt Ruth, musingly; "do you know, Jimmy, I've always had some romantic fancies about you two, ever since I found out how strangely she had been mixed up with your life!"

Jimmy was turning a vase of Bohemian glass in his hand, watching it glitter and sparkle in the firelight, as if filled with liquid rubies.

"Yes," said he, slowly, "I used to have some fancies myself, but now —"

"Well, but now?" said Aunt Ruth, seeing he did not go on.

"But now," said Jimmy, hesitating, "I think I would rather wait for the little girl who once promised to come and keep house for me when she could make apple dumplings as well as Aunt Ruth."

Aunt Ruth looked surprised, but she smiled a little and said,

"It is a good while to wait, and Nelly Curtis —"

"Nelly would be like this glass—very lovely to stand on the mantel and *hold roses*. Whatever the Lord wants of other people, I'm very sure He means *work* for me, and by His help I mean to do it. I've taken this motto for my whole life, Miss Ruth, and I never mean to forget it—'NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS; FERVENT IN SPIRIT; SERVING THE LORD.'"

CHAPTER XII.—SUCCESS.

IN the pleasant parlour at Shelby the Warren family are once more gathered around the evening lamp. Mr. Warren, with a little more gray in his hair, looks thoughtful, as he slowly folds a letter he has been reading. The slender young girl at the piano must be Carrie, and there by the window, with her finger in a closed book, sits the same gentle Alice, whose quiet eyes and placid brow Arthur declares were made on purpose for a Quaker. As for Arthur himself, we could not fail to know him, in spite of his six feet of stature, for his face has the same merry, teasing look, and his brown hair curls just as obstinately as when he was a boy. Only one chair is vacant. The dear old grandmother has gone peacefully from earth to heaven; but her quiet life had such a quiet ending that they hardly think of her as gone from the household.

"See here," said Frank, coming into the room with a handful of bills, "who says I'm not a born horse-dealer?"

"Have you sold that other colt?" asked Arthur, laughing.

"Yes, Sir, and for my own price, too. Duncan bought him for a match to his gray. Now, father, I mean to hold you to your bargain. You said if I could sell the colts, I might have the money to invest as I pleased; and I want to go to Iowa, for one thing, and see George and Jimmy."

"I hope you don't want to go out there to live," said Mrs. Warren, anxiously; "there's surely enough for you and Arthur here."

"O no!" said Frank. "I mean to stick to the old farm; I only want to see how Iowa looks."

"I don't know but I may go to Iowa, myself, this Fall," said Mr. Warren. "Jimmy writes to say he is ready to buy the farm, and I think I must go up and see about arranging matters. It is really wonderful how that boy has got on in the world. If I can understand this letter, he wants me to do a great deal more for the farm than I ever agreed to."

He held out the letter to Mrs. Warren, who read it through without a word, and handed it back with a quiet smile.

"Give it to Alice," said Mr. Warren.

But Alice did not seem at all interested, for she had slipped silently out of the room.

"Suppose we take a trip to Iowa, mother?" said Mr. Warren to his wife. "It's a long time since you've taken a journey with me, and I want to show you that Iowa isn't quite a howling wilderness."

"Do go, Mary," said Aunt Ruth.

"Alice will go, too," said Mr. Warren; "she has full as much interest in seeing Iowa as any of us."

Up to this time Mrs. Warren had only smiled placidly at the absurd idea that any one could fancy it possible for *her* to leave home; but when Mr. Warren said this, she grew serious in a moment. "Of course," she said, "if you are going to take Alice, I shall go too; you don't suppose the child would go without me?"

"Why, I didn't know," said Mr. Warren; "I don't understand feminine proprieties very well; but Jimmy has always seemed just like one of my own boys—"

"O!" said Arthur, "I begin to see into a mill-stone, now. I tell you what, father, I'd ask him double for the farm; what business has he to want Allie into the bargain?"

That was the end of Allie's quiet, for both Frank and Arthur teased her unmercifully; but with Aunt Ruth to help her, she managed to stand her ground bravely.

Mrs. Warren, to her own great astonishment, found herself actually preparing for a trip to Iowa, and after a few delays the whole party were ready to start. Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Alice, and Frank were to go, while Arthur and Carrie managed the farm, with Aunt Ruth for aid and counsel.

"I mean to give you a sample of genuine western travel," said Mr. Warren. "The roads are splendid now, and we can leave the cars at Ashby, and take a carriage the rest of the way. It is about a hundred miles, and the road keeps near the river all the way."

The proposition pleased them all, and Frank was impatient for the time to come for leaving the railroad.

"Why, it is really a beautiful town," said Mrs. Warren, looking with surprise at the broad streets and handsome residences of Ashby. "I've always thought of Iowa as a place where the people lived in log cabins in the woods."

"You'll have to change a good many of your impressions of the country up this way. Why, it doesn't look half so new and unfinished as most of Ohio does."

They succeeded in hiring a comfortable travelling carriage, and a driver who was familiar with the road over which they were to pass. The baggage had been sent on by railroad, and everything seemed to promise a delightful trip.

"Do we have to ford the river?" asked Mrs. Warren, in alarm.

"To be sure," said Mr. Warren; "but the fords are broad and shallow, and you won't be at all afraid."

"I reckon you didn't look to find

bridges 'crost the Big Raccoon, ma'am," said the driver; "might as well try to keep a saddle on a wild buffalo."

Jeff mounted his seat. The rest were soon ready, and they drove gaily off over the firm, level road towards the little prairie town, twenty-five miles distant, where they were to spend the first night.

Mrs. Warren enjoyed the drive across the beautiful country, but at night she watched the sky with a little anxiety. To her great relief there were no signs of rain, and the second day was as bright and cloudless as the first. They forded the river twice, finding it only a shallow, brawling stream, and stopped for the night at a comfortable farm-house, where Jeff seemed to be an old acquaintance. It was nearly nine o'clock when they sat down in the great kitchen to the bountiful supper that had been prepared for them. Frank and Alice were in high glee over their journey, declaring it was worth all the railroad trips ever taken.

"It's nice," said Jeff, "while the weather holds; but I mistrust there's a storm brewin'."

When they started the next morning, there was an ominous dampness in the air, and a dull colour in the sky. The rain held off, however, until nearly evening, when it began slowly to patter down, increasing steadily every moment.

"There's our stopping place, just in good time," said Mr. Warren, as the lights of a river town shone through the rain.

"If it's all the same to you 'uns," said the driver, "I'd a leetle rather get to the other side of the river to-night; 'tain't more'n a mile or so furder on, and if this rain keeps on, the ford'll be pretty full 'fore mornin'."

"Is there any place to stop, over there?" asked Mr. Warren, doubtfully.

"Well, not so very nice, that's so, now; but I reckon Jake Sawyer would take us in on a pinch."

"O do let's stop!" said Mrs. Warren. "I wouldn't ford that river in the dark for anything."

"Just as you like, ma'am," said Jeff. "The river ain't ris much yet, and I can get a boy to ride ahead with a lantern."

"Perhaps we'd better try it; it may be impassable by morning," said Mrs. Warren, as calmly as she could.

"That's the talk, ma'am," said Jeff, urging his horses on, and soon coming where they could hear the loud roar of the river. He knocked at a little cabin by the roadside, and a woman came to the door, carefully shielding a candle with her hand. She readily promised to send her son with the lantern to show them the ford, and the boy was soon mounted on a horse, without saddle or bridle, and riding slowly before them. The river passed through a gorge thickly wooded with hemlocks, and the road down to the ford seemed steep and rocky.

"Go ahead, youngster," said Jeff; "it's a goodish pitch down to the water."

The river was not much swollen, but the current was strong, and they could see spots of foam rushing by in the darkness. The horse of their guide seemed frightened by the gleam of the lantern upon the water, and refused to go in.

"Tell ye what, mister," said the boy, wheeling around, "them that likes to risk their necks in there may try it. I hain't no call that way myself."

"We'll go back, Jeff," said Mr. Warren. And back they went, in the pouring rain, which increased every moment.

All night they listened to the steady roar, and, with the earliest light, four anxious faces looked out to see what the daylight would reveal. It showed a dismal picture, but Jeff assured them that their only chance was to go on immediately, unless they wanted to stay there a week. Daylight and a good breakfast made them all feel braver, and, at any rate, it was easier to face danger when it was fairly before you than to meet it in the dark.

"O, father," said Alice, as they came in sight of the river, "we surely cannot go through there!"

"How is it, Jeff," asked Mr. Warren, "doesn't it look a little ugly?"

"That ain't bad for one night's work," said Jeff, coolly, getting out to uncheck his horses; "but we'll go through like a book. You see that big rock nigh the middle—a hoss won't swim long's that sticks above water. You wimmin folks better put your feet up on the seats, though—might get 'em damp."

There were two pale faces on the back seat of the carriage, but not a word was spoken, as the horses walked deliberately into the seething flood. Not quite to their knees, at first; then a little plunge, and the water swept against the floor of the carriage. A moment more, and it flowed through the carriage and swayed it a little, and then one of the horses staggered, as if he had a mind to swim. A sharp word from the driver sent him floundering on, and soon the water grew more shallow, and the fright was over. The driver looked around with an air of triumph, and the passengers looked at each other and laughed nervously.

The rest of the journey was accomplished without any adventures, and after the first discomfort was over, the travellers settled themselves for a day's ride in the rain, and made the best of it.

"There's George," said Alice, just before sunset, as a figure in a slouched hat and dripping overcoat rose from a great farm wagon to look back at them.

"Halloo there!" called a gruff voice to the driver.

"Halloo yourself!" said Jeff, in response.

The carriage came nearer, and George was saluted by a chorus of voices from the travellers.

"I got uneasy 'bout ye," said he. "The creek swelled powerful, and I didn't know but ye'd got some fool of a driver that never see the Big Raccoon on the rampage."

"Does Jimmy know?" asked Frank, anxiously.

"Who? Squire Marvin?" said George, gravely. "No, I reckon he don't. He's up the river to see about lumber for the new 'cademy; but Sairy invited him over to supper. I 'lowed you'd be along 'bout to-night, if you wasn't swamped."

George drove rapidly on to show the way, and Jeff followed with a good heart, for he was glad enough to put an end to his long drive. The whole party was soon comfortably accommodated in George's great farm-house, and Sarah was only too happy to show her well-furnished home to Mrs. Warren. Alice flitted about the house, admiring everything, and yet showing such a restlessness that brought a smile to Sarah's great blue eyes, especially when she found her, over and over, rubbing the dripping window-panes with her handkerchief, that she might catch a glimpse of the road over towards the Settlement, or running to the top of the stairway, where there was a fine view of Jimmy's house.

It was quite dark when Jimmy came over, and, amid the general greetings, he surely had none from Alice, for she was nowhere to be found; but if Frank had not been a remarkable boy, he certainly would have told of a little figure that started up in the dusk from the foot of the stairway, and got the start of them all, in spite of wet overcoats.

"Whiskers! I declare!" said Mrs. Warren, turning Jimmy around. "I don't know you at all, with that great beard, my boy."

"Why not?" said Mr. Warren; "do you remember he's twenty-four years old? We shall have to leave off saying *Jimmy* to our young senator."

Jimmy blushed as brightly as Alice would have done, but even Mrs. Warren's critical eye saw no lack of noble manliness in face and figure, and she took a real satisfaction in quietly assuring Alice that they all *felt proud of Jimmy*.

"It's no joke about the legislature," said Sarah, earnestly; "he really is going this winter, for George says so, and I'm sure there's nobody in these parts fitter."

It might have been June, instead of late September, for the prairies kept their vivid green, and the woods showed scarcely a tint of decay. The sky looked as blue as if washed for ever from all storms, and the white mists went steaming up from the river, and floated away into thin films in the sunshine.

"O, mother," said Alice, "it's like springtime instead of autumn."

Mrs. Warren looked into the tender blue eyes, that were like nothing so much as April violets, and smiled to think that in one young heart it was springtime in spite of the almanacs.

A week passed pleasantly for all of them, and then Mrs. Warren began to think uneasily of the family at home.

"We'll start day after to-morrow," said Mr. Warren; "and now, James, I want you to invite your friends to come and hold a little jubilee in your house, for to-morrow the master comes into possession there."

There never was a merrier company than met in the farm-house to welcome the young master to his estate; never were heartier good wishes than were showered upon him by old and young. And it was hard to tell whether Mr. Warren, or his wife, or the young master of the house, enjoyed the occasion most: for Jimmy had been a son to the Warrens for so many years, that they hardly realised that anything could make him nearer. Quiet Alice went from room to room with Frank and Jimmy, meeting all the strange faces with her own bright, winsome smile, that made the Scotch housekeeper say,

"She's no so grand as some, but she's a bonnie flower."

Old Deacon Hadley was there, with his sons and daughters, pointing all the young folks to the illuminated card Jimmy still kept upon his wall.

"*Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.*"

"There's the grand secret of success, boys," he would say; "that's what made young Marvin's fortune, and that's what'll make anybody's fortune that will walk by it."

"He deserves his fortune, he does," said a rough-looking young man, following Jimmy with admiring eyes. "Some folks are satisfied with climbing up themselves, but he's always been trying to help other folks along. He's the first man that ever cared what became of me, and I'll never forget it of him, nor Tim won't."

And so, with kind words and hearty good wishes, Jimmy Marvin took his place as a landowner among the independent farmers.

"The hand of the diligent" had wrought out for him not only wealth, but the "*good name*," which is better than "great riches." When he comes back, in the spring, from his sojourn in the state legislature, I think there will be a wedding at Shelby, and Mr. Warren will do one thing more for the Iowa farm, by giving it Alice for a mistress.

GIVING ONE-TENTH.

One of the most enterprising and successful Methodist laymen in Indiana says that when he began life for himself, he worked three years for ninety-five dollars, and gave one-tenth of it to the Lord. He continued to do so for many years, finding but little difficulty when making but little. At last the war came on, and he became a partner in a hominy-mill, which run day and night to supply the army. His income was between two and three hundred dollars per day. Now came a terrible conflict: "Shall I give away between twenty and thirty dollars a day?" The sum seemed to appal him; and one night, after a severe struggle, in which covetousness gained the mastery, he sank into a troubled sleep, but soon awoke to see the hominy-mill in a thousand flames! He has never had any trouble to give one-tenth since.

LIVING ON THE BORDERS.

In the days when the English and the Scots were in the habit of invading each other's country, it was highly dangerous to live upon the borders. They who were

unfortunate enough to hold a border homestead were kept in a state of perpetual alarm, and were liable to frequent depredations. Each party in turn levied "black mail" upon them. Border property was common spoil, and legal redress was out of the question. If they desired compensation, they had to seek it in the same style in which they had suffered loss.

Is it not equally dangerous to live on the borders of the devil's kingdom? The Prince of Darkness pays special attention to the border territory. He sends his picked and well-trained troops to conduct the border war. Those Christians who have due regard to their comfort and safety will never think of living on the borders, but will get as far as they can into the heart of Christ's kingdom. The safest and happiest place for Christians to dwell in is the citadel: "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance." He who occupies this citadel may laugh to scorn the entire army of the aliens. While he remains safe within the ramparts, he may cheerily chant, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." When his most formidable foes are marching towards him in firm array, he may sing, "Therefore will we not fear. . . . The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge."

And if it be dangerous to live on the borders, what can they expect who, uncalled by duty, cross over the boundary and tread what is unquestionably "devil's ground"? Fancy a Christian man surrounding himself with the gay, the dissipated, the lewd, the profane, the sceptical! He has thrown himself into the midst of corruption, and all around him is seething and boiling with iniquity. Here they are card-playing and song-singing, there they are fiddling and dancing, yonder they are holding a learned debate to prove that the Bible is a lie, and religion a "cunningly-devised fable;" or, scorning argument, they break forth in ribald jests against all that is sacred. Is it likely that he will come out uncontaminated? "But," say you, "can he not pray for grace to preserve him?" What! pray for preserving grace when he is needlessly surrounding himself with scenes and associations of evil! Will he have either the disposition or the hardihood to pray there? Suppose he were thus to lift up his heart in prayer, "O Lord, 'keep me from evil' that it come not nigh to 'grieve me.' Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from the Evil One," what answer would he be likely to receive? Answer! that was on record before he attempted to pray, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." Either his conscience must be asleep or his memory must be oblivious, or the truth of God's Word would have flashed upon him: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate;" "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" "A *companion* of fools shall be destroyed." They who surround themselves with wicked companions and tempting scenes of vice, and yet pray to be kept from harm, might as reasonably walk into a powder magazine, and with flint and steel in hand, begin to strike away right and left, and then pray, "O Lord, preserve me from harm! O Lord, prevent those sparks from falling upon this powder!" The fact is, such persons do walk into one of the devil's powder magazines, and it will be a miracle of mercy if their souls are not blown to perdition. Some of the foulest fiends from Pandemonium might be seen revelling there. But the feet of guardian angels never tread places where God's saints cannot lift up their hearts or open their lips in prayer. Even mature Christians who go to such places at the call of duty, need to exercise all the grace they can command to pass through the ordeal unscathed. But the young convert, the inexperienced, the unwary, are almost sure to be ensnared, and again led into bondage.

There is, however, a border-land on which one may dwell in peace and safety, one which wends upwards towards the better country, where the very atmosphere savours of heaven, and where the voices of the heavenly harpers may be heard, across whose verdant pastures the coming glory occasionally streams. On this land of Beulah angel-feet delight to tread, and there these spirits minister their richest consolations to the heirs of salvation. They who dwell here are ever breathing forth their prayer,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

Here the soul-transforming process goes on, the changing from glory into glory, till the earthly and the heavenly beautifully blend. Then, when the time for departure arrives, it is rather a translation than a death. One step from the Border-land, and the spirit has entered the joy of the Lord. G. A. P.

TALKS ABOUT MINOR MORALS.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

IV.—GOING TOO FAR.

I ONCE knew an excellent lady who could cook very nice dishes, and would insist, when you went to visit her, on putting twice as much of everything on your plate as you could eat. You might be very hungry, and fully prepared to enjoy the meal, but she pressed you so much to partake, and was so exceedingly bountiful in providing, that it slightly injured your appetite, and prevented you from doing full justice to the viands. This lady had the best intentions in the world, but she went a little too far with her hospitalities, and made them oppressive.

There is just one point where everything ought to stop. The Romans had a god named Terminus, whose business it was to mark off boundaries, and draw dividing lines between neighbourhoods and towns. This no doubt did much to make people respect the possessions of others. But there are still finer lines this old imaginary god Term cannot draw, which, nevertheless, ought to be respected as strictly as the divisions of roads, and the fences which separate neighbours' fields.

There are very delicate lines dividing enjoyment from disgust, pain from pleasure, love from hate, and good from evil. Unfortunately many people fail, by lack of instinct or training, to discover where these lines are placed.

Many disagreeable, even disastrous, things have happened simply from carrying a joke too far. What was intended for a comedy has sometimes turned into a tragedy, owing to the rashness and impulsiveness of the people engaged in it. I remember the case of a poor little boy who was held under the water by his companions just for sport, and when taken up was found dead. Cases of this kind, which cause life-long sorrow and regret, are constantly occurring. It is not necessary to dwell on them, but there are other and less obvious modes of going too far, carrying things to extremes, of which I want to speak.

I remember a large family of healthy, hearty, merry young people who enjoyed life very much, and were always in what are called high spirits. They laughed loud, they jested incessantly, they took a comic view of almost everything that came along, and were ready to hold it up in a ridiculous light; and you may be sure they never allowed the people around them to mope or become dull. But the trouble was, their spirits were *too* high. We get tired even of good spirits that explode continually like torpedoes and fireworks. The mind is wearied just as the eyes are by a glare and dazzle of light. We are glad in the end to get away and enjoy a little rest even with a very stupid and uninteresting companion.

At first I liked the company of these young people very much. I admired their inexhaustible good humour and real kindness of heart, but there soon came a sense of fatigue; my head ached; I was obliged to go to my own room and

shut myself in, and even there the laughter and hubbub pursued me.

Those folks were good and charming in most respects, but they carried some excellent qualities too far, and produced weariness and distaste. I might have distrusted my own feeling in regard to them, for we are not all alike or fitted to enjoy the same things, if I had not heard other people confess to similar impressions.

There ought to be intervals of repose and quiet and rest in us all, like stretches of greensward around a country house. Flowers are exquisitely beautiful, and add much to life, but we would not like to have every particle of the yard and garden cut up into flower-beds. The eye reposes on green turf as the mind reposes on some unobtrusive, modest traits of character.

I often see young people who are wholly given up to excitement. In order to be happy something must be perpetually going on. They want an excursion, or a picnic, or a party every day. Without a continuous round of these things, the place where they live is voted dull and uninteresting.

There ought to be time for some good and sweet and profitable things to go on within us. No one properly lives who does not think and feel, and the life of some families seems ingeniously devised to save all trouble of this kind. Those who are up in arms perpetually for this or that diversion of a purely external sort, are certainly defective in other respects.

I believe heartily in amusement of a proper sort. We all need it to keep us fresh and healthy in spirit, as an apple needs the sunshine to sweeten its juices and mellow its pulp. But if we make the whole of life turn on amusement, we give up all our space to flower-beds, and have no room for green grass and shade —no space to raise anything to live on in the winter of our days, no place for love and worship and those deep and tender experiences that come only to the hushed and tranquil soul.

You have seen, I dare say, impulsive children who never knew how to restrain themselves. If they played, they ran themselves into a fever; if something good was given them to eat, they made themselves ill; if they were set to help entertain a merry company, they made clowns and buffoons of themselves; if they played off a joke, they carried it to the point of an insult.

There was once a young girl of this sort at a country boarding-house who was anxious to learn to row. An old gentleman among the guests offered to teach her. He had come away from the city for his health after a severe illness, and was still feeble. The old man during the first lesson was very kind and patient, and after he had quite tired himself out, proposed to bring the boat into shore, thinking they had had enough for one day. But Nelly, as I will call her, was not satisfied. She did not notice that her old friend looked pale and weary, so intent was she on her own enjoyment, and insisted on taking the boat further down the stream. But at last the poor invalid could do no more, and put into land. Nelly was not at all content. She wanted to go off in the boat alone, and did so in spite of the old man's warnings and entreaties to the contrary. Nelly pushed off recklessly into the middle of the stream. At first she was going with the current, and all seemed well, but on turning to come back, both wind and tide were against her. She was entirely without experience, and only knew how to manage a little in plain, straight rowing.

With the current running swiftly against her Nelly grew frightened, lost an oar, and nearly upset against a sunken rock. The boat partially filled with water, her clothes were quite soaked, and there is no knowing but she might have contrived to drown herself if some persons working in a field near by had not seen the dilemma and gone off to her rescue. Her poor old friend, I am sorry to say, paid for Miss Nelly's sport, and the anxiety and fatigue he had suffered, by a fit of illness.

This young girl went too far in

almost everything. She became nearly wild over her sports. If she took a fancy, she was ready to devour the object of it for a few days, and then something coming up to change her feelings she went just as far the other way. She used the most extreme language for everything, and was like a bundle of exclamation points all jumbled together.

I should not wish people never to feel with intensity, to love and believe with all the soul, but such emotions ought not to spend themselves in unbridled license of expression. They are too deep and too precious to waste in boiling.

Don't wear yourselves out, dear readers, by carrying every expression you use beyond the line of nature and sincerity. If you go into raptures over a mill-dam, and call it sublime and glorious, what words will you find when you visit Niagara? Don't let all your feelings gush out in little frothy streams, like a bottle of ginger-beer when it is uncorked. If you acquire the habit of going off into ecstasies on the slightest provocation, using five times as much energy as you need, people will begin to think you are all froth, and have no clear strengthening body of character underneath. Try not to catch up extravagant ways of acting and talking from your companions. Use your own good sense, and it will be pretty sure to show you where the fine dividing line is between just enough and too much.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

A ceaseless calm from weary strain of strife,
Final forgetfulness of wrong and woe,
A last unlinking from the bane so rife—
Is that the sleep which He, the Lord of Life,
Doth on His own belovèd ones bestow?

Stay, longing looker towards the golden goal,
Which, to thy seeming, lies 'yond whirl of years,
Were rest a whole reserve until the roll
Of tears be dried, the toil-worn, anguish'd soul
Would droop through dreary dread, and faint through fears.

God's blessings all are suited to the need,
His stars shine brightest in the darkest night;
Cool hours of noiseless drenching dews precede
The day of scorching sun on parchèd mead;
So to the weak He ever giveth might.

When boom of battle soundeth loud and long,
When rivers rush with dark and deadly sweep,
When life's joys lessen, and each smile and song
Becomes a sigh, 'tis then in woe and wrong
He sweetly gives His own beloved ones sleep.

When high and strong the pulse of pleasure beats,
Joys grow tumultuous with intensity,
When rapture robes the soul, and gladness greets
Each lightsome breath, how welcome then the sweets
Of sleep, which He bestoweth plenteously!

Pillow'd upon His breast, across our brow—
Grief, or joy-aching—like a breath of balm
God's fingers pass, more soft and soothing now
Than mother's tranquil touch; appeased we bow,
And sink in slumber, restful, deep and calm.

Uttoxeter. M. A. H.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

Wildly roar'd the rolling billows:
Surging waves rose high o'erhead,
Helpless in that hour of danger,
On, the gallant vessel sped.
Sails were riven,—masts were broken
By the tempest's fearful power;
Fruitless seem'd all human efforts,
'Mid the terrors of that hour.
Rocks before them, breakers, sparkling
In the lightning's lurid glare;

While the heavy peals of thunder
Never ceased to rend the air.
What can save the fated seamen?
Hark! that crash;—upon the rock
Strikes the ship, she fills with water,
Can she stand another shock?
God have mercy on those sailors,
Pale, and speechless with dismay!
While their sisters, wives and children,
Crowd the edges of the bay.

"Man the life-boat, fear no danger
Where the path of duty leads;
British hearts have never wanted
Courage for the noblest deeds."
"Let the waves dash still more wildly,
We will save them if we can."
Selfishness can find no lodging
In a true-born Englishman.
Every heart on cliff and headland,
Joins in wishing them "God-speed,"
Heaven's best blessing rest upon them,
Help them in their daring deed.
To and fro upon the waters,
At the mercy of the gale,
Often doth the task seem hopeless,
Still their efforts do not fail.
Now they near the sinking vessel,
Now they seize upon a rope;
And the poor, desponding victims,
Seem to catch a ray of hope.
One by one, with tenderest caution,
As a mother lifts her child,
Pass they on the helpless women,
Foremost:—through the breakers wild.
Onward to the shore they take them:
Men are joining hand to hand,
Anxious lest the vessel founder
Ere they get them safe to land.
Then the Captain, when he sees them
Safe upon the sandy beach,
Leaves the wreck, and quickly joins them
Where the tempests cannot reach.
Down upon their knees they hasten;
Heartfelt thanks for safety give:
May such feelings still continue
Long as they on earth shall live!
And may all who can contribute
To support the Life-Boat plan:
Let us, each one, do our duty,
Help to save our fellow-man.

JOHN RYLEY ROBINSON.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MR. JOSEPH BROOMHEAD.

JOSEPH BROOMHEAD was born on July 19th, 1833. In very early life he was a scholar in one of the village Wesleyan Sunday-schools in the Newark Circuit. In after years he became a teacher, and eventually filled the office of superintendent. About the age of twenty-four he was visited with a severe affliction, which led him to reflect and pray, and resulted in his conversion. While his mother was pleading in his behalf, he laid hold of Christ by faith, rejoiced in a sense of Divine favour, and praised God for what He had done for his soul. On his recovery he immediately connected himself with the Methodist Society, in the prosperity of which he ever took a deep and lively interest. The Circuit ministers and Local-preachers always found in him a true friend. As Society-steward he was faithful and prompt. Having a delicate constitution, he suffered severely from frequent attacks of illness. As the consequence of his last attack, he was confined to his bed more than two years. In health he adorned the Gospel by purity and zeal, and in sickness by faith and patience. His illness was very peculiar and painful in its nature, but his confidence in the wise and gracious dealings of God never wavered, and he was richly comforted with the consolations of true piety. The writer and others have often been blessed by their visits to him during his sickness. It was his custom, when he had sufficient strength, to commit his thoughts to writing. We give the following extracts:—"I dare not choose for myself either sickness or health, either life or death, but leave it to the wisdom and love of my Heavenly Father." "I believe all that I have passed through, all that I am passing through now, and all that I shall have to pass through,

will be for my eternal good." "I have always found in my extremity God has undertaken for me, and more strength has been given to bear my sufferings, or they have been mitigated." On being told about the inconsistent walk of a professor, he said, "I would rather lie, and suffer the will of God, than have health and wilfully sin against my Heavenly Father." "My affliction is mixed with many mercies and blessings. My Heavenly Father deals out my sufferings just as I can bear them." In reference to his sufferings being so severe, he remarked, "They are nothing compared with what my Saviour suffered: He sweat great drops of blood for sins not His own. Mine are among the 'light' afflictions, though I cannot call them so while enduring them; but by God's grace, when reviewed in the light of eternity, I can." "I sometimes think it requires more grace to be resigned to live and suffer, than to die and go home to heaven; but God's grace is sufficient for either."

The following are the last lines he wrote: "If God was to give me my choice to go home to heaven now, or to suffer a little longer here, I would still say, 'Not my will, but Thine, be done.'"

On the Sunday before his decease, thinking his end was near, he sent for his Class-leader, and said, "Robert, I think I hear the chariot-wheels rumbling in the distance. Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly." After appearing to suffer intense pain, he somewhat revived, and said, "Pray, Robert, I am come out on the wrong side," meaning, as he told his friends, that he thought all was over, and was surprised to find himself still in the body. From that time his sufferings were less excruciating. A short time before his death he shouted, "Victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb!" A little while afterwards he feebly said to his friends, "Shout glory! I have not strength to shout;" and then calmly breathing his last, he resigned his spirit into the hands of his Saviour. So died our dear friend, and of him it may be truly said, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." Of Joseph Broomhead it is also equally true, "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

Our dear departed friend was once greatly comforted by a Memoir in the pages of one of our Magazines concerning one who had long suffered, but finally triumphed. May this brief and imperfect sketch be equally useful.

E. M.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. For November, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Oct. 27	6 45	4 42	4 56m	2 37m	4 18m	5 57a	0 52m
Nov. 6	7 3	4 24	5 27	3 2	4 15	5 24	0 12
16	7 20	4 9	6 19	3 29	4 12	4 52	11 30a
26	7 37	3 58	7 14	3 57	4 10	4 20	10 52

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, Full Moon .... 11h. 31m. after.
8th, Last Quarter .. 5h. 17m. after.
16th, New Moon .... 0h. 48m. morn.
24th, First Quarter .. 4h. 27m. morn.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

November 5th	7h. morn.,	Perigee; distance	227,816 miles.
„ 21st	6h. morn.,	Apogee; „	251,804 „
Mean distance for the month			239,810 „

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Nov. 1st	90,915,890 miles.
Dec. 1st	90,348,380 „
Decrease of distance for the month	567,510 „

The Moon passes through Taurus on the morning of the 3rd, and again on the 30th, and as this constellation is rich in stars visible to the naked eye, the occultations of large stars during the month are numerous. Seen from Greenwich, she passes over the Pleiades at from six to seven o'clock on the morning of the 3rd, and will hide a fourth magnitude star from 6h. 20m. till 7h. 14m.; a five-and-a-half magnitude from 6h. 23m. till 7h. 13m.; a fifth magnitude from 6h. 51m. till 7h. 35m. A fifth magnitude comes quite close to the edge of the Moon at 7h., but will not get behind the disc; and another fifth magnitude will be hidden from 7h. 15m. till 7h. 21m.: the last-mentioned star will be again hidden behind the disc of the Moon on Nov. 30th, from 3h. 5m. till 3h. 47m. in the afternoon; a third magnitude star, *Eta* Tauri, from 3h. 35m. till 4h. 10m.; a fourth magnitude from 3h. 59m. till 4h. 49m.; and a star between fifth and sixth magnitude from 4h. 3m. till 4h. 51m.

Another remarkable occultation, that of the planet Saturn, occurs on the morning of the 24th, but the Moon will then be below our horizon.

The Moon attains her highest declination, 28 deg. 27 min. 33 sec. North, at 8h. on the morning of the 5th; and her lowest, 28 deg. 22 min. 38 sec. South, at 7h. on the evening of the 18th. She crosses the Equator on the 11th, between five and six in the evening, and again on the 26th about six in the morning.

Mercury is a morning star, and may be seen with the naked eye early in the month. On the afternoon of the 1st it will be at its greatest distance from the Ecliptic northward, and on the morning of the 25th will be in the Ecliptic; on the morning of the 15th it will be in the vicinity of the Moon.

Venus is still the morning star, for no other celestial object except the Moon approaches it in brilliancy. It will be near the Moon on the afternoon of the 12th. On the evening of the 14th it will be at that point of its orbit which is nearest to the Sun. On the 28th, at seven in the morning, it will be quite close to Mars. The disc is gibbous; the diameter diminishes during the month from 17 to 14 seconds.

Mars is a morning star. It will be near the Moon on the 13th; on the 15th it will be three degrees north of Spica, the bright star in Virgo.

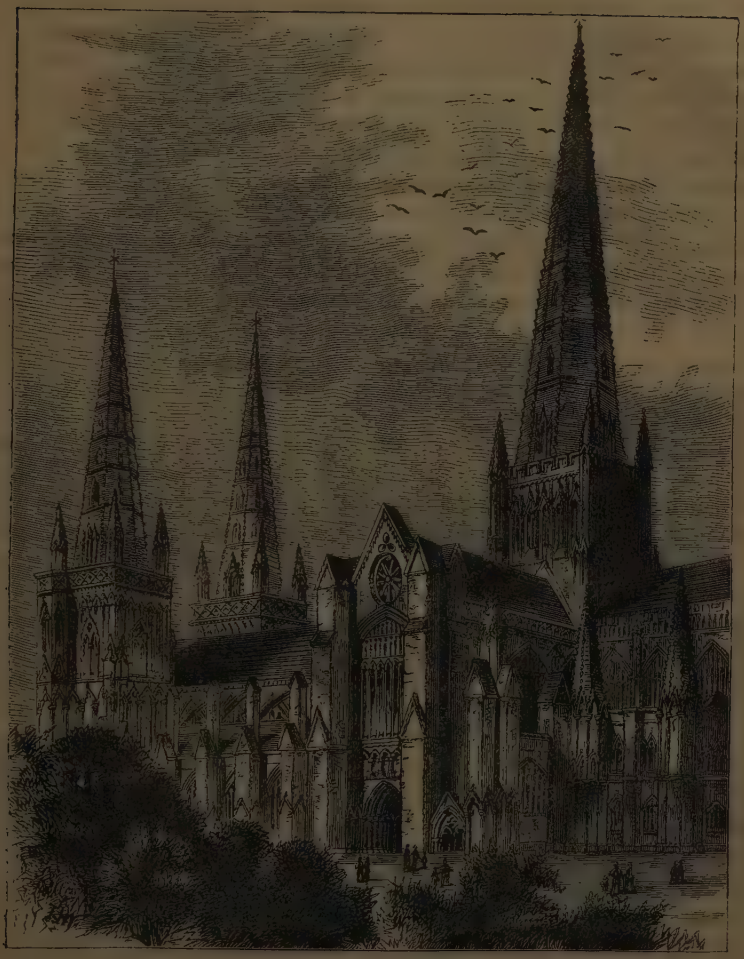
Jupiter sets soon after the Sun.

Saturn sets at midnight on the 9th. On the evening of the 4th it will be stationary, and the apparent motion changes to direct. On the 23rd it will be in quadrature with the Sun, and near the Moon. The extreme length of the rings is 40 seconds, the breadth 6 seconds. We are above the plane of the rings, and of course the north surface is visible; our elevation above the plane of the rings is small, and therefore the rings are narrow.

Uranus will be in quadrature with the Sun on the afternoon of the 16th. It is a morning star. On the 13th it rises at one in the morning, and on the 27th at midnight. It is in Leo.

Neptune is in Aries. It crosses the meridian on the 10th, at 11h. in the evening, and on the 21st at 10h., at an altitude of 49 degrees, so that it is visible nearly throughout the night.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

BY THE REV. GEORGE B. MELLOR.

The wild and sentimental antiquarian speculations of by-gone days have in a great measure given place to sober inquiry and judicious investigation; and the archæologist of modern times has proved that his science has in it a vast amount of the practical; that he is no mere mole burrowing in the earth and throwing up useless and unsightly heaps, or dealing with lore which, although ancient, is nevertheless fusty and worthless; but that he is the great elucidator

of history, drawing from the relics of the past, hints and lessons for the guidance of the present and the future. English archæology naturally divides itself into various branches, as, for example, the architecture—ecclesiastical, military and domestic—of our forefathers; their laws, religion, manners, customs, and modes of life; in the study of each of which there is much real interest, and acquaintance with any one of which is a source of true enjoyment. Referring for a moment to architecture, for instance, the glorious relics of buildings of former ages abounding in our country are interesting, not merely as specimens of the taste and skill of our ancestors; they afford us also a peep into their several modes of life. The time-honoured fortification, the grim old castle, majestic though in ruins, tell of days of battle and of blood, when might was right, and when the strongest was regarded as the greatest man; the baronial hall of jousts and tournaments, of feasting and of revelry, of knights and ladies, and of many a fair and goodly spectacle; the Manor House, with its deep moat and its convenient drawbridge, reminds us of days in which there was a strange mixture of repose and of restlessness, and when, but for the aforesaid drawbridge, starched frills and stiffened ruffles and brocaded silks might suddenly have been crimsoned in the blood of the wearers, by Royalist, or Roundhead, or robber; and last, though certainly not least, the Gothic pile, with its fretted roof, its graceful columns and richly-stained windows and long-drawn aisles, tells of the munificence and devotion and zeal of men who, with fewer Christian advantages and less Scriptural light than ourselves, yet with great and noble liberality, raised temples for the worship of Almighty God, simple or magnificent, small or vast; structures which even now are amongst the most precious things in our land, and the astonishment and admiration of every intelligent foreigner visiting our shores. In making these remarks we have no wish to ignore or undervalue modern munificence. But we must not forget our increased light and consequent responsibilities, and that where "much is given" much will be "required." And now referring again to ancient buildings—

> "There is given
> Unto the things of earth which time hath left
> A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
> His hand but broke his scythe—there is a power
> And magic in the ruined battlement
> To which the palace of the present time
> Must yield its pomps and wait till ages are its dower."

Lichfield has given birth to or been the dwelling-place of giant intellect, marvellous genius, extensive learning and brilliant talent. I need only mention the names of Newton, the author of "Dissertations on the Prophecies," born here 1704; Smalridge, the Divine,

1663; Rowley, the Mathematician; and King, the Herald, 1648. Here, too, the world-famed Samuel Johnson first saw the light; and the genius of Garrick, and Addison, and Ashmole, and Darwin, and Miss Seward, were nurtured, and strengthened and developed in Lichfield. What about the etymology of this name? Some have derived the word from "lych," a marsh, because of its situation; some from the Saxon word lych, the dead—referring to an ancient tradition that a thousand Christians were slain here under Diocletian, after which King Oswy, in the seventh century, founded a church. This tradition appears to have at least some real foundation, inasmuch as the town seal (of no very ancient date, however,) shows dead bodies scattered over the field. "Poor Major André," says Walcot in his "Cathedrals of the United Kingdom," "Poor Major André, writing to Miss Seward, says, 'Lichfield, ah! of what magic letters is that little word composed.' Let nobody talk to me of its original meaning, the field of dead bodies. O, no such thing, it is the field of joy, the beautiful city!"

Touching the grand old Cathedral, its real origin and foundation are involved in mystery. Granting that Oswy founded a church here in honour of the Christian wars, it must have been very small and insignificant. The black-letter book entitled, "A Catalogue of the Bishops of England since the first planting of the Christian Religion in this Island," and printed at London, 1601, states that Dwyna was the first Bishop of Lichfield, which became a See, A.D. 656. I find here a list of sixty-seven Bishops terminating with William Overton, A.D. 1519. So that we need not go far beyond this old book for the history of this ancient and glorious edifice. Although founded, as it most likely was, in Saxon times, the massive architecture of the low, squat and dumpy church has long since disappeared—little either of the pure Norman, the style which immediately succeeded, can be found; a style, in the mouldings and ornament of which more than in those of any other, we may read the touching memorial of the martyrs, and their instruments of suffering—the cable, chain, saw-tooth, hatchet-spike, rack-like chevron, lion's head, and faces and beaks of monsters, and the billet—which was another form of the fagot. It is true that we find in the interior of the Cathedral some interesting work executed during the transitional period—A.D. 1189 to 1199—from Norman to Early English, but the principal enrichments of arch, and door and capital speak to us of days when the Church enjoyed comparative external peace, and flowers and fruit and foliage supply the place of implements of torture and instruments of martyrdom. From Professor Willis, we copy the following list of dates as being most probably those at which the several parts of the Cathedral were erected:—Lower part of three westernmost bays in the choir, with sacristy on south side, c. 1200; south transept, c. 1220;

north transept and chapter-house, c. 1240; nave, c. 1250; west front, c. 1275; lady chapel, c. 1300; presbytery, c. 1325.

Norman architecture has three periods, designated early, later, and transition. Early, extending from 1066 to 1135—the date of Buildwas Abbey, in Salop, which was one of the last erections of that style in England. Then we have the later Norman from 1136 to 1150, that being succeeded by the Transitional, from 1155 to 1185. The Norman was succeeded by Early English, which prevailed from 1189 to 1271. From this last date there was a transition period from Early English to Decorated, and of this style the nave and transept of Lichfield is a somewhat curious example—being neither so simple as Salisbury, nor so rich as Lincoln, yet more akin than either to the succeeding style. The Decorated style succeeded the foregoing, and prevailed from 1307 to 1399. The west fronts of York and Lichfield present the finest and richest examples of this style, although almost the whole of the original and beautifully-decorated work of Lichfield was either mutilated by violent hands, or cemented over by that miserable despoiler of cathedrals, James Wyatt. The succeeding style, namely, the Perpendicular, prevailed from 1399 to 1508, after which Tudor and Debased multiplied their abortions, and Ecclesiastical architecture degenerated into the wretched productions of Cromwellian and later times.

Let us now make an external survey. If the west front is not so fine as either Wells or Peterborough, it is certainly the next in beauty —"combining chasteness with rich ornamentation, well-nigh perfect proportions and symmetrical arrangement." We can form a very inadequate idea from what we now see of the original beauty of this wonderful composition; inasmuch as the present statues and decorations are most of them composed of Roman cement, and set up about the year 1820. In the uppermost stage of the north-west tower are three statues which are undoubtedly original, circa 1275, and which cannot be inspected without showing their vast superiority over the tame and expressionless row of kings and others beneath, and which extend along the entire breadth o the front. Over the gable of the central front is a statue of Charles II. by Sir William Wilson, originally a stone-cutter at Sutton-Coldfield, but subsequently fortunate enough to marry a rich wife and obtain a baronetcy. Stepping a few yards back we obtain a view of the three spires, which for grace, and lightness and elegance are all but unequalled; indeed no such group as this can be found on any one edifice in England.

It may perhaps prove interesting if we say a few words about the terrible siege of Lichfield some two and a-half centuries ago, during which the magnificent structure was sorely despoiled—indeed, well-nigh demolished. It does not appear that the city itself was ever fortified, but Archbishop Langton, who ruled the see from 1206 to 1228, anxious

for the preservation of his Cathedral and the beautiful new Lady choir that he himself had erected, obtained a royal order to place it in a state of defence. This proved a most unfortunate step, and strikingly illustrated the Scripture, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword." During the troubles of the seventeenth century the Royalists took possession of the close and of the church, planting their ordnance and preparing for a siege. Lord Brooke of Warwick, apparently a red-hot Republican, at the head of his forces commenced the siege on St. Chad's-day, March 2nd, 1643, having previously expressed the hope that he might live to see the day when not a single cathedral should be left in England, and impiously required a sign from heaven that God approved of his mission. Brooke was shot dead on the second day of the siege by a brother of Sir Richard Dyott, commonly called dumb Dyott, having been deaf and dumb from his birth. Dyott stood on the central tower of the Cathedral, and a stone in Dame Street points out the spot on which Brooke fell beneath the aim of the mute warrior. The next day the central spire, riddled and shattered by the shots of the Roundheads, fell with a tremendous crash, carrying with it a great portion of the roof, and on the fifth the Royalists surrendered. Having obtained possession of the close and church, the ignorant and fanatical soldiery at once commenced their devastations. We know not that they were worse than Royalist soldiers would have been under similar circumstances, for when men are flushed with victory they often become almost mad with excitement; but those Cromwellian soldiers, on this occasion, showed no mercy either to any work of art, memorial of the dead, or sacred and consecrated object. Carved statues, stained windows, tombs, monumental effigies, were rudely overturned or defaced, and even the very floor itself, paved lozenge-wise with marble and cannel-coal, was torn up. One soldier happening to find in the tomb of Bishop Scrope a silver chalice and valuable crozier, every tomb was at once ransacked in the hope that additional spoil would be found, and as the ruffians had possession of the place for an entire month, it is no marvel that the disappointed archæologist turns away from Lichfield Cathedral without finding one complete specimen of ancient monumental art. After this the church stood two other sieges during the troublous times of the Commonwealth.

Such was the state in which the beautiful Cathedral was a little more than two centuries ago. Its almost perfect restoration is a credit both to the taste and the liberality of the inhabitants of Lichfield and the diocese, persons of various sects having cheerfully subscribed to the good work of helping to rescue a grand old ecclesiastical structure from ruin and decay.

Surely a spot on which for twelve centuries sacred worship has been

offered and holy rites performed, is entitled to our profound veneration; and often have we been pained at the thoughtless and irreverent conduct of holiday-seekers in the presence of architecture covered with the rime of ages, and hallowed by associations of the most solemn character.

The dimensions we have copied from an admirable little hand-book published by Mr. Lomax, of Lichfield, and taken from one of the volumes of that eminent antiquary, John Britton: "Total length, 403ft.; length of nave, 175ft.; breadth of nave, (with aisles,) 65ft. 8in.; length of transept, (interior,) 149ft.; height of transept vaulting, 57ft.; breadth of Lady chapel, 27ft. 10in.; height of central tower, (to top of battlement,) 114ft.; height of central spire, (from the floor,) 252ft.; height of roof, (outside,) 80ft. 6in.; height of west spires, (from floor,) 192ft." The principal defect is want of height. The clustered columns, with their rich and varied capitals of leaves and flowers; the exquisitely-turned arches with their deep mouldings, producing varied light and shade; the light clerestory and the marvellously graceful roof vaulting and groining, (the original vaulting remains only in the two western and first eastern bays,)—all these rivet the attention even of the uninitiated in such matters, and ought to gratify the taste and command the admiration even of the most fastidious. It is a singular fact that the choir is not at right angles with the nave, but inclines considerably northward. We have frequently visited churches where a slight divergence north or south might be observed at the extreme east end, symbolising the inclination of the Saviour's head on the cross after death, but in the present case we are disposed to think that the matter is purely architectural, and that no symbolism was originally intended. The nave aisles are of the same date and general character as the nave itself—somewhat narrower, however, "being only 15ft. from pier to wall."—(*Murray.*)

During the Puritan ransackings and destructiveness, whatever stained-glass existed in the Cathedral was ruthlessly destroyed; its place, however, has been well supplied, and that, too, in a most remarkable manner. In the year 1802, Sir Brooke Boothby, of Ashbourne, was travelling in the neighbourhood of Liege; during his wanderings he met with three hundred and forty pieces of ancient glass, formerly in the windows of the Abbey Church of a house of Cistercian Nuns at Herckeurrde. The poor nuns had been driven from their quiet retreat by the violence of persecution, but by some means or other a great portion of the beautiful glass in the windows of their church had been rescued from destruction. For the ridiculously low sum of £200 the English baronet purchased these precious gems of ancient art, and here they are, rare and valuable examples of an art which, at the time they were executed, c. 1530,

was little, if indeed any, lower than in the palmiest days of its existence. These remarks are not applied to the whole of the windows, inasmuch as the two western ones are modern, and of somewhat inferior workmanship. The south window shows the arms of the Bishops of Lichfield after the Reformation, and the north those of the members of the Chapter who occupied stalls during the execution of the windows from 1806—1808. The vergers of the Cathedral intelligently describe the ancient glass in the seven windows, the South and North aisles, with their monuments, and the singular but beautiful Chapter House, together with the several monuments scattered about, including the wonderful one by Chantrey, called "The Sleeping Children." The principal ancient monuments are, South aisle—Bishop Langton, ob. 1228; Pateshul, 1541, with *stigmata* and pastoral staff in his left hand; Captain Sir H. Stanley, of Pipe, temp. Henry VIII. The scroll of confession in his hand, and the unclad body, are the marks of penance which were imposed on him as the condition of burial in holy ground, he having been excommunicated, but reconciled before death. North aisle—Dean Heywood, ob. 1492 (*Cadaver*). The monuments built into the south wall, and showing the head and feet of the effigy, are supposed to memorialise Deans of the church, but where or when is unknown.

HOLY DAYS AND HOLIDAYS;

OR, MEMORIES OF THE CALENDAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY J. R. S. CLIFFORD.

III.

THE assertion made by one of our poets, that in some corner of the breast of every human being there lurks a love for God's handiwork as displayed to us in what we call "Nature," has been warmly denied, and as warmly supported. No doubt, like all generalizations of this kind, it has exceptions, and we might easily name savage tribes that seem totally destitute of the love of nature; or, in fact, of any love that would raise them above the level of the beasts. Still, of those peoples that have attained to some degree of civilization, the remark is a true one; and, looking back upon our own ancestors in the British Islands, we may obtain evidence in support of it. Long before the poets began to sing about the "vernal season," and while such early stars as Gower and Chaucer were still below the firmament, the natives of this country had learnt to rejoice in the coming-in of the sweet spring-time, and they gazed with pleasure at its bursting buds and early flowers, nor were they insensible to the carols of the birds which built their nests in the forests that covered so large a portion of England some six or eight centuries ago. Nature had a voice that spoke both to the Norman knight and the Saxon peasant, perhaps it was not unheard also by

the sturdy Dane and the ancient Briton. And through many a century, the coming-in of the Spring was associated in the minds of the English with an important season of the Church, the season of Lent, with its long abstinence.

"Lent," indeed, means "spring;" and as, though variable in its time, Lent always fell in the spring, people would naturally think of one as they called to mind the other. We all know there are what we style "early" and "late" seasons; the dawn of the new life that bursts upon the vegetable world being apt to vary in its time from several causes. And as Lent also shifts about from year to year, we can imagine some of our ancestors, of limited knowledge, being rather puzzled thereby. Having that faith in the Church so diligently inculcated by the priests, they would suppose that it was intended that the spring and Lent should run together, and the coincidence of a late Lent and an early spring, or the reverse, must have been matter of wonderment. Perhaps in one particular which should be noted, the folks in the olden time had the advantage of us, since they placed the commencement of the year in the spring, so that the days and weeks in the New Year increased with the expansion of the leaves and the bursting forth of the flowers, until the glories of the summer appeared. And therefore, necessarily, it was just at the end of winter, and just as the slowly lengthening days of March began to whisper hope, that the old year closed its course.

It has been remarked that when the Pope of Rome had full jurisdiction over this realm, the very name of Lent brought unpleasing ideas to the bulk of the people, linked as it was with the suspension of many ordinary amusements, and the infliction of sundry austerities, not only inwardly on the stomach, but also outwardly, in the form of whippings, bowings, pilgrimages on the knees, and penances of the like nature imposed by the priests, often from mere caprice. At first sight there appears plausibility in the observation, that had the priests been better students of human nature, they would have struck out of the calendar what was always more or less obnoxious to their flocks. But then, it must be remembered that the penances of Lent proved a source of profit, because on various pleas indulgences were granted, generally to the rich, who could pay Mother Church well for them. And again, a wider influence was wielded through the penances of Lent, and the other austerities which were in the hands of the priests to lay on or to remit,—they were a manifestation of the power of the Church, and valuable because they gave the priests a control over the mind of the vulgar, which could never have been gained by milder methods.

Nor are we to think there was no set-off, for, in accordance with its peculiar code of morality, the Papacy allowed (and still does allow where it is potent) a certain license before Lent commenced, and again after it had run its course. Many persons, as we read, indulged in gross excesses just before Shrove Tuesday, secure of being duly shriven by the priest. And Easter, following the forced abstinence of Lent, was also taken advantage of, gluttony and other sins of the flesh being common, nor did they receive much ecclesiastical censure. Even during the course of Lent itself, the priests were prepared with something to please both young and old, and they

sanctioned, or actively helped, the performance of what were known as "Miracle-Plays." These, however, were not restricted to Lent, as we find records of them also in connection with Whitsuntide, and the anniversary called Corpus Christi Day.

Between Candlemas Day, which brings to a close the Christmas and New Year observances, and the beginning of Lent, when Easter fell early, there would not be much interval. The missal contains on the last Sunday after Epiphany, the ominous remark, that from this day until "Holy Saturday," *Alleluia* was not to be uttered in the churches. Yet it was to be followed by three other Sundays, with long Latin names, ere Lent came, and not before the dawn of Ash-Wednesday did the generality think about abstinence of any kind. Indeed, from the previous Sunday to the Tuesday was, at one period, permitted to be a time of laxity, when disreputable scenes might be witnessed in the streets. The first Sunday in Lent was, in the early church, however, regarded as the commencement of Lent, but a Pope added four days, to extend the time to forty days, that number having its special sanctity. The first day of Lent, as we see by the calendar, might arrive as early as the fourth of February, and its latest date was the eighth of March; hence, reckoning by the old term, it very frequently fell in that cheerless month which our forefathers called "February fill-dike."

It became, therefore, (nor can we wonder at it,) rather common with the country folk to speak of a "Shrove-tide Season," as signifying something gloomy and unpleasant, and the fast-pouring rain and dark clouds were appropriate, in their view, to the advent of "Black Lent." And black verily it was in the churches, for the priests laid aside their gaudy robes, and the sonorous bells were dumb, nor did a gleam from the tapers help to dispel the darkness of matins or evensong, while even the shrines and paintings were mostly veiled. Every one knew only too well what all this meant; and, as a writer on the subject says: "With looks of mingled sorrow and anger did our meat-loving ancestors put aside beef and fat mutton, to lay in a store of herrings and stock-fish, wherewith they were to mortify themselves for forty days. Men who would willingly have laid their heads in the dust beneath the proud hand of some mitred prelate, who would have fought their dearest friend in maintenance of some dogma about 'our Lady,' and who would have spent their last groat to feast merrily at Easter,—could not comprehend the propriety of a long and rigorous fast." The temptation to infringe the rule was too strong for not a few persons of all ranks, nor did the priests fail to seek out such offenders, not merely through the confessional, but also by a system of espionage. The punishment, too, was occasionally severe, the civil power stepping in, since we read of some being set in the pillory because they had eaten meat in Lent.

The principle—if principle we may term it—that regulated the Lent fast is at least singular. Why should fish be permitted to be eaten, when flesh is prohibited? There are countries where one is as much a luxury as the other, and any one may be as unabstemious in eating fish as in feasting on beef or fowl. Eggs, too, are not disallowed by most authorities, though seemingly open to objection as being animal yet not

aquatic products; and butter or lard might be eaten in Lent, after they had been subjected to the action of fire. Otherwise, indeed, the Shrove Tuesday pancakes must have been given up, for without grease their manufacture was not possible. But in these, and other regulations of a ceremonial sort, the Church of Rome has proved itself a worthy successor to those quibbling Jewish Rabbin it pretends to hold in abhorrence.

Long after the downfall of Papal domination in our land, the custom of ringing the "Pancake bell" on the morning of Shrove Tuesday, held its own in many towns and villages. Originally the bell conveyed an intimation to the people that they were to come and "confess;" indeed, at one time, the day was called "Confession Tuesday." That transaction over, the penitents hastened from church to eat pancakes. These pancakes were also known by the name of flip-jacks. Though they were specially attached to Shrove Tuesday, they appear to have been eaten on various days during the course of Lent. Taylor, the "Water Poet," expressly tells us how the noise of the frying annoyed him, he having the nervous sensitiveness notable in the poetic brotherhood; and it is quite credible, that when every householder in a London street was cooking pancakes at the same moment, the sound caused thereby must have been rather considerable. "The Pancake Bell," writes he, "makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetful either of manners or humanity; and then there is a thing called wheaten flour, which the cooks do mingle with water, eggs, spice, and other tragical and magical enchantments; and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, where it makes a confused dismal hissing like the Lernæan snakes of Acheron or Styx, until at last it is transformed into the form of a flip-jack or pancake." A part of the pancake ceremonial was the requirement that each person in a household should take his or her turn at tossing, that is, turning a pancake. Originally there would seem to have been some omen or prognostic drawn from this, and according as the operation was done successfully or unsuccessfully, so, it was inferred, would be the fortune of the performer during the remainder of the year.

Taylor's allusion to the lack of manners at the Shrovetide season may apply to the odd custom of "Lent-crocking." The young men and women made up small parties, and went about amongst the farmers in the rural districts, asking for a crock or cake. (For there were small cakes made in Lent which were associated with that season, and such are even yet to be bought in some old-fashioned towns and villages.) Usually they got what they requested, and cider or ale as well; but some unamiable individuals would deny the callers anything, and then, in retaliation, they, ere departing from the premises, pelted the door with stones or choked up the lock with dirt. Obviously police regulations were conspicuous by their absence at that period of English history, as is clear by what we read not only about these "Lent-crockers," but about the yet more undesirable custom of "thrashing the Shrovetide hen," which, to the disgrace of modern civilization, continued in some places to the reign of George III., or even later. A hen was fastened to the back of some

fellow, who also bore a string of small bells. A party of lads and men blindfolded, with boughs in their hands, ran up and down after the one carrying the hen, shouting and striking right and left indiscriminately; what was deemed the fun of the affair being the fact that in hitting at the hen, they struck each other. The cruel game was at an end when the bird was killed; afterwards it was cooked and eaten with bacon by those who had been engaged in a pursuit so incongruous to the "shriving" of the early morning. But the priests, if they did not actually encourage, did certainly wink at this and the still more detestable sport of cock-fighting, which was to be also commonly witnessed on Shrove Tuesday.

The next day obtained its appellation from the ceremony of the distribution of ashes. Small portions of consecrated ashes, made by burning twigs or logs in the precincts of the church, were divided amongst the congregation, and intended, so it is said, to keep the people in remembrance of the fact that they were but "dust and ashes." Some of the over-devout or credulous would mingle these ashes with water, and swallow the unpalatable draught. The surmise is not proveable by authentic statements that on Ash Wednesday penitents sat in ashes as a proof of contrition, yet it does appear to have been the case that offenders, by order of a priest, sometimes were compelled to stand out in full view on this day, barefooted and draped in a white sheet.

St. David's-day, March 1st, which usually came within the limits of Lent, though now, and for centuries past, regarded as only interesting to Welshmen, was formerly observed with some degree of joyful celebration in the south-west counties of England, because it kept in remembrance a victory obtained by the Britons over the Anglo-Saxon intruders. *When* this battle took place is matter of uncertainty. One tradition declares that it was during the reign of King Arthur. The leek may have been worn in the hat, because the battle was fought in a field of leeks, or because the leek was appropriated to this "saint" as his symbol. And one of the quaint authors of the Middle Ages says:

"The leek is white and green, whereby is meant
That Britons are both stout and eminent.
Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leek's the fairest emblem that is worn."

THE TRAGIC FARTHING.

A TRUE STORY.

"BEHOLD, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Well may we echo the exclamation of the inspired penman when we see the results that arise from apparently trifling causes, if any cause may be justly called trivial in which a dereliction of principle is involved. To walk in "the ways of wisdom," "in the fear of the Lord," may entail some self-denial, but in the end it will prove pleasant and peaceful, and a blessing will rest upon it. "Behold the upright," says the Psalmist; "for the end of that man is peace."

Early in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, an interesting family arrived at Dunleary, now Kingstown, near Dublin. It consisted of a young man, his newly-wedded wife, and her beautiful sister. The young man, whom we

shall call Green, was a fancy baker, had a little money, and hearing that there was a good opening for him in Dublin, took a house, furnished it neatly for his family, and opened a respectable bun-shop. He was clever and industrious, and carried on his business with spirit and ability. His buns became famous, and he soon had plenty of customers, to whom it was an additional attraction to be served by the two pretty young women of the house, Mrs. Green and her sister. This happy little family speedily made some agreeable acquaintances of their own class. When the bun-shop was closed for the night, the receipts of the day were carefully counted up, and a comfortable English supper round their cosy fireside indemnified them for the more interrupted mid-day meal. After a time Green's business increased to such an extent that he engaged as an apprentice a smart, intelligent boy, whose premium helped to make things go on comfortably. The boy took great interest in the business, and after a year or two was able to supply his master's place in his absence. Mrs. Green was now expecting her first child; and this boy (Home) often took his stand in the shop, particularly in the evenings. They found him so correct and attentive that they placed great confidence in him.

Green, before he left England, had seen an advertisement that appeared in the newspapers, offering a handsome reward for the last of the *three* farthings coined in the reign of Queen Anne, two of which were already secured, one in a public museum, and the other in a private collection. Probably he was not the only young man through whose mind the thought flitted, "O, how I wish *I* could get the farthing; it would make my fortune all at once!" But though he took a great quantity of copper in his thriving shop every week, he never was fortunate enough to find *the* farthing.

One afternoon, however, about the time alluded to above, he was obliged to be absent for several hours, and while he was away a neighbour dropped in to take tea with Mrs. Green. While she and her sister and the visitor enjoyed their tea and hot buns, Home was left alone in the shop. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and as Green had not returned, they did not wait longer, but kept the teapot before the fire, and chatted together, expecting him every moment. At nine o'clock the shop was shut as usual, by Home, who brought into the parlour the contents of the till, and laid them on the mantel-shelf in regular order—the silver by itself and the copper in piles of a shilling each—that he might count it, and make a note of it to give to Mrs. Green for his master. Holding in his hand, and feeling with his fingers, a shilling in halfpence, the sharp boy found that one of the coins which he thought was a halfpenny, was really a *farthing*.

"Look at this, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Green; "I have taken a farthing for a halfpenny."

She took it in her hand, and looking at it in the candle-light, saw that it bore the image and name of Queen Anne!

"Why, Home," she said, innocently, "I believe you have brought us the Queen Anne!"

"It is old enough for anything, ma'am," he replied, "but I'll take it next door to ——— and show it to him, and he will be sure to tell

me right, for he collects curious coppers."

"Well, take care of it, and make haste back," said Mrs. Green, "for your master will be in directly."

Home had heard his master talk of the reward offered for the Queen Anne farthing, and the covetous boy, instead of taking it next door to show to his neighbour, the collector, absconded, and the next packet carried him to England, where he actually received the handsome reward! There we leave him for the present with his ill-gotten gains.

Mr. Green came in to supper, and his simple, young wife said to him, "O, Green, what do you think? Home took a farthing for a halfpenny in the shop this evening, and really I should not wonder if it be the one you want. It was very old, and I think it had 'Queen Anne' on it."

"Where is it?" said Green, starting eagerly from the table and clutching at the coppers on the mantel-shelf.

"O, Home has just taken it next door to show to Mr. ——," she replied; "he'll be here in a minute or two."

"No, you idiot," said the now enraged husband, "he won't come back with it;" and in his rage and disappointment, he pushed his wife so violently out of his way that he threw her down. Then he went out to look for Home. The poor woman, who had never met with anything but love and gentleness from her husband before, was so terrified with this outburst of anger towards her that the fright, together with the fall, brought on her confinement suddenly. Soon after the birth of a dying child, she was seized with fainting fits, and before morning dawned, the pretty young mistress of the English bun-shop had entered the world of spirits.

The now broken-hearted father and husband buried his beloved wife and first-born son in the same grave, the innocent victims of Home's covetousness and poor Green's unbridled passion. His remorse and sorrow were terrible to witness; he accused himself of having been the murderer of the two beings dearest to him upon earth, and refused to be comforted. The thought of opening the shop again became daily more dreadful to him. At last he said to his sister-in-law, "It is no use my staying any longer here. I shall go mad in this house. I must go back to England. Put up your things, and we'll go away next week."

He at once sold off everything, and engaged passages for himself and Mrs. Green's sister in a sailing-packet bound for Liverpool. It was now mid-winter, and a voyage to Liverpool was not the easy matter it is in these days of steam. The unhappy pair set sail, however, in the vain hope that change of scene would restore peace. But it was not to be. A violent storm arose, the packet was terribly tossed about, and finally wrecked, with great loss of life, on the coast of England, one of the lost being the unhappy Green! His sister-in-law, with great difficulty, escaped, was carefully tended by strange hands, and in time recovered, to find herself without a shilling or a change of raiment in the world, in a strange place, without friends or means. At length she succeeded in obtaining a situation as barmaid. She was a neat, handy young woman, and very lovely in face and figure: no advantage to her without protectors and without religion. Unfortunately she attracted the

notice of an Irish officer, who induced her to accompany him to Ireland, promising her a good situation in his establishment. No sooner did the beautiful English girl arrive at Captain P—'s, than the jealousy of his housekeeper—a Mrs. Jabb—was excited against her. They had several quarrels; and one day, meeting in the cellar, Mrs. Jabb's rage got the mastery of her, and she struck the poor girl a violent blow that killed her on the spot. Of course justice at once apprehended the wicked woman; and as no extenuating circumstances could be found, but as, on the contrary, all her fellow-servants knew that the poor victim of jealousy was "*hated in time past*," a verdict of wilful murder, without any recommendation to mercy, was brought in against her; and she was sentenced to be hanged in Dublin! The wretched woman suffered the extreme penalty of the law, *the last woman ever executed in Dublin!*

Thus the second sister fell a victim to fierce, ungoverned passion. Neither poor Green, nor probably Mrs. Jabb, had any idea what the deadly effect of their temper would be. But, alas! this is only one of many instances of

"The curse of lawless hearts:"

hearts whose wild passions are unsubdued by Divine grace, and who know not

"The joy of self-control."

The writer had the whole story from a source which may be fully depended on in every particular, excepting the names, which are, for obvious reasons, altered.

A few years after the excitement connected with this sad case had subsided, a young gentleman arrived in Dublin, very respectable in appearance and manner, and evidently possessing very ample means, of which he seemed to know the full value. He was then endeavouring to invest a considerable sum of money in building. It so happened that some houses were to be let or sold at that time in the end of Dame Street, adjoining College Green, and also in William Street. This property he purchased, and built a very tasteful arcade between the two places, consisting of a double row of shops covered with glass, a sort of miniature Palais Royal. His enterprising design was soon completed, and about the date of George IV.'s visit to the metropolis of Ireland, this much frequented thoroughfare was quite a fashionable lounge. It was known by the name of its proprietor, "*Home's Arcade.*" The shops were eagerly sought by fancy dealers, and did good business for some years.

The last act of the bun-shop tragedy occurred in connection with this arcade. Before it was ten years old the public were startled by an announcement in the papers stating that Home's Arcade was burnt to the ground! Thus was proved the truth of the wise man's saying, that "an inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning; but the end thereof shall not be blessed." With the wreck of his ill-gotten gains the persevering Home built an hotel on the quay, near Richmond-Gate, and named it "*Home's Hotel.*" This speculation soon failed; the hotel passed into other hands and was turned to other purposes, and it is only the elderly people in Dublin who can remember the places known by the name of the covetous apprentice Home, whose unlawful possession of *a farthing* led to the deaths of five of his fellow-creatures!

—the poor Greens and their infant, Mrs. Green's sister, and the infamous Mrs. Jabb.

It is easy for us now to reason on it, and say if Mrs. Green had not been so simple, Mr. Green passionate, their sister vain, and Mrs. Jabb jealous, *all* this could not have happened. We might also say that Home, the primary cause of the tragedy, suffered least; but the destruction of his property was after all his least trial. What a tortured conscience must his have been if it were not seared as with a hot iron! and if it were, how much worse in the world to come! R. R. T.

DARK SEASONS.

Gloomy midnight, the heavy, leaden sky that precedes or accompanies a winter storm—these resemble the seasons of distress and melancholy foreboding that often beset every man who has started on his march for his Father's Kingdom. He sets forth, it may be, with a light, springing step. He thinks that all will now be smooth travelling, but he is doomed to disappointment. If he could but cast his eye over the border that divides this world from the next, he might be appalled by a sight of the phalanx leagued against him in his onward path. This is spared him, however; but although he cannot see the *cause*, he yet feels the *result* in a state of depressed spirituality. He has many enemies to conquer; and but for faith in the promises which God has made, and which are sure "as the pillars of heaven," he might well succumb. But his duty is plain: it is to pray unceasingly. And if he will but continue to do this in faith, his Heavenly Father will come to the rescue, and where all was dark and dismal He will shed forth the light of His countenance to comfort and to cheer. Pray on, therefore, despairing one, pray on, thy deliverance is nigh. Thou mayest not see the manner in which it will be wrought, but doubt not that it will come. Doubt not thy Heavenly Father's word. Worlds may be undone, but *it* stands on a sure foundation; and great as thy troubles may be, there is a strong arm that will give thee help according to thy needs.

However black the night may seem, the morning will burst upon thee with a brightness which will appear all the more lovely for the previous gloom. How apt men are to give up in the first stage of their journey. This is not the way your man of the world acts. Nothing would ever be achieved if all men were like this. And so it is in spiritual matters. If men despair, and allow themselves to be trampled upon and beaten under foot, they will lie where they have fallen, and the Evil One will claim them at last. Heaven is worth fighting for. The glories that will be revealed, when the last enemy—Death—is vanquished, will be a full reward for a hard fight. Then will the Christian look back and praise his God for all the mercies He has shown *in giving him so much to endure.* He will realise then what he is slow to do now, that every cross he took up was a necessary part of his discipline as a soldier of Christ. Not only this, but when he does get to heaven his reward will be all the greater. He will learn then what he has been contending for. He will see then that all has been wisely ordered; and it may be that he will reproach himself that he did not even more implicitly trust that Being Whose

wisdom is infinite. Christian, buckle on thy armour and do battle manfully. Place thyself in thy Maker's hands. Trust Him, and things that seem as a wall of adamant shall fall before thee, and let in the light of day to thy praying soul. Speak not, think not, of despairing; there is no time for that. But mount up on eagles' wings of prayer, and soar into heights where the enemy of mankind is powerless over thee, and on thy banner write "Victory through the blood of the Lamb."

HYMN OF CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I.

"In His favour is life."—Psalm xxx. 5.

The mystic joy of life by those alone is gain'd
To whom their Father God His deep things hath explain'd.
Let poet, sage, recluse, or seek or sing of bliss,
Yet, Lord, Thy children know life in Thy favour is.

II.

"Thy lovingkindness is better than life."—Psalm lxiii. 3.

If better, Lord, than life, Thy loving-kindness is,
Then after life is o'er, we'll taste the higher bliss;
O, good it is to live! but better 'tis to die!
Life shallow ebbs—then flows His loving-kindness high.

J. C. Trotter.

CALIFORNIA—DIGGING FOR GOLD.

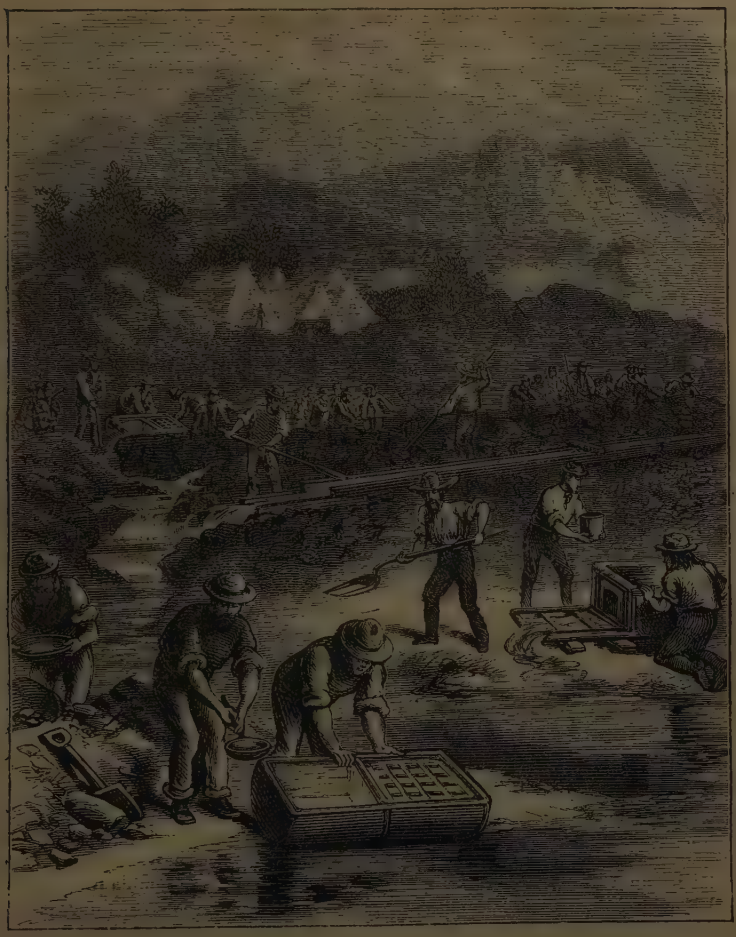
Let not our readers be disgusted at the sight of the above title, nor deem digging for gold altogether a sordid employment; it is only one of the numerous modes in which the curse has been brought to bear upon the human race, and to many who engaged in it was less objectionable than the legitimate avocations they h been brought up to. So thought the writer when, early in the year 1851, after much anxious consideration and prayer to God for guidance and protection, he determined to go to the newly-discovered land of gold, saying, "For the future it will be Providence and I."

Embarking at Southampton in the Royal Mail steam-ship "Dee," we soon left old England behind us. The passage was a tedious one of three months, though it embraced much of incident, with illustrations of natural history and national manners, as we touched and went ashore at St. Thomas', Santa Martha, Carthagena, and Chagres; then, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, re-embarked on an American steamer, and proceeded up the northern Pacific, calling at Realejo, Acapulco, San Diego, and Monterey; at last landing at San Francisco among thousands of men of different countries, who had gathered there in a little over two years, then in all the excitement of a gold fever, with its accompaniments of robberies, murders, vigilance-committees, and devastating fires. As speedily as possible we hastened to the mines, partly up rivers by boats, and partly across prairies and plains where green grew the primeval grass and luxuriantly flowered aromatic herbs. We travelled two hundred miles in all, over which had roamed undisturbed the wild Indian for untold centuries, before we began to ascend the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada.

On entering the gold-fields, we were surprised to see that so much real hard work had been done in so short a time. In little more than two years the narrow valleys were largely broken up, and camps and villages erected; indeed, it seemed as if the whole ground was occupied. But we took heart; pitching our tent among others on the hill-side, and cooking food under the shadow of a tree. The work was laborious and discouraging; for at first the gold did not come, or only in very small quantities, but it did come at last,—

"Gold, gold, heavy and cold."

This, however, was not coined gold,



alloyed and polluted, paid and received as the wages of sin, offered over and over again on the altar of Mammon, but drawn fresh from creation's mint, bearing only the impress of a gracious Providence. It was the real reward of honest toil.

Such a life was full of incidents, some painful, some humorous, others touching and tender. Though the climate was healthy, the life of hardship and exposure was often suddenly ended by death. At the funeral of a digger assembled men who lived the rudest lives. To describe one such funeral The man who died had been born in Cornwall, of pious parents, and brought up under religious influences. Afterwards he became the subject of saving grace, and in California joined with his fellows in the simple Sabbath worship conducted in log-cabins. Naturally robust and vigorous, he toiled successfully; but fever attacked him, and in a state of delirium he quickly passed away. His partners desired that the funeral should be religiously conducted, with the

singing of Wesley's hymns. The spot selected for the grave was a gentle slope on the hill-side, a little way off the mining camp; and elevated as it was, it afforded a magnificent view of the surrounding hills, as they arose, clad with tall, straight pine trees, in majesty and grandeur. Besides a goodly number of his countrymen, there were others of various nationalities present, for the grave-side, under such circumstances, appealed to our common humanity with more than ordinary force. There stood the man who had spent many years in Mexico, and whose bronzed and furrowed face was still wet with tears of sorrow, having buried his wife in the great Pacific on his passage up. Another, venerable in appearance, a Welshman born, who had come from Australia, and now sat as a judge in the law court of the mining city yonder. Others there were who hailed from the wilds of Arkansas and Missouri, hard as the hard life of the backwoods could make them.

The scene was impressive as these rugged men stood around the open grave while the beautiful hymn, "O God! our help in ages past," was sung, and a part of the Burial Service was read. When the reader, himself deeply moved, uttered, "To whom shall we seek for succour but unto Thee, O Lord?" eyes that were but seldom lifted Godward, were upturned as if in appeal to the Helper of the helpless, and when offering the closing sentences of an extempore prayer, "That God would guide them through this world of sorrow and danger, and bring them unto His heavenly kingdom at last," lips that were unaccustomed to pray, responded with a solemn and fervent "Amen." Here, for the time, national prejudices and sectarian differences sank out of sight—one sect only, believers in Jesus, was here recognised, having one article only in their creed—faith in His name. Of sacerdotalism there was none, for the man who officiated stood with open book in very unclerical costume; even the grave was unfenced and unconsecrated, except by Christian burial. Service over, the mourners retired; one of whom returned a few evenings after and placed a head-board over the quiet grave, on which the initials "J. S." were rudely carved, and left the sleeper in his lone repose.

The Californian winter is not intensely cold, but it abounds in showers of rain and snow. One of the first signs of spring is the flight of immense numbers of wild ducks and geese, returning to their summer haunts on the northern lakes. They fly in flocks of arrow-headed form, uttering melancholy cries, while the rush of their wings is audible at a great distance. February is perhaps the loveliest month of the year, for then the plains and hill-sides are covered with the upspringing grass and gorgeous flowers, the air is deliciously soft to breathe, and the sky of the most ethereal blue, and across it float rosy tinted, gauzy vapours, scarcely to be called clouds. To lie on one's back on the young grass and fragrant flowers, gazing up through the rosy veil into the heavenly blue, while brightly-coloured jays, woodpeckers, and other birds flit and scream and warble round, is a real luxury. A sky so glorious might well canopy any paradise the world has ever seen.

The gold-bearing deposits being soon exhausted, the life of a digger is necessarily a roving one, and in his search for suitable ground he meets a variety of objects of interest and beauty. He may observe weather-worn rocks and grotesque caverns, porphyry dikes, jaspers green and red, marble masses white as those of Carrara; he may ramble into silent redwood glens, climbing lofty precipices where flowering rhododendrons spring out of high crevices, at the foot of which the wild currant grows, and trickling streamlets feed the roots of tiger-lilies. There were many such sweet scenes without sight or sound of man, that probably no tourist-eye had ever scanned or popular pen described, where virgin beauty, for unknown ages, dwelt a lone recluse amid the soothing sighings of soft zephyrs from the Pacific Ocean and the plaintive cooings of turtle-doves.

The immense size of the "Wellingtonia Gigantea" of California is too well known to need description, but the

ordinary giant pine-trees of that country may not be so well known. Ascending the slopes of the Sierra Nevada range of mountains, we entered a deep hollow studded on all sides by these extraordinary trees. There were scores or hundreds of them that would measure from thirty to forty feet in girth, and straight as the mast of a ship, reaching to a very great height. Here they stood and grew for centuries in mighty colonnade, while up, up, up their shadowy plumes formed a roof, through breaks in which the vaulted, radiant sky looked down. Probably the peaky mountains of Idumæa represented the poetic idea of "the pillars of heaven," as mentioned in the Book of Job, but the sight of these enormous, upright, firmly-rooted trees suggested the same comparison.

Speaking of mountains, one sunny day after the rains, when the sky and atmosphere were peculiarly clear, we left the "Sierra" range behind us, and stretched away towards the plains of the San Joaquin. The glowing sun had passed its meridian height some hours, and now threw its oblique rays athwart the mountains in the rear, lighting them up into a vision of glory. Although they were seventy miles distant, the view was sharp and clear; the snowy peaks rose pointed, high flanked by ranging cumuli, all bathed in rosy light; through these deep gorges cleaved their zig-zagged lines, purpled with softened shade; the elevation and repose producing an indescribable effect upon the beholder. If John Bunyan in his dream saw the "delectable mountains" as glorious as these, no wonder that he was in transports of joy. So God, our Heavenly Father, hath provided for us beautiful things to cheer us in this world of sorrow and care.

But for a combination of soft beauty and wild grandeur, probably the "Yosemite"—pronounced "Yo-sem-i-ty"—excels. Here may be seen rocky masses piled one above another to cloud-piercing heights, as if mountain chains had been doubled back upon themselves and then disrupted with tremendous force. From elevated positions the eye may take in shining peaks, pinnacles and domes towering one behind another in reverent silence high: the shelving rocks and deep crevices fringed with straight, tall pines, causing one to wonder how they could grow there: with here and there a foaming milk-white waterfall hanging over a rocky brow in a graceful sweep of a thousand feet, like a bridal veil, with its edge of silky-looking spray convoluting in the breeze; then, leaping over obstructing rocks, down, down the broken waters dash to mingle in the glassy lake below, from which comes up, in calm reflections, a reverted picture of dome and pinnacle, and pine and waterfall and cloud, while softened murmurs breathe a chorale to the ear and heart. Nor are these all, for as the sun goes round, the sweeping shadows change, and rainbow spectra float over yawning chasms, colouring rocks grey and blank with beauty's charms. To stand alone in the midst of these surroundings is to realise something of the feelings of Jacob when he exclaimed, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."

Among the lovely cities along the coast, "Monterey" stands conspicuous. It occupies a wide plain at the head of an extensive bay. This town was settled by Spanish and Mexican colonists more than a hundred years ago. Here the Governor of California dwelt, and a Catholic mission was established; and it is said that after some time the Indian converts to the faith which was represented by sign and symbol, revolted, and bringing back their blankets, beads and crosses, threw them down at the feet of the priest, saying, "Take back your religions; we won't have them any more." Standing on a high rounded grassy knoll overlooking the placid waters of the bay, the view is most exhilarating. On the land side the country is undulating, stretching away to the slopes of lofty mountains. This rolling prairie is studded with houses and gardens and clumps of spreading trees for many a mile to the rivers Salinas and San Carmel, where there are geese, duck, quail, plover, snipe and other fowl in abundance.

The summer heat being tempered by the soft sea breezes, the climate is pleasant and healthy; indeed, Monterey seems to us to be the nearest approach to the poetic ideal possible, where—

"Simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth half the pleasures life elsewhere can give."

As years have glided on great changes have taken place. Most of the gold deposits are exhausted, but a large amount of the precious metal has been sent forth into the world to meet the wants of commerce, and at a time when the new enterprises stimulated by the discoveries of science demanded it. An industrious population has been brought to occupy a new and healthy country and to cultivate its rich virgin soil; agriculture flourishes, large quantities of the finest wheat are annually exported to England, improved breeds of cattle and sheep are introduced; fruit common to temperate and semi-tropical climes is grown in abundance, so as even to be sold by the ton; and salmon by the truck-load is despatched across the continent to the Eastern States. Railroads, steam-boats, and manufactories are established; silver, quicksilver, and other mines are successfully worked; and above all, in the valleys where a few years ago silence reigned, churches and schools are built, and the Sabbath-bell and the voice of praise are heard. W. Vivian.

OLD BETTY.

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

Her home was a low thatch'd cottage,
Just one little room—no more,
With a tiny patch of garden
In front of the painted door.
Her friends were a pet canary,
And a fine old tabby cat;
With a plant or two in the window
By which the old woman sat.
Her furniture was but scanty;
A bedstead, an old arm-chair,
A box, and a small deal table,
With a cover white and fair.
Her pleasure was constant reading
A dingy but valued Book,
Which was always on her table,
For in it she loved to look.

She call'd it her Father's Letter,
His chart to the realms above;
She treasured each precious promise
Which came from the God of love.
That Book, with the broken covers,
Told Betty of mansions fair,
Of a harp and crown of glory,
Of a throne that she might share.

It taught her to lay up treasure
In the realms of endless day,
Where the thief can never enter,
Where the rust will not decay.
And she felt each day brought nearer
That home of the good and blest,
Where "the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

Old Betty was quite contented,
She never complain'd at all;
Nor did she envy the baron
Who lived at the stately hall.
She had relief from the parish,
Five shillings a week and bread,
She couldn't get meat very often,
But, then, she had cheese instead.

Then, too, there were kindly neighbours,
Who made it their constant care
To lighten Old Betty's trials,
To add to her scanty fare;
They took her a little pudding,
A portion of meat, or cake;
Some did it from simple kindness,
And others for Jesu's sake.

'Tis true they had no rich dainties,
Nor could they do all they would,
But yet for their aged sister
They tried to do what they could.
And Betty was very thankful,
She took the trifles given,
As mercies sent by her Father,
Who dwells for ever in heaven.

"God bless ye, God bless ye always,"
She said, and with upraised hand;
"May He bring us both in safety
To the bright and better land;
I'm going home soon, up yonder,
I'm getting quite near my end;
But, bless the Lord, I am ready,
For Jesus is my best Friend.

"Ah, neighbour, there is none other
Like Christ, He is ever near,
I have proved His lovingkindness
Through many a weary year;
I went to Him heavy laden,
I had no merit or plea,
And I took the proffer'd pardon
From Jesus, Who died for me.

"When, like a sheep, I have wander'd
From the fold so far away,
Into the paths of folly,
Right out of the narrow way,
He has sought me in the desert,
He has brought me to the fold,
He rescued me from misery,—
But, His love can ne'er be told.

"And I love Him more than ever,
I shall see Him, too, erelong;
Yes, I shall swell the harmony
Of that sweet, eternal song.
But there! I must ask your pardon
For talking in such a strain;
But when I speak of Jesus,
I can scarcely stop again."

* * * * * *

O, how often earnest sermons
Seem to fall on listless ears,
Without rousing up the conscience,
Without causing hopes or fears;
But Old Betty's words and actions,
Pure faith and earnest love,
Led those simple-hearted neighbours
To desire the rest above.

She had no idea of teaching,
Ne'er supposed she could do good;
But her deeds of lovingkindness
Could not be misunderstood.
All the children loved Old Betty,
And she loved them quite as well;
At her feet they'd learn their lessons,
Or some story she would tell.

They would sit in silent wonder,
As the old dame told the tale
Of the dreams or life of Joseph,
Then of Jonah and the whale.
But they loved the "old, old story,"
Better far than all beside;
For it told of Christ the Saviour,
Who for us was crucified.

To God's house on Sunday morning
Poor Old Betty went her way,
And outside her little cottage
She would sit at close of day.
Sit and think about her childhood,
And of loved ones "gone before"—
Till she long'd to hear her summons
To the bright, celestial shore.

Sometimes, as she sat in silence,
'Mid the twilight's gath'ring gloom,
She believed that shining angels
Came into her little room,
And she saw the realms of glory,
And would start up from her chair,
To exclaim, almost with sorrow,
"Lord, I thought that I was there!"

Now it happened one fine evening,
In the latter part of May,
That her kindly next-door neighbour
Went to see Old Betty Day;
But to her surprise and sorrow
No one answered: when the door
Was in haste and terror open'd,
There lay Betty on the floor.

Quickly she was placed in blankets,
And they tried her limbs to chafe,
But in death she fast was sinking;
Still she whisper'd *Safe, safe, safe!*
Once the eyes again were open'd,
Then they closed for ever here,
And Old Betty went to glory,
From this land of care and fear.

Here she lived and served her Maker,
Here she bore the cross of life;
There she wears a crown of glory,
Far from sorrow, pain and strife.
Safe in life, in death, *for ever*,
Wash'd in Jesu's cleansing blood,
Now she sings her song of gladness
With her Saviour and her God.

Reader, copy her example,
O believe the Bible true!
Christ has come to bring you pardon,
He has bled and died for you.
Now accept the proffer'd mercy,
Once again He bids you come;
You may wear a crown of glory,
You may reach the better home.

THE STORY OF AN OAK LEAF.

One day a gentleman, when passing the tree which for a few happy months I called my home, made the following

remark to a lady in his company:—"There are, as Shakespeare says, 'tongues in trees,..sermons in stones.'" I thought these words very remarkable; but being then a gay young leaf, and little given to reflection, the remembrance of them quickly passed away. My circumstances are now greatly altered, and this remark recurs to my mind, awakening a train of serious thought. If a *stone* may talk, why not a *leaf?* It is true, I am but a frail and now faded thing, yet did not the same Great Being fashion me Who formed the everlasting hills? And do not *all* His works praise Him? Seeing, then, that I am a creation of that mighty Hand, perchance *some* useful lesson may be learned from the unfolding of my simple history.

How well do I remember the day when first I saw the light of God's glorious sun. The blithesome songs of the little birds sounded very sweet to me; indeed, all Nature seemed to rejoice on that bright spring morning. I formed one of a numerous company of leaves adorning the branches of a sturdy young Oak which stood in a gentleman's pleasure-grounds. Happy days were those! and merry were the scenes that amused me day by day! The children of the family loved to play under the shade of the tree, whilst their playmate and household pet, a little white kitten, caused exquisite delight both to them and herself, by climbing nimbly from bough to bough. And all the time my brother leaves and I had nothing to do but look on in the full enjoyment of all, dancing merrily to the music of the gentle breeze, whilst the sunbeams played in and out amongst us.

But sometimes this gay scene was clouded, and the cold rain would drip dismally over us, and chilly winds whistle through the branches. But the glad sun always would break out after all, and then I and my brothers would sparkle like jewels, and wave more proudly than before, knowing well that this same cold rain had added to our beauty new charms.

All this time we kept growing, not only larger, but nearer to perfection in form, and of a deeper green. The glad summer came; now the sun shone more brightly, even fiercely at times, and sometimes the children ceased their merry gambols, and sat quietly under the shadow of the tree, while the white kitten, which, like myself, had grown larger, lay frequently for a whole afternoon under its leafy shade, winking and blinking like an owl, when she *did* venture to open her sleepy eyes. Sometimes fierce storms raged, lightnings blazed, thunders roared, and rain dashed down in torrents. We trembled with forebodings of fear when we felt the approach of one of these storms; but happily, though some other trees near were blasted by the scathing fires of these summer tempests, mine escaped.

But then, alas! came another season, bright and beautiful at first, it is true, but fraught with sadness in the end for me and my brother leaves. In the early part of this season we greatly admired the rich brown tinge which blended so beautifully with our vivid green, rejoiced in this novel charm, and felt prouder than ever of our beauty. But, alas! erelong we all found that our strength was gradually declining, and our brilliant tints almost daily growing paler: sadly did we wonder why *we* should thus decline, when fruit glowed with richer hues. As time passed on, I saw with dismay that ever and anon one of my old companions fell fluttering to the ground, and lay there unheeded and forlorn. Their number rapidly increased, to such an extent that each remaining one feared his turn would come next.

In my younger days I had been very beautiful, large, glossy, and of almost perfect form; and even now, though shorn of my strength, and somewhat faded in colour, still retained the exquisite symmetry with which I was framed. Like most beauties, I was conscious of my charms, and the very thought of leaving my pleasant home to lie a decayed and neglected thing on the cold, damp earth, filled me with pain and dread.

At last, one fatal night a fierce wind arose; with all my feeble strength I clung to the dear old tree that had been my home for so many happy months. But of what avail was my weak resistance, when arrayed against the force of the cruel wind? It tore me remorselessly away, whirling me round and round with giddy swiftness. The grey light of morning found me lying ingloriously on the cold, damp earth.

And now did the frolicsome kitten find such evident delight in playing with the withered leaves, that, despite my sadness, I could not but feel amused to see her droll antics. She would sit quietly for some moments, watching us with mischievous eyes, then with a sudden rush would dart upon us, scattering us in every direction.

This was a dreary and sorrowful time. That I, who had waved proudly in the breeze, should lie in so mean and abject a position, was mortification enough in itself, but added to this was the constant fear of being injured or destroyed. But happily I was not long destined to remain in this low and sorrowful condition.

One pleasant morning, a few days after the fierce storm that had so ruthlessly torn me from my pleasant home, I saw the lady of the house walking in the grounds, as was her frequent custom, and accompanied by her little girl. They drew near to the place where I was lying, when the child, spying me on the ground, exclaimed, "O, look, mamma! what a beautiful leaf!" "Yes, dear," was the mother's reply, "it is a perfect specimen of the oak leaf, and well worth preserving." Accordingly her little daughter took me up with the greatest care, carried me home, and placed me in a large Book, where for the present I was consigned to darkness.

My previous life having been passed out of doors, I had made no acquaintance with books, yet I was not long in learning that the one in which I am now enclosed is an important and valuable one in the opinion of those to whom it belongs. Every morning and evening it is carefully taken down, opened, and read slowly and reverently before the assembled family. They often read aloud out of other books, always with interest, and sometimes amusement, but *this* Book is read in subdued and reverent tones.

My day of outward life and activity has now passed away. I have now nothing to do but take quiet observation of what transpires around me, and have plenty of opportunity for reflection. I hear that this Book in which I rest is called the Bible, and that good men and women consider it as the best Book in the world; that without its guidance they would infallibly go astray; without a personal belief in its doctrines they can have no true happiness. Often do I observe the mother of the family open this Volume when she has a quiet hour; and while reading therefrom, I have seen, as I lay on the open leaf before her, the anxious expression which so often clouded her face, gradually pass away, and give place to a look of calm and peace. As in the daily readings of the family I was often used as a bookmark, I had the opportunity of observing all these things. I hear also that many of the faithful believers in the teachings of this holy Book have suffered scorn and reproach, and even death; that various efforts have been made by the enemies of the Bible to destroy it utterly, but it has triumphantly outlived every such attempt, and is handed down intact to posterity; that it speaks of the forgiveness of sins in this world, through belief in a Saviour Who died for all, when man, by sin, had merited only death and eternal misery; that it tells of a life beyond the grave—of eternal joy to the good who put all their trust in this Saviour, of everlasting misery to the wicked.

Naturally, then, do I feel a great reverence for this my present resting-place, and musing in my quiet retreat I reason as follows:—Is it not, after all, a greater honour to rest in so holy a Book, and serve sometimes as a mark for its reading, than even to gaily dance and

flutter in the summer breeze? I once heard this verse read: "He hath made everything beautiful in his time," and rejoice that I have been beautiful in youth, maturity and old age, and rescued from corruption, and preserved to be of use, though only a dead leaf. And it is the thought of being of *some use*, which causes me to feel a quiet content with my present lot. ELIZA.

THE GREAT PULPIT THEME.

BY THE REV. JOHN TESSEYMAN.

"We preach Christ crucified."—1 Cor. i. 23.

IT is a fact beyond dispute, that the world owes whatever is nobly characteristic of modern civilization, its benevolent institutions and its humanizing influences, to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Note also its effects upon the hearts and minds of those who have become subject to its sway. It makes the proud humble, the avaricious benevolent, the unchaste pure. These are its legitimate, its invariable, results. The Gospel is its own witness; and wherever it comes it accomplishes its work and is glorified. Until some "other Gospel," therefore, appears which can better accomplish the work, we are resolved still to "preach Christ crucified."

"We preach Christ crucified:"

I. *As to us the Harmonizer of the Divine attributes.*—The world's profoundest intellects, its most daring imaginations, and its most persistent efforts, have been bent to the task of elaborating the character of Deity; but all, apart from inspiration, have absolutely failed to afford us satisfactory information upon this subject. They have given us many one-sided views of God, but not a clear, full-orbed one. We have many gross caricatures of the Divine Being, but not a correct portrait. Some have seized upon one attribute, and have represented God as a Being of inflexible *justice*. Some have expatiated upon His *power*, and set Him forth as a great world-builder, Who set the spheres in motion, then left them to shape their course as best they might. His kingdom, say they, is too vast, and His subjects too numerous, for Him to pay any attention to an insignificant world like ours!

But in the light of God's Revelation, we are able to interpret His character and operations more correctly. It is very true that He is a God of justice, power and holiness; but it is equally true that He is a God of love, and goodness and mercy. And it is necessary to unite *all* these before we can apprehend His character. These perfections, which are in apparent conflict, find their harmony in the Cross. There they blend their glories like the different colours of the rainbow, yet not so as to lose the distinct appearance of each. The cross dissipated the mists which had obscured those attributes for ages, and caused men to see them more clearly and correctly. It was difficult to determine,—

> "Which of the glories brightest shone,
> The justice or the grace."

The character of God is best understood from the mountain-height of Calvary. The cross has done more to exhibit the Divine Being unto His intelligent creation, than all the philosophies of the world. It has afforded more enlightened views of His majesty, His rectitude and His benevolence. Nature could not reveal God. True, she speaks of His power, glory and wisdom, but she cannot speak the language of personal love. How can she display the principles of redemption? She did nothing towards a solution of that problem which had racked the brains of the world's greatest thinkers, "How should man be just with God?" The Cross solves that problem, and shows how God can be just, and, at the same time, the Justifier of him that believes in Jesus.

"We preach Christ crucified:"

II. *As the great central fact of history.*—Every circle has its centre. The sun is the centre of the solar system, around which many worlds revolve. And there is a centre in the moral world, "Christ crucified." Around this spiritual centre all the great facts of Revelation revolve

in obedient order. The great facts relating to Magna Charta, the law of gravitation, etc., have a far-reaching influence; but the fact expressed by "Christ crucified," out-reaches them all. It has a more profound significance. This must increase, those must decrease. Alexander and Cæsar, with all their conquests, will be forgotten; whilst the conquest gained on Calvary will be chronicled in immortal characters, and be a theme for song throughout everlasting ages.

"We preach Christ crucified:"

III. *As the Regenerator of human society.*—Human systems have been professed adequate to this regeneration, but they have all failed in actual experiment. Civilization and education, science and philosophy, heathenism and infidelity, have tried to lift the world to a high level, and to make man what he ought to be. Never were people in a more favourable position in this respect than the inhabitants of ancient Greece; and yet when St. Paul visited Athens, he found the idols almost as numerous as the inhabitants themselves, who paid homage even to an "unknown God"! Human systems leave man as they find him; the Gospel alone takes him and educates him for the skies and for a blessed immortality. The cross of Christ is a proof of the discord that existed between God and the creature. It not only reveals such discord, however, but it cures it, and brings harmony into the universe. It raises humanity Godward, and creates the oneness as prayed for by Jesus (John xvii. 22). It revolutionizes the entire inner man. Man works from the outward to the inward; God works from the inward to the outward. Christianity not only reforms, it re-creates. No surface work will suffice. No torch-light can irradiate the dark sepulchre of the soul; nor can earthly music, however exquisite, bring quickening and power, causing the dead soul to live. God must speak, and breathe, and act. The Sun of Righteousness must flash His splendours ere the soul can see God. The old nature must die, and the new nature be inborn within the soul. "Christ crucified" is "the power of God unto salvation," and can accomplish all. It saves "to the uttermost." It first attracts to the cross, and then uplifts us to the throne.

And this moral renovation is to spread from the individual to the race. It is the re-welding of the chain of universal love, which was broken by the fall. It is the restoration of spiritual unity. It is the disenthralment of man from the long-borne tyranny of the evil one, and his introduction "into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

"We preach Christ crucified:"

IV. *As the door of admission into heaven.*—That door had been closed by sin, but was re-opened by the Cross. That cross is the key which unlocks the door, and gives us admission to the eternal glories. No saint ever yet found Peter there with power to open and shut. Peter himself was admitted by Peter's Lord. "I am the Way," saith He. In heaven "the spirits of just men made perfect" ascribe their position to "Christ crucified," to the Lamb which sitteth "in the midst of the throne." The cross is the centre of attraction on earth, whilst the throne is the centre of attraction in heaven. And they who bow before the Cross will one day sit upon the throne; for the former is the sure and certain way to the latter.

One word more. It is not Christ crucified as a historical fact which avails anything, but "Christ *in* you," which is "the power of God unto salvation." Let us not forget, also, that Christ crucified was a universal Sacrifice for universal man; and that so long as the Son of Man is "lifted up," "whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

OLD MEMORIES.

Dear reader, in addressing you through these pages, I shall take it for granted that, like myself, you love to cherish "old memories." True, the thoughts which they awaken within us are sometimes saddening, but somehow

or other, they are also often strangely pleasurable. Tender associations, and frequently bettering ones, are recalled as we survey scenes where special goodness once lived, or gaze on the dwelling where exalted Christian virtue nobly met its end. So strongly have such scenes and dwellings impressed us, that they have an abiding place in our minds, and seem interwoven with our being. We cannot disassociate ourselves from them. We still see in them "the excellent of the earth," whom we deem it a privilege to have known, and whose love and devotion to Christ, and happiness in His service, we still delight to recall. The prayer they offered, their gesture, the beaming look, and the testimony for God, are ineffaceably engraved on our memories; and though they have long since gone to heaven, they still seem to live and move before us.

Such a sainted one I would fain depict for my readers. His home was in one of the little fishing villages skirting the small bays or coves found on the Cornish coast. He was the captain of one of the pilot boats which ply about the Blackhead and Lizard points, and thence to Falmouth, guiding vessels through these dangerous seas. He was about thirty years of age, and was blessed with a pious wife, and four little children. His ties to earth were thus of the strongest; but stronger still were his ties to heaven. He appeared to be getting on well in the world, was, in fact, saving money, and looked the picture of health. But a voice from above seemed to warn him of an early removal to the skies. In one Class-meeting I attended with him, his face kindled with an unusual glow, as in tones of rapture he dwelt on the absence of evil from, and unutterable delight of, the heavenly abode. I think I see him still, as, with upward eye and tears of gladness, he tells us of the love of Christ in his heart,—of the Spirit's assuring testimony, and of his blessed hope of immortal life. No doubt clouds his soul. He has rich foretastes of heaven. This was the last *public* testimony that I heard from him, and it will never be forgotten. So full was it, so clear, so joyous, and so expressive of blessedness, and of ripe Christian experience. Dear JOHN WILLIAMS! how near he seems to heaven! And how fitted he seems for usefulness,—to be a light both by sea and land!

But the great Master—the Captain of his salvation—had determined otherwise. The cheek began to grow pale, and the strength to decay. It was soon seen that toil, storm and exposure had only too surely done their work. The pilot-boat and the sea had to be left. Instead of robust, there was enfeebled health; and exhausting consumption, with its distressing attendants, had taken the place of manhood's vigour. He had long shown how nobly he could work and how liberally he could give for Christ; and now he must show how meekly and resignedly he could suffer and die for Him.

Yes; he had shown how nobly he could give for Christ. He was one of those liberal ones who "devise liberal things." As the captain of a pilot-boat he had often to take charge of vessels requiring his services on the Sabbath, but the money thus obtained was all consecrated to the Lord, and was laid on the missionary altar. In the Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society there stands four pounds for each year opposite the name of J. Williams, the Methodist pilot-captain of Covenack Cove. Support was not withheld from other funds of the church; but all his Sabbath gains were brought an offering to the God of missions. He would not by his necessary Sabbath employment earn anything for himself, but devoted it all to the Lord of the Sabbath.

And as he gave, so he laboured for Christ. By his good works, consistent life and pious conversation, he commended his Lord to others, and pressed upon them to accept His service and salvation. When off duty and on shore, the house of God ever found him in his place, fervently joining in its devotions,

or listening to the preaching of the Word.

The grace which thus prompted and enabled him to give and work for Christ, enabled him to suffer and to die for Christ. "The dark and trying hour" did not find him unprepared to meet it. Never, perhaps, did the season of weakness, and the solemn hour of death, look less gloomy and terrible than in his case. Death had lost its sting, and had been robbed of its bitterness. The struggle could not but have been a severe one. We cannot, I imagine, conceive of a man of loving nature and tender sympathy, giving up the beloved wife of his youth, and four young children, and leaving them to battle with a cold and trying world, without being assured that he must have waged and won a severe conflict. From his whole conduct toward them in the past, we know that he most affectionately and tenderly loves them; but he loves his Saviour better. *They* weep, the friends around him weep, but he weeps not. On the contrary, as if surprised at their tears in the presence of his own happiness and perfect triumph over separation and death, he asks, "Why do you weep? I cannot weep, I feel that my tears are already wiped away." O blessed religion that could thus make the eye of the loving, dying husband and father already tearless! I ask you to ponder it. The sorrows of death are past, and the eye that is about to close on a group of tenderly loved ones has already become tearless!

"Why do you weep? I cannot weep." Does my reader ask, how could this be? Only through Almighty grace. Only by faith in a present Christ. It was the Divine religion, which, possibly, reader, you are neglecting, and neglecting for the pleasures and wealth of the world, that thus enabled him to triumph. The glorious future which this assured him, had made the valley bright. The infinite Love, in Whose smiles he would soon bask for ever, had wiped those tears away.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven."

Thus privileged more than most was the chamber where my beloved friend, J. Williams, the pilot-captain of Covenack cove, met his end: "quite in the verge of heaven." The eye was already tearless! He died well, because he had lived well.

I loved him, and revere his memory, and have endeavoured to recall it for the benefit of others, and to allure them to tread the same path to heaven. Perhaps, reader, you have loved ones already there: a father, a mother, a child, a brother, a friend, who long ago left you for its mansions? Are you preparing to meet them there?

S. L.

THE DEGREES OF COMPARISON ACCORDING TO SOLOMON.

Solomon presents us with a practical view of the Degrees of Comparison, and puts them into a Scriptural form, which it will be both easy and profitable for us to remember. His position towards God was that of a clerk, and what he wrote has been subscribed with the Divine name, for "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God." It behoves us, therefore, to receive the teaching with the homage which is due to such authority.

What, then, are these degrees of comparison?

The positive is *Riches*, or money. "Money is a defence," (Eccles. vii. 12,) and therefore good.

The comparative is *Honour*, or a good name, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," (Prov. xxii. 1,) and therefore it is better than money.

The superlative is *Wisdom*. Wisdom is the best, for "all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her," (Prov. iii. 15).

This wisdom, Solomon informs us, is

"the fear of the Lord." Religion, therefore, is the superlative blessing set before man. If Riches may be described as the sandals, and Honour as the robe of human life, then surely Wisdom—*i.e.*, religion—is its crown, and without it man cannot be perfect.

The foregoing estimate is borne out by the consideration that the possession of either riches or honour apart from true and heavenly wisdom, is likely to exercise a debasing influence on character. Hence it is said, "the love of money is the root of all evil;" but of wisdom, or the fear of the Lord, it is said, "She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her." It is also said, "Man that is in honour, and understandeth not," (has not piety,) "is like the beasts that perish." How far, therefore, must wisdom excel both riches and honour! This fact, however, may be yet further illustrated and enforced; for we are plainly taught that wisdom includes these minor blessings, among its gifts. So "length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honour."

"Best and greatest" of the pleasures and rewards of earth and the key of heaven, who would not seek for wisdom? Here alone we find the firm ground of hope, pure source of joy and fit end of life, to which our souls are Divinely drawn. This is "the highest or chief good," for which the wise and the poor alike incessantly crave; but, apart from Christ and the Bible, with futile longing and useless effort. Therefore, "hear the conclusion of the whole matter." *Money* is *good;* earn it, save it, and use it well. *Honour* is *better;* seek it by the practice of the virtues, the cultivation of your talents and the fulfilment of all duties; but remember, "*wisdom* is the principal thing: therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding."

F. M. Kerling.

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED.

MRS. HANNAH PAGE.

Died, March 24th, 1874, at Pontefract, Mrs. Hannah Page. From early life she was surrounded with religious associations. Her parents were hearty Methodists, and exercised a firm and wholesome discipline over their children, and the blessed results of their early training have been manifest in their subsequent lives. Hannah Wilby—such was her maiden name—became the subject of saving grace when quite young. The greater part of her life was spent in her native village, where, in a quiet and unobtrusive manner, she held on the even tenour of her way. Her village chapel was chiefly supplied with Local-preachers, and having been so often blessed under their ministry, she cherished a sincere respect for them to the end of her life, and always took pleasure in ministering to their comfort. When she became a minister's wife, she deeply felt the responsibility of her new position, and made it her careful study to be an example to the flock. She was unswerving in her devotion to whatever she believed to be her duty. Her Class-meeting, her tract district, the public services, the sick, the poor, the orphan, the widow,—all received their full share of her pious attention. Very often she might be found pursuing, with quiet and unpretentious devotion, the path of usefulness when bodily feebleness called for rest. He who knew her best has no hesitation in saying that in the use and improvement of the talents which the Master had given her, she did "what she could;" often, in fact, taxing her strength too severely that she might leave no possible service unperformed.

While thus devoting herself to Christ and to His service, the Master summoned her. About seven months before, He had suddenly called one of her sisters home. This sister's death gave her sys-

tem so serious a shock that she became much feebler. Still she refused to relax any of her efforts to do good, until a severe cold laid her by. Now, so completely had her strength been used up, that, after an illness of one short week,

"The weary wheels of life stood still."

G. A. P.

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS.

Zoology of the Bible. By HARLAND COULTAS, late Lecturer on Botany at Charing-Cross Hospital. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.—We cannot conceive a method more likely to ensure accuracy in a work of this description, than that which has been followed in the preparation of the present volume. An accomplished scholar, Dr. Moulton, has carefully translated the Hebrew words denoting animals; and a competent naturalist, Mr. Coultas, has classified and described them. The articles, though generally short, are interesting and sufficiently full. We have compared some of them with the corresponding articles in Dr. Dans' "Biblical Natural Science," and in Mr. Plumptre's "Bible Educator." It is no light praise to say that they do not suffer by the comparison. The illustrations are numerous, spirited and correct.

Admirably adapted as is this book for intelligent youths of both sexes, it is not designed only for them. Mr. Coultas has produced a work which a boy or girl would not pronounce dull, and an adult would not consider childish.

The Wesleyan-Methodist Kalendar, and Daily Remembrancer, for 1877. London: Wesleyan Conference Office, 1876.—This Annual is issued in different styles, at various prices. Bound up with a Diary and Cash Account, it forms a complete and commodious Pocket-Book. It contains all the information generally given in Almanacs, and a considerable quantity of matter particularly interesting and useful to Wesleyan-Methodists. The statistics, tables, etc., have been compiled with great care, and approach as near to perfect accuracy as is possible. No Methodist should be without it.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES. FOR DECEMBER, 1876.

BY A. GRAHAM, ESQ.

RISING AND SETTING OF THE SUN AND PLANETS FOR GREENWICH.

Day.	SUN.		MERCURY.	VENUS.	MARS.	JUPITER.	SATURN.
1876.	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Rises.*	*Sets.*	*Sets.*
	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
Nov. 26	7 37	3 58	7 14m	3 57m	4 10m	4 20a	10 52a
			sets.			*rises.*	
Dec. 6	7 51	3 52	3 45a	4 26	4 7	7 43m	10 16
16	8 1	3 52	4 5	4 55	4 5	7 15	9 40
26	8 6	3 57	4 43	5 24	4 3	6 47	9 5

PHASES OF THE MOON.

1st, Full Moon..... 11h. 4m. morn.
8th, Last Quarter .. 2h. 23m. morn.
15th, New Moon .... 6h. 14m. after.
23rd, First Quarter .. 11h. 42m. after.
30th, Full Moon .... 9h. 59m. after.

MOON'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

December 3rd ..... 4h. morn., Perigee; distance 224,366 miles.
" 18th ..... 10h. after., Apogee; " 252,386 "
" 31st..... 1h. after., Perigee; " 222,011 "
Mean distance for the month..... 237,787 "

SUN'S DISTANCES FROM THE EARTH.

Dec. 1st	90,348,380 miles.
Jan. 1st, 1877	90,134,920 ,,
Decrease of distance for the month	213,460 ,,

On the 21st, one hour before noon, the Sun enters Capricorn, and the winter quarter commences. On this, the shortest day, the Sun rises at 8h. 4m., and sets at 3h. 53m. in the latitude of Greenwich. The greatest southern declination is 23 deg. 27 min. 28 secs. The Sun will be in perigee on the 31st, at 5h. in the afternoon, when the distance from the Earth will be 90,134,720 miles, taking the mean distance at 91,677,410 miles. Our present knowledge of the Sun's actual distance would be more correctly represented by saying that when nearest to the Earth the distance of the centres is probably somewhat over 90 millions of miles, and that the greatest distance is over 93 millions of miles. Without this qualification, the practice of appearing to give it more accurately is calculated to mislead those who are not familiar with the subject. We must wait a long time before the numerous and varied observations of the late transit of Venus shall have been fully discussed; and even the result from these cannot be regarded as final until they are combined with the observations of the succeeding transit in 1882.

The Moon will cross over the Pleiades on the morning of the 28th. It will be quite interesting to watch the disappearance of the stars in this group as they get one by one behind her disc. An occultation of Uranus on the 6th, and of Saturn on the 21st, may be witnessed in some regions of the Earth, but not at Greenwich. She rises in declination until the 2nd, at 4h. in the afternoon, when her distance from the Equator will be 28 deg. 19 min. 44 secs. She then begins to descend, crosses the Equator on the 8th, a little after 10h. in the evening; attains her greatest southern declination, 28 deg. 17 min. 41 sec., on the 16th, at 1h. in the morning; then rises, crosses the Equator on the 23rd, between 1h. and 2h. in the afternoon; and attains a second maximum northern declination of 28 deg. 19 min. 15 sec. on the 30th, at 2h. in the morning. When nearest to the Earth, on December 3rd, her apparent diameter will be 33 min. 9 sec.; at the other nearest approach, on the 31st, it will be 33 min. 30 sec.; when farthest off, on the evening of the 18th, the apparent angular diameter will be 29 min. 28 sec. She will be furthest from the Ecliptic, northward, on the 1st and 28th, and farthest southward on the 14th.

Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the Sun on the 4th, 1h. before noon, and at five in the afternoon will be in conjunction with Jupiter. Next day, at 10h. in the forenoon, this planet will be in aphelion. It will be near the Moon on the morning of the 16th, and on the evening of the 25th will be at its greatest distance from the Ecliptic.

Venus continues to be the morning star, though diminished in brilliancy. It is in the superior part of its orbit, consequently the form is gibbous. The angular diameter diminishes during the month from 15 to 13 seconds.

Mars and *Venus* rise at nearly the same moment, —on the 1st; subsequently Mars rises later than Venus. On the 15th this planet will be in conjunction with Spica Virginis, and three degrees northward.

Jupiter will be in conjunction with the Sun on the 4th, at 3h. in the afternoon, and will of course be invisible throughout the month.

Saturn is the evening star. It is travelling slowly eastward through Aquarius.

Uranus rises on the 13th at 9h., and on the 28th at 8h., in the evening.

Neptune crosses the meridian on the 6th, at 9h. in the evening, and on the 21st at 8h.; altitude 49 deg.; it is therefore very conveniently situate for observation. It it difficult to direct the telescope on it, and to distinguish it from the surrounding stars, unless where there are the usual appliances of an observatory.

INDEX.

—o—

A little girl carried off by a bear, 25
A prayer answered, 316
A reminiscence of my "best silk umbrella:" an incident for Christian workers, 84
A successful boot-black, 27
About reading the Bible, 114

ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES: 32, 64, 95, 128, 159, 191, 223, 255, 287, 319, 351, 381

Boy-suicide, 251
"Breakers ahead!" 330

BURNS, REV. WILLIAM C., M.A., evangelist and missionary, 33, 65, 118

"But what is life without Him?" or, Effie's victory, 110

Cain and Abel, as types of the legal and evangelical in religion, 148, 243
"Can you live for Him?" 217
Cathcart, Mr. John. See HAPPY JOHN.
Churchman, Mary—a Methodist before Methodism, 53
Courage at the last, 317

Daily secret prayer, 318
Dark seasons, 367

Faraday, Michael, 225

Giving one-tenth, 345
Golden thoughts: the Saviour, 202, 268—for preachers, 334

HAPPY JOHN: an autobiography of Mr. John Cathcart, with an estimate of his character, 43, 78, 107, 134

Happiness without riches, 299

HOLY DAYS AND HOLIDAYS; or, Memories of the Calendar in the olden time, 165, 260, 359.

Horncastle statute-fair many years ago, 247
How to discourage your minister: twelve plain rules, 205

"I can't help it!" 58
"I'm not a Pharisee," 87

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES:

A street in Verona, 113
Burns, Rev. William C., M.A., 33, 65, 118
California: digging for gold, 368
Cholmondeley castle, 193
Damascus, 240
Derbyshire, the peak of, 321
Faraday, Michael, 225
Lichfield cathedral, 353
Macleod, Norman, D.D., 257, 296
Oberlin, John Frederick, 16, 56, 89, 121, 153
Perth, 271, 312
Portland, 144, 176
Siam and Laos, 289
The Bay of Naples, 3
The Devil's bridge, 80
The leaning towers of Bologna, 48

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES, *continued*:

The Royal Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor Castle, 97
The Royal Road to Riches, 207, 304, 335
The Sanhedrin, 161
Todd, John, 129, 171, 198, 264, 291

Is it really true? a paper for private and confidential Methodists, 21

Kindness conquers, 228

Let "no man take thy crown," 246
Lifted over the mountains, 250
Living on the borders, 345

M'Kail, Hugh, minister of the Gospel at Edinburgh, in the reign of Charles II., 9

MACLEOD, NORMAN, D.D., 257, 296

Manuel, 328
Marsh, Rev. William, D.D., anecdotes of the, 245

MEMORIALS OF THE DEPARTED:

Ackrill, Mr. Thomas, 222
Baker, Mr. Joseph, 95
Broomhead, Mr. Joseph, 350
Catton, Alfred Ernest, 253
Cornaby, Mrs., 286
Dyson, Mrs. John, 157
Freeman, Mr. Job, 189
Guiton, Mrs. Catherine, 125
Gustard, Mr. John, 319
Kernick, Mrs. Mary, 62
Page, Mrs. Hannah, 380
Roberts, Mr. Peter, 28

Morgan, Dr. William, Bishop of St. Asaph, 219
My first sermon, 213

OBERLIN, JOHN FREDERICK, 16, 56, 89, 121, 153

OCCASIONAL NOTES FOR READERS:

Arthur's "Life of Gideon Ouseley," 126
Coultas' "Zoology of the Bible," 381
From out the Deeps: A Story of Cornish Life, 63
Laura Linwood; or, The Price of an Accomplishment, 63
Moister's "Henry Wharton: The Story of his Life and Missionary Labours in the West Indies, the Gold Coast, and Ashanti," 94
Old Jonathan, 94
Pearse's "Sermons for Children," 190—"Mister Horn and His Friends; or, Givers and Giving," 287
Rigg's "Living Wesley, as He was in His Youth and in His Prime," 126
Shipton's (Anna) "Message from the Throne: a brief Memorial of Harriet Perfect," 127
Smith's "Gems Reset: or, The Wesleyan Catechisms Illustrated," 127
The Cottager and Artisan, 94
The Mother's Friend, 94
Vessels unto Honour: a word for Christian workers, 287
Wesleyan-Methodist Kalendar, etc., 381

Odds and Ends from my Scrap-Book: The Lord's Prayer, 252; Style, 253; An awful event, 253; A mother's sacrifice, 301; Little things, 302; Socrates, to Demonicas, 302

Old memories, 377
Our first Circuit, 50, 83

"Perdition of ungodly men," 231
Perth, 271—Methodism in, 312
Philanthropic institutions of Germany, a visit to some of the, 60

Poetry:
A dream, by John Ryley Robinson, 93
Balaam, or avarice, by Ebenezer Manting, 302
Blest be Thy Name! by John Ricketts, 206
Broad cast the seed, by T. C. Prince, 206
"Christ is all," 240
Evening bells, by Benjamin Gough, 176
For the Spirit, by Benjamin Gough, 124
Four steps to glory, by Edward Bailey, 271
"He giveth His beloved sleep," 349
Hymn, by Walter Hawkins, 144
Hymn for harvest-home, by Benjamin Gough, 318
Hymn of Christian life, by J. C. Trotter, 368
Let "no man take thy crown," by Edward Bailey, 246
Mont Blanc, by John Ryley Robinson, 221
Old Betty, by Edward Bailey, 372
Psalm xviii. 10—13, by John Randerson, 156
The amphitheatre at Verona, by John Ryley Robinson, 112
The evening star, by Benjamin Gough, 335
The leaning towers of Bologna, by John Ryley Robinson, 48
The life-boat, by John Ryley Robinson, 349
The lost ship, by Humphrey Barker, 61
The power of little things, by John Randerson, 156
The Queen of Prussia's tomb, by Felicia Hemans, 28
The Spirit from on high, by Adeline, 188
The true ambition, 262

Poetry, *continued*:
Thoughts on a well-spent life, by S. Rogers, 144
To the eyebright, 271

Portland, 244—Methodism in the Isle of, 176

Salvation for the little ones, 75
Saved by a kitten, 26
Sophie's difficulty, and how she got rid of it, 169

Talks about Minor Morals: Gossip, 150—Going too far, 347
The clasping hand, 317
The degrees of comparison according to Solomon, 379
The everlasting love, 13, 38, 71
The great pulpit theme, 376
The happy prisoner, 324
The king, the prince, and the tutor; or, Are men good or bad by nature? 184
The living link, 27

The Royal Road to Riches: I. Starting, 101—II. A helping hand, 137—III. Going West, 180—IV. Loss and gain, 207—V. Progress, 211—VI. Schooling, 235—VII. New plans, 237—VIII. Leaving home, 277—IX. Missionary work, 279, 304—X. Davie, 307—XI. Old friends, 335—XII. Success, 341

The spot of ink; or, Lottie's first prayer, 284
The story of an oak leaf, 373
The tragic farthing, 363

Todd, John: I. From cradle to college, 129—II. Yale and Andover, 171—III. His first charge, 198—IV. Northampton and Philadelphia, 264—V. His last pastorate, and death, 291

Trust in Jesus, 316

Wasted hours, 281
Wesley and the quarrelsome boys, 94
What saints are made of, 124
"Will you meet me in heaven?" 326

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.